THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded by Benjamin Franklin

JAN. 13, 1912

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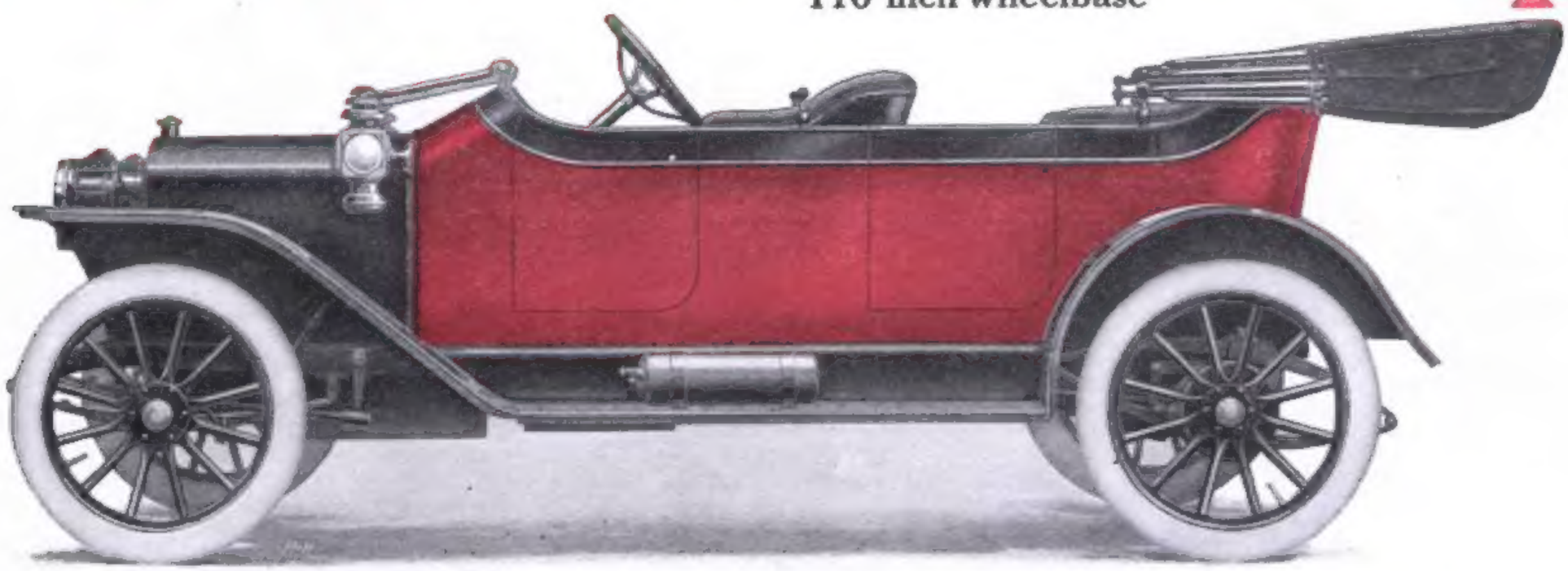

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1. Full five-passenger body with the latest European ideas in design and finish (not used in any other American car costing less than $4000)	$200
2. Long-stroke motor—*really* long stroke—that is, long stroke in relation to bore (3¼ x 5), (used on high-grade European cars costing up to $5000)	$200
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7. Highest-grade magneto made—perfect magneto satisfaction on any other car is easily worth	$ 50
	$850

Now then. Each one of these features, by reason of its greater ease, greater efficiency or greater durability, is well worth on any car the sum we have set opposite it by all accepted standards of value. Ninety-nine motorists out of a hundred would cheerfully say in each case: "Yes, I'd sooner pay the difference and have that." Yet the sum of these fair valuations just equals the price of the R-C-H.

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That's the way we want to sell the car.

Write for folder, or call at our nearest branch.

Dealers: Write—or better still, wire. We still have a little unallotted territory.

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The children of Otto Goritz—whose musical tastes are being formed with the aid of the Pianola Piano

OTTO GORITZ, famous Baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Company, writes:—

The Aeolian Company,

Gentlemen:

I want to tell you how capitally my children are doing with the Pianola Piano. At first I thought perhaps it might make them averse to learning to play on the keyboard; but I find, as a matter of fact, that it works just the other way. As soon as they learn from it how a selection ought to be rendered, they go at it as hard as they can, and are much pleased if they happen to approach the Pianola's perfection.

I have never seen the equal of the Pianola Piano and a good selection of Metrostyled Rolls for properly forming a child's musical tastes.

Believe me,

Cordially yours,

New York, 30 October, 1911 OTTO GORITZ

Combine Pleasure for Yourself with Educational Advantages for your Children

THERE are two sides to the Pianola Piano from the purchaser's standpoint.

One is the *Amusement* side.

The other is the *Educational* side.

The amusement side everybody realizes. Many persons who do not feel justified in buying a Pianola Piano for pleasure alone, however, do not hesitate when they once understand its serious value as a musical educator, particularly in instances where there are young music students.

> There is only one way by which a taste for good literature can be cultivated in growing children—that is by giving them free access to the best books. Similarly in music, a child's understanding cannot be developed unless a means is provided for frequent hearing of good compositions.

How else can this be so conveniently, so certainly attained as by installing a Pianola Piano in the home?

Wide-spread Recognition of the Pianola in Educational Circles

The educational value of the Pianola is no longer an unproved theory. The greatest educational institutions in the country now use it in their musical courses, just as they provide a laboratory for students of chemistry or collections of birds and insects for students of natural history.

Among the noted schools and colleges now using the Aeolian Company's instruments are—

Vassar	Oberlin College	Lasalle Seminary
Harvard	Amherst College	Ethical Culture School
Radcliffe	Teacher's College	New York City
Columbia	New York City	Boston Normal School
Tufts College	Melbourne University	University of Michigan
Wells College	Australia	*and numerous others*

There are hundreds of homes throughout the world today, where children have been taught to understand and appreciate good music through the aid of the Pianola Piano. There are hundreds of children being taught to play the piano *by hand*, whose love of music and desire to learn to play was originally developed by this wonderful instrument.

In view of the great mass of evidence, it is not too much to say that parents who fail to equip their homes with the Pianola Piano not only deprive themselves of a boundless source of pleasure, but *are actually compelling their children to study music at a marked disadvantage.*

IT is significant to know that in over 90% of the educational institutions where such instruments are used the Pianola and Pianola Piano have been selected. The preference of the musical world, of the educational world and of the music-loving public has given to the Pianola Piano a standing and pre-eminence beyond comparison.

The world's five leading pianofortes in their respective grades may be obtained as Pianola Pianos. These are:—
The STEINWAY, WEBER, STECK, WHEELOCK and STUYVESANT PIANOLA PIANOS
Prices from $550 upward

"THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE IN MUSIC" by Gustav Kobbé—famous musical author and critic—tells in a most fascinating booklet, the great educational advantages of the Pianola—Postpaid on request

The Aeolian Company is represented in all the principal cities of the world and maintains its own establishments in the following cities:

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408-10 S. Michigan Ave.	1004 Olive St.	25 West Fourth St.	237 N. Pennsylvania St.	131 W. 3rd St.	208 W. Berry St.

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THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS IN THE WORLD

Listen, Madam, to These Enticing Facts

The fame of our kitchens, our cooks and ourselves has been all built around one superlative dish.

Others cook some things just as well as we. But no kitchen on earth has ever baked beans which can even compare with Van Camp's.

Whatever you think of your own beans—whatever the claims made for others—you owe to yourself, and the folks you serve, a test of this famous creation.

This Is How It Is Done

WE buy only the beans grown on Michigan soil—
Just the choicest crops. The average price which we paid last year was $2.45 per bushel.

Then we pick out by hand just the whitest and plumpest—the full-grown beans of an equal size.

WE buy Livingston Stone tomatoes.
Those are the round, firm, smooth tomatoes, famous for flavor and zest.

They are not picked green, then ripened.

Each is ripened on the vines.

So you get in our sauce the inimitable flavor of the whole, vine-ripened fruit.

SUCH materials are expensive, that's true.
So are our spices expensive.

We could buy tomato sauce ready-made for one-fifth what we spend to make it. But is it worth while to save a penny or two and spoil a delicious meal?

Are not beans cheap enough to be served at their best? Would you have us save those pennies?

THEN we bake in steam ovens.
That's to bake the beans without bursting, and yet bake them enough.

So Van Camp's beans are whole—not broken.

They are mealy and nut-like—not mushy.

And we bake the tomato sauce with the beans, so its flavor goes clear through.

THE result of our care is this:
More of these beans are sold, we believe, than all others together. A million housewives, or more, have given up their home baking.

To supply this year's demand we put up last fall over 400,000 bushels of tomatoes.

Please let your folks enjoy them.

"The National Dish"

Van Camp's
BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE
PORK AND BEANS

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We claim that baked beans are important.

Beans are 84 per cent nutriment. They are richer than beef in their food value.

They cost one-third as much.

Everyone likes them. And, baked as we bake them, they are easy to digest.

They are easy to serve when we do the baking. Your meals are always ready.

We claim that it pays to make such food enticing. It pays to select the brand. It pays to insist, when you need to insist, on Van Camp's Pork and Beans.

We never knew a woman who made the test and who failed to agree with us.

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(199)

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: Hastings House
10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1912
by The Curtis Publishing Company in
the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office
as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Post-Office Department
Ottawa, Canada

Volume 184 *PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 13, 1912* *Number 29*

THE POWER OF THE PLACE

How a President Goes About Renominating Himself

DRAWN BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

AS EXECUTIVE jobs go, the job of being President of the United States is a reasonably good one and much desired. The salary is large, the dwelling that goes with it is attractive and comfortable, the prestige is great and the influence incalculable. It is quite true there are perplexities, and troubles, and grief, and a universal misunderstanding of actions and motives, and extreme difficulty in pleasing any one. The bosses number some ninety millions of people, each one of whom has different ideas as to how the country should be directed and the laws administered; but none of these conditions prevents the eager seeking of the place and the intense desire to keep it once it has been attained. Now and then an eminent citizen places his hand on his chest and declaims he would not be president if he could, but the declamation is always inspired by acute knowledge that the person who thus rejects the presidency has no more chance than a Filipino of getting it. The fact is, there isn't a living American who, having a chance to be president, will not ardently embrace it; and the further fact is that many an eminent American, having no chance at all, embraces the shadow just as ardently. That statement goes for all dead Americans, too, when put into the past tense.

Twenty-six individuals have been presidents of the United States since George Washington was last inaugurated. These twenty-six men have had, of course, the most intimate knowledge of the pleasures as well as the pains of the office, and that knowledge has not kept many of them from aspiring to be president as long and as often as the circumstances and the people would permit. There are no statistics showing how many men have wanted to be president since that first inauguration, but a general average may be struck by taking the twenty-six and adding a handful of ciphers to it, truth and liberality in this regard going hand in hand.

The only man who knows all about being president is the man who is or has been president. He has had or is having the actual experience. Politics in this country revolves in well-defined circles. It circled one way in the early years of the republic, another way in the period preceding the Civil War, and still another in the period after the Civil War, which is just about at the end of its revolution at the present time. Politics also developed along definite lines during these various periods. The period that began, in a general sense, with the first nomination of Grant is about petering out at the present time, when a president is to be elected in 1912; that is, the political methods that reached their highest development during the years between the election of Grant and the election of Taft are now rapidly going into the discard. However, when they were efficient they were extremely efficient, and they brought to the flower of its powerful perfection the value of organization and the development of the boss idea.

In that period—between Grant and Taft—came also the latter-day development of the power of the presidential office as an influence for securing a renomination. This was made basically possible, so far as the Republican party was concerned, by the conditions left by the Civil War. The South was Democratic. It was solidly Democratic. The North outnumbered the South and outvoted it, and in the North the Republican party flourished. Still the South was a part of the country, and was entitled to representation in the conventions that did the nominating. Hence, if there were not Republicans in the South it was easy to make a few for delegate purposes, and the way to make them was easy. Inasmuch as the president had the sole power to give out the jobs, the natural assumption was—and is—that the president, by controlling the jobs, controls the delegates.

Any Republican president wanting a renomination starts with the South practically assured. Then with the development of the organization and with the increasing and scientific application of patronage there is a chance to work on delegates in other sections of the country. Broadly speaking, that is about the way of it; but the details are interesting and there are many ramifications to the general scheme. Each president who wants to continue in the White House works in his own way, but the essentials of his procedure are identical. It may not be long until there will be a change in this situation; in fact, it will not be long. But at the present time and for the past forty years the processes of a president desiring either a renomination for himself or a nomination for a candidate of his selection have been strikingly similar.

To begin with, a man who is president and desires to be renominated after his first term has a great advantage over any other candidate for his place in his own party, unless, of course, his conduct has been such as absolutely to preclude his availability for renomination. Eliminating that, the president who has made a fair average record starts with this advantage: He is the titular head of his party. He is the leader. He is the man who symbolizes the policies of his party and who was elected on a platform stating those policies. If he thinks, and any considerable number of his friends think, that he has carried out those policies and has obeyed the commands of his party to the full extent of his ability, if he has been regular and in accord with the views of the sub-leaders of his party, if he has not been incendiary and has remained true to the basic principles, and with this record demands a renomination, he is almost certain to get it.

The reason is simple. He, as titular head of the party, claiming that his record is in accord with the pledges of the party and its policies and principles, desires a second term and says so. If he is refused that second term that refusal means a direct repudiation of the party principles and policies on which he was elected and under which he has operated. The president asking for renomination starts with that advantage over all other competitors for the nomination unless, of course, his own conduct has been such, in the minds of all the party leaders who control conventions, as to put him out of the party. If he is reasonably regular and reasonably Republican, say, to refuse

him the renomination he asks would be to repudiate Republicanism. It would be the same with a Democratic president desiring a renomination.

This advantage, of course, does not absolutely assure a renomination; but it is a great advantage, none the less, and no candidate but a candidate in the White House has it. Admittedly it is largely sentimental; but it has a vast force in determining the result of the national convention.

That much for the sentimental side of it. The rest of the game is severely practical. Nominations in national conventions and renominations are secured through but one medium—delegates. Delegates to a national convention are secured through mediums as various and as numerous as the delegates themselves; but every medium is distinctly a family relation to the great and overpowering medium, and that is patronage. The time may come when politics will not be a selfish pursuit. It may come, and so may the millennium.

There may be a man here and there who acts as a delegate or takes an office for the sole actuating purpose of relieving bad conditions or helping the people or attaining better government, but a reasonably extensive experience of twenty-five years has not disclosed very many of them to me.

There are two real reasons for seeking office—the first is pay and the second is power. This runs true from constable to president. All my life I have heard statesmen talk about the unselfishness of their motives, and have watched carefully to see some of that unselfishness work out. It rarely does.

Possibilities of Presidential Patronage

THAT makes it easy for the president who wants to be renominated. He sits in the commanding position. Other candidates may promise to do thus and so, to foster certain movements, to supply certain jobs, to do certain things; but the president, in addition to promising, can perform. He has the goods. He can deliver, not promises but places. What is at best an uncertainty in others is a certainty with him.

Now far be it from me to intimate even that any president would use patronage to advance his personal fortunes or to secure a renomination; but he might if he wanted to, and he might also use patronage to advance the fortunes of his political party. In fact, it is quite within the bounds of truth to say that the patronage of the presidential office is often used to advance the cause of the political party to which the president belongs. That is quite natural. We are not yet so altruistic that we do not think the victors should have a fair share of the spoils. And though a president may be utterly averse to applying patronage to any local or national situation or contingency, it is the lamentable fact that always there are men in his party who have no such scruples, and they usually can present convincing arguments at the White House, showing how the very political existence of the party in their states or districts depends on the stimulation that a few jobs will produce.

Just what patronage does a president possess? A year ago—on January 5, 1911—he had at his disposal 9846 jobs for which he was the sole appointing power, exclusive of army and naval officers and employees of the census. The number may have increased or decreased in the past year, but not much either way. These 9846 jobs were divided as follows:

State Department	441
Treasury	736
War—exclusive of Army	6
Justice	383
Post-Office	7953
Navy—exclusive of officers	11
Interior	272
Agriculture	3
Commerce and Labor	28
Civil Service Commission	4
Government Printing Office	1
Interstate Commerce Commission	7
Library of Congress	1
Total	9846

These jobs are all subject to confirmation by the Senate, but inasmuch as the appointments, before they are made, are mostly decided upon by the senators of the president's party, or the representatives thereof, or the state politicians, and decided upon for political purposes ninety-nine times out of a hundred, the Senate rarely refuses to confirm one, and then only when a senator has not been consulted and his friends in the Senate rally to him—for political reasons also.

Aside from these, the president has 993 appointments he can make without confirmation by the Senate. These are, ninety-four in the State Department, eight hundred and forty-six in the Department of Justice, forty-four in the Interior Department, eight in the Department of Commerce and Labor and one on the Civil Service Commission. Then, too, there are 262,608 employees of the Government protected by the civil service, who presumably do not figure—presumably, I said—and 411,322 employees in the various branches of the Government, exclusive of enlisted men and officers of the army and navy. Of course the president does not personally know of or appoint these 411,322 persons; but some politician does know of them, and that politician reports to some other politician higher up, and so on until the chain is complete between the White House and the clerk or laborer. Let a clerk be disturbed, and it will instantly be apparent where the connection is. He may be a very humble clerk, but he has an influence somewhere, and that influence got him his job. Also that influence has a higher influence to whom he reports and on whom he depends, and so on along up the line, until the very influential senator or representative or state leader or boss is found with direct communication to the White House.

The whole scheme of politics in this and in every other country is based on patronage. The boys are held in line because the boys get the jobs; and the boys in turn hold the others, and jobless, in line by their influence and because of the jobs the boys have. There have been and will be political leaders able to maintain organizations without patronage, but they are twelfth carbon copies of the leaders who have maintained and do maintain organizations by means of, or with the aid of, patronage. The leader who can get a few of his followers on the payroll is the leader who has the most devoted following.

Take this question of a presidential renomination: Under the present system the only way that a president can be renominated is by a national convention. The time is coming when presidents will be nominated by direct popular primary vote, but it isn't here yet. The convention system prevails. A national convention is a culmination of a series of smaller conventions. The district convention sends its delegates to the state convention, and the county or ward or precinct conventions send their delegates to district conventions. The state convention usually picks out the delegates at large. Then the selected bunch of delegates go to the national convention and register the will of the people—the people invariably being the bosses of the state.

In a Republican National Convention it is necessary to have a majority in order to nominate—a majority of the votes of the delegates only. The Democrats require two-thirds. The next Republican National Convention will have 1072 delegates, provided the usual plan of allotting delegates is carried out by the Republican National Committee, as it probably will be. This increase over the 980 delegates of four years ago is accounted for by the increase in the membership of the House of Representatives from 391 members to 433 members under the new apportionment, as the basis on which delegates are allotted is two delegates in the national convention for each senator and representative, and two delegates each from the territories, colonial dependencies and the District of Columbia.

A Ghostly Party Down South

THERE never has been more than a ghost of a Republican party in the South, and it is more diaphanous at present than it ever has been, because President Taft has appointed a good many white men to places down there, and most white men in the South are Democrats. Still there are a few white Republicans here and there, mostly holding Federal offices, and these gentlemen have two actuating ideas in politics—to have and to hold. They are largely Republicans for revenue only; not always, but mostly. They know they can have no jobs unless there is a Republican president, and as they are about the only Republicans in that section and have about all the jobs, it is their particular task to see to it that, in return for preferment, they maintain a skeleton organization of the party for the purpose of providing a convention that shall in turn provide delegates to the national convention.

These persons are not influenced by sentiment. If they were susceptible to that sort of thing they would not be Republicans in the South. Their only source of supplies is the man in the White House. To be sure, they reaped a rich harvest during the closing years of Cleveland's second term, when Mark Hanna sent down there and "induced" a lot of them to go to St. Louis and help nominate McKinley; but they performed loyally for McKinley a second time at Philadelphia, and were there with ringing cheers to help nominate Roosevelt in 1904. Likewise, having helped nominate Roosevelt, they showed themselves to be good and faithful servants and nominated Taft, Roosevelt's selection, in 1908, having held their jobs continuously since the days of McKinley, which began on March fourth, 1897.

Of the 1072 delegates that will make up the Republican National Convention in Chicago next June, the solidly Democratic states of the South, where Republicans are so few that they are curiosities, will furnish patriots, either

(Concluded on Page 56)

DRAWN BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

WHIPSAWED

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

Mrs. Mangin Grimly Blocked Him From Escape

PROMPTLY at eight on the day the blind pool in Hocking Coal and Iron burst, the alarm clock at Mr. Mobley's bedside gasped loudly, and after a brief digestive creaking among its cogs and pinions it paused for a moment, then struck. Subsequently, or say in not more than two or three minutes at the most, the uproar was echoed by a groan.

"Buh!" said Mr. Mobley hazily. "Yes, aw yes!—what say?"

Mr. Mobley was a Wall Street man. Consequently he seldom if ever arose early. Aside from the many obligations, however, that keep Wall Street men up and out so late he also long had held in the financial world a position that enabled him to enjoy as much leisure as he liked. In short, as his daily vocation Mr. Mobley introduced new customers to a downtown investment house. No salary was attached to the place, but, instead, it paid on the commission basis.

The firm's business was marginal trading. Naturally this required on Mr. Mobley's part wide knowledge of financial methods, to say nothing of tact and good clothes, which he unquestionably had. However, since his presence in Wall Street was rarely needed before ten, the hour the market opens, Mr. Mobley arose ordinarily at nine or nine fifteen, though sometimes it was half-past nine. Of course on such occasions little leisure was left him to make the sort of toilet he liked, so after he had dropped in at the office for his mail and a brief study of the London and New York "openings" Mr. Mobley usually went over to the corner, where he had Adolf give him a hot towel and a few minutes' face vibration. In addition, like others in his calling, he was very fond of hair tonic. Afterward, or when he had been put in trim for the day, Mr. Mobley breakfasted at Fred's place on a cup of coffee and an Egyptian. The cigarette was of a special Wall Street brand. It had his own initials on it, naturally.

Today, though, Mr. Mobley's time was by no means all his own. It was so little his own, indeed, that, having glanced at the clock which now marked five minutes past, he leaped hurriedly to the floor. The fact is, his morning's engagement was imperative, for it not only involved a banking matter of some importance, but required his presence without fail at nine o'clock or sooner. "Pshaw!" he complained drowsily, and having stretched himself a little began hastily drawing on his clothes.

His hurry, however, though urgent, was doomed to interruption. Having stripped himself of his luxurious silk pajamas he was just reaching for his trousers when a strong, not to say resounding, hand knocked suddenly on his door. At the same time a voice unmistakably African called persuasively: "Misto Mobley, I say, sar! Is you up?"

Mr. Mobley knew the voice, though at the moment he made no reply. It was that of the kinky, écru-tinted youth who served in the lodgings as hallboy. At the club and downtown, though, Mr. Mobley often if idly referred to the youth as his valet. Possibly it was in the same spirit that Mr. Mobley referred also to the lodgings as "bachelor apartments," which, of course, was strictly the case, all the tenants being, in fact, bachelors. Next door to him was a lady who helped in a manicure parlor, while the one in the room at the rear was also unmarried. She was a settlement worker, so she said, and once Mr. Mobley had asked her out to dinner, but only once. She had, in short, ordered champagne. Other bachelors included a self-supporting book-agent who invariably came in late, and a fourth single person who sang scales from eleven A. M. onward, or whenever her windows were open. There were also five men.

Mr. Mobley knew none of the men. Frankly, he had long decided they were queer. At any rate none in the least looked like a clubman or of any sort he'd care to introduce at his own club, much less at the brokerage office. As he justly reflected, probably not one among the lot had money enough to margin a hundred shares of Allis-Chalmers or, say, a similar lot of Bay State Gas. Circumstances were such, however, that Mr. Mobley was presently to meet one of his fellow lodgers and then under the most unusual conditions.

But to return to the lad outside.

Persistently the youth kept up his tattoo on the door, at the same time iterating: "Misto Mobley! Misto Mobley! Ain't you hear me yet?"

It would have been difficult to avoid it. "Say, do you think I'm deaf?" Mr. Mobley presently inquired. As if still further to reassure the boy he added also that should he knock again he, Mr. Mobley, would take it on himself to open the door and "crock him one on the bean."

Instantly the knocking ended. "Yessar! yessar!" rejoined the boy; "only Mis' Mangin leave you a message, sar. She say she ain't see you yistirday."

Mrs. Mangin was the landlady. If she had failed to see Mr. Mobley yesterday, the same, however, could be said of the day previous as well as of others before. It was for almost a fortnight, in fact, that the lady had failed to see her lodger. "Eh, what?" he exclaimed. Naturally with so important an engagement at hand the interruption was provoking. However, when he spoke again his voice was more contained. "All right," he drawled indifferently; "tell the madam I'll be dressed and down in—let me see—why, in half an hour. Now be sure!" he directed, making it explicit; "say I'll be down in thirty minutes just!"

It took Mr. Mobley much less than that, though, to dress himself. In not more than a few minutes—five at the utmost—he was not only fully attired, but had on his hat and topcoat too. Afterward in a like haste, though quietly, Mr. Mobley opened his door, and having looked out stepped into the hall and closed the door behind him. In the same quiet way then—all of which, no doubt, was with a view to avoiding awakening the other tenants—he tiptoed down the stairway, and had just noiselessly opened the street door when a voice rather loudly spoke to him. "Mr. Mobley!" said the voice, then climbed a few octaves to say again: "You there. Mr. Mobley-ee-ee."

Apparently he did not hear Mrs. Mangin. Closing the door, in an incredibly brief space of time he reached the corner, which at the same brisk pace he turned. Obviously his appointment with the landlady had escaped him, or vice versa, as the case may be. As for the lady herself, however, having failed to attract his attention, she at once mounted to Mr. Mobley's bedchamber, where somewhat breathlessly she opened Mr. Mobley's trunk and all his bureau drawers. This, of course, restored her. At any rate, after she had counted over Mr. Mobley's shirts, his stock of knit silk ties and the four fancy waistcoats he wore in the Wall Street business—these and, finally, the other trousers he had placed under the mattress to stretch—Mrs. Mangin placidly sat down to half an hour's enjoyment of the letters in Mr. Mobley's trunk. Afterward, or when she had found on the bureau two dimes and a cent, which she pocketed, Mrs. Mangin went downstairs.

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It is undeniably the truth that Mr. Mobley's morning engagement was of the utmost urgent importance. Not only must he be down in the banking quarter at nine o'clock or sooner but if for any reason he should be late the most serious consequences might ensue.

As it is well known Wall Street men transact a great deal of business at their clubs. Mr. Mobley was no exception. The club to which he himself belonged was, as he would have told you, a "small but exclusive affair in the Avenue"—though which avenue he omitted to denote. Be that as it may, however, Mr. Mobley was often at the club, for like so many other Wall Street men he was a capital type of the good fellow, the thorough man about town. An adept at both pool and billiards—pool in particular—he stood always ready to shoot you a string or roll a frame or two—"just to pass time, you understand!" or, say, for five a corner—at pool a dollar the frame, no more.

Auction or straight bridge, though, were his real diversions, the stakes being a dime a point. Of course some may think this high, but, on the other hand, the game rarely grew expensive—at any rate not for Mr. Mobley. Possibly this was because he played always with caution, then only among convivial friends. As for himself, though, Mr. Mobley rarely took anything—that is, not anything strong—anyway not while playing bridge.

But the night before there had come a lapse in his usual strict sobriety. At midnight, being somewhat ahead of the game, he had ordered for himself anchovy toast with a small one in a bucket on the side. So far so good; but the toast proving salty he had signed for a second pint, then a third. The result was almost immediate, for ere long he had begun to see two sets of opponents as well as two partners in place of one, and to find himself holding double hands when but a single hand had been dealt him. It is very difficult at bridge to play double hands, especially when one is purely imaginary. Consequently at three A. M., or when his partner announced somewhat abruptly that he'd had enough, Mr. Mobley had arisen $54.70 to the bad. Moreover, having proffered an I. O. U., as was his custom when he lost, he was astonished to hear the other gentlemen say "Nix," this being pronounced with the inflection strongly rising. Either cash or a check were the terms indicated, so rather than prolong the argument he had written out a check. It was for the full amount—$54.70.

Of course the transaction was trivial. Nor was the amount one that any Wall Street man would stop to consider seriously. Mr. Mobley himself, in fact, had more than once spent that much or more in merely dining some customer—that is, some customer he thought worth it. But of late there had come a change in this and other marks of Wall Street's well-known liberality. A period of retrenchment was in force—due, it appeared, to the market's serious technical position—in other words to the fact that the public was not "coming in." The truth was, the public's attitude fully reflected the well-known Wall Street adage, "The boobs buy only at the top," so that in Mr. Mobley's own case at any rate, though he had lately made quite a few new friends, not one of the lot had accepted his cordial invitation to drop in and see him.

The result, consequently, was disconcerting. To meet his night's draft of $54.70 Mr. Mobley had in the bank a balance of approximately seventy-nine cents ex interest to date.

"Gad!" exclaimed Mr. Mobley annoyedly, and buttoning his coat about him he hurried even more rapidly toward the near-by subway station. Of course overdrafts are by no means unusual in Wall Street and ordinarily he need not have worried. In this case, however, it was undesirable to take any chances, as only ten days before a check of his had gone to protest, greatly to his annoyance. What is more, the Mr. Bannerman who'd made such a fuss at the time was the same Mr. Bannerman who held his present draft of $54.70. If it came back there might be trouble at the club, Mr. Bannerman having, in fact, said so, and Mr. Mobley hated to think of it. For one so fond of bridge—pool and billiards too—the club was very valuable. Consequently, as will be seen, the morning's appointment was in every way vital, because if he failed to arrive at Mr. Bannerman's office at nine o'clock or sooner Mr. Bannerman might deposit the check in his bank.

To his satisfaction now Mr. Mobley saw that the clock in the subway station marked only eighteen minutes past. This would allow him ample time to reach Wall Street at the appointed hour, and greatly encouraged he stepped briskly up to the ticket window. No doubt, as he told himself, Bannerman would be clubby enough to give him a few days' grace on the draft, and with this reflection to cheer him he was feeling in his pocket, when with a start he paused abruptly and then gave vent to a muttered exclamation. Afterward Mr. Mobley began a hasty yet systematic search of each of his pockets in turn.

The search proved fruitless. That is to say, it revealed nothing more noteworthy than a few toothpicks, a crumpled tobacco coupon, a latchkey, an orange stick, a mustache comb and a bit of dog-eared pasteboard. This last, which was a battered visiting card, bore on its face the penciled legend, "I. O. U., $61.80," beneath which were ringed the giver's initials. The gentleman was a Mr. Osgood, a fellow club member as well as a Wall Street man. Briefly, Mr. Osgood had charge of the customers' room in a downtown brokerage office, so naturally his card, the I. O. U., was now quite yellow from age. With a snort of disgust Mr. Mobley was, in fact, about to tear it into bits when he reconsidered, and replacing the card in his pocket again resumed his search. At once, with a gasp, he remembered. That morning during his hasty dressing all his money had fallen to the floor and he had picked it up and had placed it on the bureau.

It was still there back at Mrs. Mangin's.

Only two courses remained open. Either he could walk or he could appeal to the ticket agent. Reflection told him, of course, that to walk was impossible. Wall Street was four miles away, and though indeed he must be there without fail at nine sharp or sooner Mr. Mobley realized that Wall Street life had not fitted him to do a Marathon.

All Dabblers in the Market Look for Action, and Mr. Hoag Had Got His

So desperately he approached the window. In his best manner and with the most dignified speech imaginable he stated the case. To his distress, however, the plea was received with coldness. "But you don't understand!" he warmly protested. "I have to be in Wall Street at nine o'clock—at nine sharp!" he repeated. "My engagement is of the most urgent importance!"

"Yaas, that's what they all say," rejoined the agent dryly, and in the same tone invited Mr. Mobley to stand aside.

The case grew desperate. Already the clock marked twenty-five after, its hands moving on with dispassionate regularity. "Gad! but don't you see?" cried Mr. Mobley for the fourth time, and he had just begun a more complete and graphic appeal, when suddenly, with a gasp of relief, he broke off and rushed hurriedly from the window. Coming down the stairway was a well-known figure, a familiar face and form.

"Why, Mr. Hoag! good morning! good morning!" he exclaimed, adding exuberantly: "This is indeed fortunate!"

Under any other than the most unusual circumstances—say, one like the present, or, for example, a midnight fire, a burglar or the like—Mr. Mobley might not have recognized the newcomer. It was, in short, a fellow lodger at Mrs. Mangin's, a young man who, as Mr. Mobley was aware, had the first counter from the door in a lower Broadway hatshop. Now, however, it being no time to split straws, to quibble over petty social quirks, Mr. Mobley, after warmly greeting him, made known his predicament. "You see, I've got a big appointment this morning," he explained; "otherwise, of course, I'd go back and get my roll of bills. Yes, I left them on the bureau too!" he added seriously. However, if the hat clerk would buy him a subway ticket, Mr. Mobley said he'd see to it that his secretary returned it by mail the moment he got to the office—or, rather, offices.

Hoag, the clerk, was delighted. Unquestionably he seemed flattered to be able to help Mr. Mobley, who, as he knew, held some important post in Wall Street. "Say, now," he inquired awkwardly, perhaps out of the fear of seeming obtrusive, "are you sure a nickel's enough?"

Mr. Mobley was quite sure.

"Still," he added tentatively, somewhat astonished to see the roll of banknotes the clerk produced, "if you cold happen to spare two."

Hoag not only could spare the amount but did so willingly. Furthermore he insisted on buying the tickets as well, to which Mr. Mobley could make no reasonable objection. At any rate he said nothing, and Hoag having dropped the tickets in the box he thanked him briefly and abruptly hurried aboard the first incoming train.

As there was but one seat in the car Mr. Mobley took it. However, in no wise abashed or in the least conscious he was intruding, Hoag followed and helped himself to a near-by strap. At the same time, oblivious of how much he might intrude, he engaged Mr. Mobley in conversation.

"Say, old man," began Hoag confidentially, "I'm real glad now to have met you. Yeh! for quite a time I've been meaning to knock at your door some night."

Already Mr. Mobley had drawn out the orange stick with which every morning he whiled away the journey downtown. "Yes?" he murmured indifferently.

Not at all rebuffed the salesman, who was a round-faced, near-sighted fellow, now blinked smilingly through his glasses. "You see," he explained, "it was the old lady that sicked me on—Mrs. Mangin, you know!"

"Mrs. Mangin!" Mr. Mobley looked up sharply, his orange stick for the moment unemployed. Of course it was scarcely possible that the landlady had divulged anything confidential, but if she had—— "Say, look here!" began Mr. Mobley, his tone curt, when abruptly he bit his lip. Unconscious of his fellow lodger's air Hoag had interrupted, and to Mr. Mobley's inconceivable astonishment was shyly saying something or other about "investments."

"What?" said Mr. Mobley, his tone exclamatory. That one of Mrs. Mangin's lodgers should have reason to discuss investments seemed, on the face of it, almost farcical. Nevertheless such was the case. "Sure

It Was Rotten, He Told Himself, That With All the Money Coming to Him There Should be Any Hitch About It

thing!" assured Hoag, his manner perhaps a little conscious. "Last month I had a little money coming in. An uncle of mine died that was in the upholstery trade, you know!" Mr. Mobley didn't know, but now he was listening absorbedly. "Yass," added Hoag; "it was quite a round sum!" Letting go the strap he leaned down and at the same time lowered his voice to a confidential whisper. "More'n a thousand plunks!" said Hoag, his tone important.

It seemed incredible. Putting up his orange stick Mr. Mobley hastily moved along in the seat until there was ample room for two. "Sit down, Mr. Hoag," he said; and Mr. Hoag, nowise unwilling, sat down. "Now in regard to an investment," said Mr. Mobley, and loudly cleared his throat—"in regard to that it's just possible—barely possible, of course—that I may be able to help you. Tell me," he inquired, "do I understand you to say you already have the money in the bank?"

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It was just nine when Mr. Mobley entered the Broad Street offices of Rooker, Burke & Co. Despite the hour, however, Mr. Mobley no longer seemed so hurried as he'd been. The fact is, he'd decided to postpone his visit to Bannerman. Another more important matter now engaged him, for frankly it was a most excellent and unexpected piece of good fortune he'd stumbled on that morning. Besides, as he also reflected, his check was not likely to come through the clearing house before the following day.

In the customers' room only two others had arrived. One of these was the quotation clerk—the youth, that is, who sets up the figures on the priceboard. Tossing him a nod Mr. Mobley ignored the other early comer—a Mr. Pingree, who sat ensconced behind the pages of a newspaper—for though Mr. Mobley had himself introduced this client to the firm he now had little use for him. Months before he had given Mr. Pingree a tip on Reading; but while the tip had proved good and Mr. Pingree had made three points profit he had neglected afterward to come across with the usual acknowledgment, a percentage of his winnings. "A tin horn—a welsher!" Mr. Mobley thought him.

Crossing to a ticker that long before had begun to grind out the London opening Mr. Mobley glanced thoughtfully at the tape. It was the same old story: things were as stale as dishwater, and turning away he was biting his nails in deep thought, when Mr. Pingree first loudly cleared his throat, then spoke. "Say, Mac!"—it was Mr. Mobley he addressed—"seen this yet?"

For a moment Mr. Mobley didn't answer. He was pondering whether it would be worth while or only a waste of time to get after Mr. Osgood, the fellow clubman and Wall Street operator whose I. O. U. he had in his pocket. If Osgood could be made to pay up Mr. Mobley would need to worry no longer about the Bannerman draft, but could give all his attention to a matter that looked extremely promising. After a pause, however, he turned to Mr. Pingree. "Seen what?" he asked.

Holding out the newspaper Mr. Pingree pointed to an agate paragraph set under the heading "News for

Investors." It read: "Hocking C. & I. looks like a good gamble. From the undercurrent of activity in the stock developments may be anticipated."

If they were it was news to Mr. Mobley. However, one cardinal rule among Wall Street financiers is that if you know nothing never show it. Consequently, while he busied his wits trying to recall if he'd heard anything Mr. Mobley gazed at his former client knowingly. "Well?" inquired Mr. Pingree, "how about it?"

Still mentally active Mr. Mobley maintained his knowing air. "What's it to you?" he asked lightly.

Apparently it was much. Mr. Pingree was a middle-aged person with a lantern jaw and a long, pendulous nose, which in moments of perturbation he was accustomed to caress vigorously. Now having done this with even more than his usual animation, he also thrust a hand into his trousers pocket and loudly rattled his loose change. "Say, Mac!" he earnestly drawled, "if you really know something——"

One might well infer from Mr. Mobley's manner that he knew much. "You don't mean to say," he returned impressively, "that you haven't heard?"

"Heard what?" instantly demanded Mr. Pingree, his air alert.

Mr. Mobley put on an air of patronizing unconcern. Though he had himself heard nothing, of course, to be mysterious, as his Wall Street training had taught him, always lends one distinction. Consequently with a smile he turned his back on Pingree and moved off toward the offices in the rear.

Mr. Pingree, however, was not so easily rebuffed. "Here, you hold on!" he protested. Grasping Mr. Mobley by the elbow he observed urgently: "Say, you know something and I want to hear it." In a punk market like the present, as Mr. Pingree further observed, one had to scratch hard for dinner money, so if any melon was ripe to be cut he meant at all hazards to have a hack at the fruit himself—"and, well, here's the facts," abruptly added Mr. Pingree. "You put me wise and I don't mind saying I'm ready to do the handsome!"

This, as Mr. Mobley would have phrased it, was surely "talking turkey." However, until he'd browsed about a bit and heard the dope on Hocking it would never do to commit himself. So freeing his elbow from Mr. Pingree's convulsive grip he opened the door beside him. "You'll have to wait, Pink," he curtly announced. "I don't mind saying I know what's up, but I'm too busy now to stop. You see me later." Then he shook loose the fresh grip Mr. Pingree had on his arm and closed the door between them.

Once he was alone, however, Mr. Mobley's pressing urgency abruptly seemed to end. "Well, and what do you know about that?" he murmured to himself. "Luck? Why, I'm smeared with it!" he exclaimed, and leaning up against a counter he thoughtfully pulled out a toothpick and as thoughtfully employed it.

Hoag first, now Pingree too! However, the situation, unique as it was, required care. Of course in Hoag's case the matter was more or less easy, since the dub, as Mr. Mobley assured himself, would invest his thousand whichever way he was told.

Nevertheless, though this was so Mr. Mobley felt as much concern as if the money were his own, the fact being that he'd already arranged to be paid twenty per cent of whatever Hoag might win. The arrangement, however, though excellent, was defective in that before there could be any winnings, any bonus, Mr. Mobley must first pick a winner. And knowing Wall Street he frankly confessed—though only to himself, of course—that in calling the turn on the market he stood about as much chance as, for instance, a blind man up against a phoney faro case.

However, with Pingree the chances were far better; they were only two to one. Pingree had himself named the stock, Hocking, and, as was obvious, Hocking could do but two things—either go up or go down. To decide which would be easy he need only flip up a coin or——

A loud and startling gasp burst suddenly from Mr. Mobley's lips. "Holy smoke!" he cried, then instantly checked himself. Afterward, with a sly look about him, Mr. Mobley clapped himself on the knee, and flinging open the door rushed back into the customers' room.

"Say, look here, Pink!" he directed, his voice forceful.

Mr. Pingree had again ensconced himself behind his newspaper. Earnestly, with the utmost diligence he'd been searching its columns for some other reference to the mysterious activity in Hocking, and alive now to Mr. Mobley's manner he followed him hastily into a near-by corner.

"Listen!" said Mr. Mobley as he grasped him by the coat lapel. "You keep this under your hat now!" he ordered authoritatively, and added: "The fact is, yesterday for a few moments I saw old Cornell Roberts. Do you get that now?" he demanded meaningly.

Mr. Pingree got it fully. After savagely tweaking his nose he ejaculated "Sho!" emotionally and not without reason. Roberts was one of the Street's heaviest operators. Moreover, it was quite true Mr. Mobley had seen him. He had sat less than ten seats away from him in an uptown subway train, though this detail, for some reason, Mr. Mobley suppressed.

"By heck!" exclaimed Pingree with great excitement. "You don't mean they's a pool operating in the stock?"

"A pool?" If such were the fact Mr. Mobley hadn't heard of it. However, the suggestion made good material. "A pool?—why, of course!" he retorted. "Ain't that what I'm telling you? Now, understand," he added sharply as Mr. Pingree sought to edge away, "I'm not giving you the tip for my health. You'll have to fork over twenty per cent of your profits!"

A sly look had drifted into Mr. Pingree's eyes. "Twenty per? Say, you've got a nerve! Nix!" said Mr. Pingree all in a breath. In brief, having obtained, as he thought, Mr. Mobley's information, he had decided to make use of it without paying any bonus whatever. "Huh!" he grunted. "Pay twenty per when I knew as well as you the stock was going up? You must take me for a rube!"

Mr. Mobley, however, enjoyed too wide an experience in Wall Street practice to let himself so easily be outwitted. "Oh!" he remarked; "so you think, do you, that it's going up?"

"Hey, what!" exclaimed Mr. Pingree, startled. "You don't mean it's going down?"

A light, mocking laugh answered him. "You find out, Pink!" retorted his tormentor, and turned to walk away.

The sweat started on Mr. Pingree's brow. "Say, now," he abjectly murmured, "I was only fooling, Mac. Of course you'll get your twenty per if only you tell me what to do." Mr. Mobley, however, was not so easily placated, for if there was one thing he detested more than any other it was to have some one try to trick him in a money matter. All Wall Street men have this feeling. "Oh, come now!" pleaded Pingree abashed. "Just tell me—shall I buy or sell?"

Mr. Mobley meant to have held off a little longer, only at that particular moment he saw the door open to admit a familiar figure, a man who entered shyly, with embarrassment. It was Mr. Hoag, of course, and this being his first visit to a brokerage office it was only natural he should feel timid. Hurriedly Mr. Mobley turned to the now miserable Mr. Pingree. "Ain't you going to tell me, Mac?" Pingree was droning. "What's the card now—buy or sell?"

There was no time to be lost—Hoag was drawing near. "Sell!" said Mr. Mobley. "Sell!"—and instantly Pingree made a bolt for the cashier's window. Over his shoulder, as he turned to the hat clerk, Mr. Mobley heard the man give his order. It was gasped out wheezingly—"Say, sell me a hundred Hocking Coal! What price? Any price, of course!" vociferated Mr. Pingree. "Sell it at the market!"

"Pshaw! the piker!" Mr. Mobley murmured to himself. A hundred shares was nothing but a shoestring; but though disappointed, not to say disgusted, his face and tone were both urbane as he shook the hat clerk's hand. "On time, I see," Mr. Mobley uttered affably, and as genially added: "That's right! Promptness always pays, Mr. Hoag." Also in the same bland tone he inquired whether Hoag had his check made out.

It was not only made out but certified, as Mr. Mobley had requested. The salesman's hand trembled slightly as with a nervous little laugh he gave it up. "Sit down, Mr. Hoag," said Mr. Mobley kindly, and having closely examined the paper to make sure its indorsement was correct he briefly explained the investment he had in mind.

It was, as he said, a most attractive security. The stock was an active industrial, he announced, one whose fiduciary obligations were backed up by the most valuable commercial concessions. Though at the moment, of course, it happened not to be on a dividend basis Mr. Mobley was still in a position to say that shortly this would be arranged. Before he could say more, however, Hoag interrupted with another nervous giggle. "Say," he inquired, as he wet his lips, "am I agoing to buy or—er—am I going to sell?"

"Eh, what?" exclaimed Mr. Mobley, astounded.

"Why, you see," said Hoag uncomfortably, "one of the boys up to the store he was telling me there's only one way to make money in Wall Street. He says only the rubes buy stocks. Them that's wise to the game they sells 'em!"

For an instant a frown clouded Mr. Mobley's brow. That he was displeased was evident; inwardly he was filled with agitation. "Oh, well, of course, Mr. Hoag," he said curtly after a thought, "if you prefer some clerk's advice to mine, why here's your check!" In fact, he almost handed it back to him.

Hoag was at once all apologies. As he protested, his manner quite humble and abashed, he trusted implicitly to Mr. Mobley's judgment. He, in brief, asked nothing more than that Mr. Mobley would say, when he was ready, how the money had been invested.

Accepting the apology Mr. Mobley consented to tell him exactly. As the transaction was an investment it meant, naturally, a purchase not a sale. "The fact is," said Mr. Mobley in a tone of the most impressive revelation, "I am buying for you on ten points margin—ten! do you get that?—and at the market—the market, too!—one hundred full shares of the Hocking Coal and Iron Company."

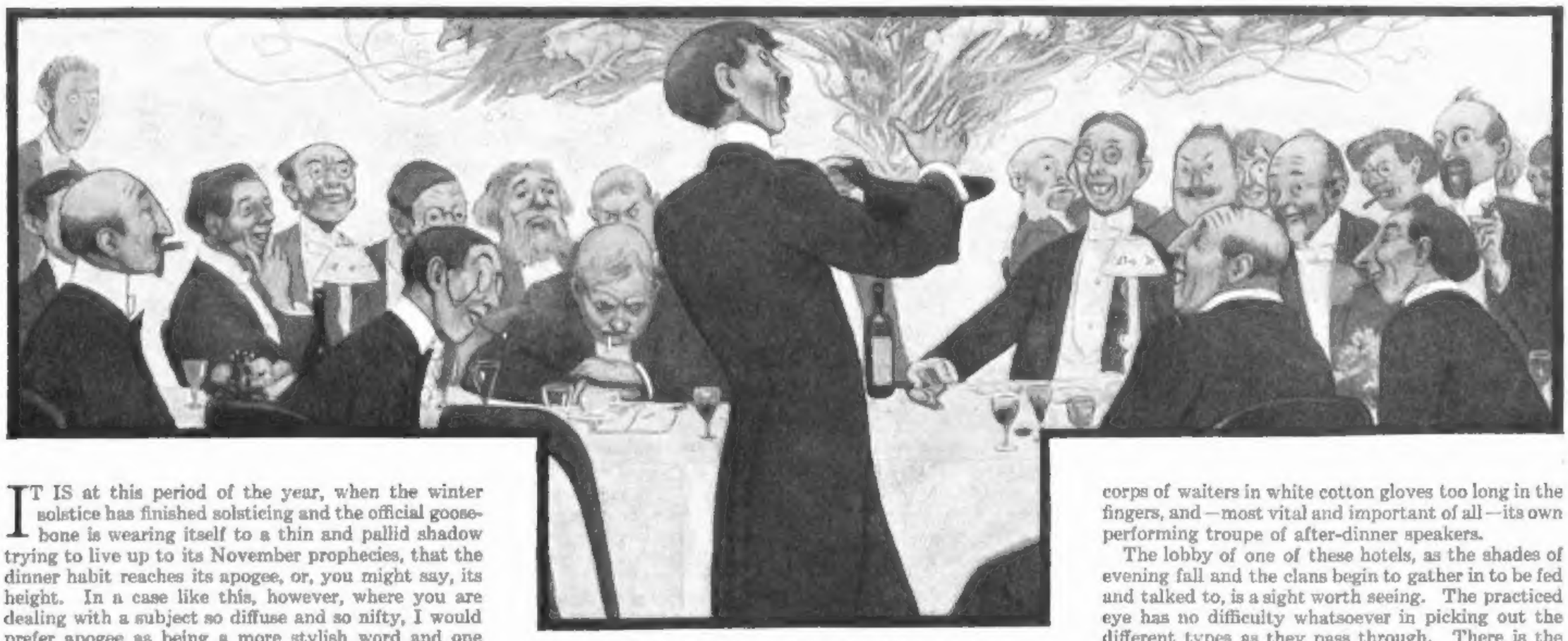
It was a sterling investment. No one, indeed, in the least familiar with Wall Street's familiar finance can for a moment doubt its excellence. It was, in short, a transaction that could not lose—or not for Mr. Mobley anyway; for Hoag having bought and Pingree having sold, one or the other was bound to win. In other words, whether the stock went up or down Mr. Mobley had assured himself of his bonus of twenty per cent.

With some difficulty he repressed a strong desire to laugh. However, feeling he could not repress it long Mr. Mobley hurriedly escorted Hoag to the door and, having relieved himself with an inward chuckle, he bustled over to the cashier's window. There he turned in the check and its attached buying order. "Another boob's shoestring on Hocking," he smiled; and he and the cashier having

(Continued on Page 54)

But Now it Was No Time to Temporize

ON MAIN STREET



The Gifted Master of What You Might Call Parlor-Magic Oratory

The Modern Tom Tuckers

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

IT IS at this period of the year, when the winter solstice has finished solsticing and the official goose-bone is wearing itself to a thin and pallid shadow trying to live up to its November prophecies, that the dinner habit reaches its apogee, or, you might say, its height. In a case like this, however, where you are dealing with a subject so diffuse and so nifty, I would prefer apogee as being a more stylish word and one sounding as if it had been put up on a curling iron.

Nowhere on this hemisphere, however—and as a nation we are notoriously prone to dining and giving of dinners—does the apogee reach such an apogeewhizful altitude as in the city of New York. In New York there are countless societies, clubs, leagues and organizations that apparently exist for the sole purpose of giving at least one dinner during the winter and, wherever possible, more than one; also there are countless persons who seem to live from year to year in order to be able to attend them and to hear what is said back and forth across the festal board and among the festal bored at the conclusion of these dinners. Other towns may have a few professional after-dinner speakers, but New York has them by the uncounted phalanx. Their name is Legion—Cicero Hannibal Legion and Michael Angelo Legion and Patrick J. Legion, and so on down to Tommy Tucker Legion, the lyric barytone who sings for his supper instead of talking for it.

It has been said that, as a community, New York does not care for music; and also it has been said that oratory in New York is practically a dead art. Both of these are erroneous assumptions. New York likes music—loud orchestral, instrumental music—with its meals, and after its meals it then craves oratory—craves it in large, solid, indigestible, insoluble chunks and dornicks. Hence the presence in New York of the most extensive, the most diversified and the most constantly employed school of after-dinner speakers in the whole of the habitable globe.

Troupes of Verbal Prestidigitators

THE soil and the climate of this country are most suitable and fruitful for the production of a certain style of orator. I refer to the gifted master of what you might call parlor-magic oratory, who is prepared at all times to rise before any audience and turn back his cuffs to show he has no mustache to deceive you, and from an empty high hat—in many cases the empty high hat being on his head at the time—to produce the kicking white rabbits of humor, the sprouting flower-pots of poesy, the scented nosegays of sentiment, the screaming spread-eagles of patriotism, and eight or nine hundred yards of the red, white and blue ribbons of miscellaneous thought. Or, employing another simile, you might say he is the volunteer fireman of oratory who sleeps in his elocutionary pants and at the first tap of the gong slides down a pole into his gum boots of eloquence, throws the slicker of Demosthenes over his shoulders, and in another instant is off and away to the scene of disturbance, leaving in his wake sparks, fireworks, burning brands, live issues and the general atmosphere of an unsafe and insane Fourth of July. He is, commonly speaking, a lawyer by training and a candidate for office by profession. He can and will deliver offhand a few appropriate remarks before any gathering and on any occasion, from the laying of the cornerstone of the new Carnegie Library to the cutting of the first watermelon of the season. And in due course of time he discovers that the place of his birth has grown too cramped, cribbed and circumstanced to contain him and his talent both at the same time—and he emigrates to New York.

There he notes that oratory is not much employed in politics, there being another political argument very popular in New York which speaks louder than words and can be exchanged for food at any grocery store. Nor is it so very popular for use in the law courts, because, as a general proposition, the jurors are all more or less wearied business men who desire to get the verdict off their chests and start home before the subway rush begins; and the most successful pleader is the lawyer who can tot up the net results like a patent adding machine and pass out the totals like a cash register. So our Young Man Eloquent eventually finds a proper outlet for his talents as an after-dinner speaker, and it is a good, steady winter job.

It is estimated that between November fifteenth and March fifteenth there are, on the average, fifty dinners of a more or less public nature taking place in New York every night in the week except Sunday night. As for the amount of wit, invective, satire, sarcasm, salve and balm that is spilled at these functions on any given evening no one—not even the genius who wrote the Lord's Prayer on the back of a postage stamp, nor his uncle, the mathematical wizard who dedicated his life to approximating the number of seeds in a prize pumpkin for a cash bonus of five dollars and a patent clothes-wringer thrown in—ever had the patience to figure that out. There is hardly a hotel or a restaurant of any size where, in the season which is this season, at least one dinner with toasts and a set program of speeches is not taking place every night. There are large hotels, like the Waldorf and the Astor, which make a specialty of the thing, where from three to ten different dinners will often be going on simultaneously under the same roof at the same time. A three-ringed circus, with elevated stage and a hippodrome track, is nothing to it—absolutely. To begin with, some state society or some county society will almost certainly be having its dinner this night. This is a good, safe bet, because in New York there is a separate society for almost every county in the state and one for almost every state in the Union. This function in all probability will be going on in the main ballroom, with assembled beauty gazing down admiringly—and hungrily—upon assembled chivalry feeding itself at the tables. In the Red Room some Greek-letter fraternity is making merry and grease-spots on the carpet; in the Blue Room the Class of Eighty-Six of dear old Bergosh University is having its annual reunion; in the Green Room the Association for the Propagation of One-Piece Union Suits is holding forth and so forth with wine, wassail, song and the yearly report of the corresponding secretary; in the Pale Mauve Room the Society of Lineal Descendants of Hiawatha are imbibing copiously of their tribal laughing water at four dollars the quart; and in four or five other rooms of other and various colors are to be found four or five other groups, clubs, coteries and corporations, each with its own separate menu, its own separate corps of waiters in white cotton gloves too long in the fingers, and—most vital and important of all—its own performing troupe of after-dinner speakers.

The lobby of one of these hotels, as the shades of evening fall and the clans begin to gather in to be fed and talked to, is a sight worth seeing. The practiced eye has no difficulty whatsoever in picking out the different types as they pass through. There is the toastmaster, burdened with responsibility and a large mass of typewritten MS., which is short for manuscript and also short for mess, if anybody should ask you. There are the two custom styles of professional after-dinner humorists, each wondering whether the other hasn't been stealing his best stuff—one of them being burbly and unctuous and rich in proteids and butter fats, and the other being long and lean and mournful-looking, he having learned through long practice that his wheezes go best when issued from a face wearing the expression of an undertaker's assistant. There is a guest of high honor culled from some foreign consulate, who has sundry decorations upon his shellacked shirt and is immeshed in whiskers until he makes you think of a de luxe edition of that sterling work, Alone in the Jungle.

Among Those Present

THERE is also the celebrated Judge Dope, imported at great expense from a far city, whose toast is The Ladies—God Bless 'Em!—and who is therefore prepared to talk for about forty minutes on the tariff with particular reference to Schedule K; and also there are Congressman Coma and General Stupor and Major Laffan Gass, the noted wit, and Professor Morphine and Doctor Opiate, each with a speech in his system and a firm intention of working it off before it begins to mold on him. There is a reporter for a morning paper, remarking mournfully to himself that it looks like the same old bunch of junkdealers and the same old line of dope all over again, and trying vainly to elude divers distinguished gentlemen who come, one by one, offering him full transcripts of their remarks and each in turn urging the representative of the press to please remember that the middle initial is G and not K—that annoying mistake having crept into print several times lately. And finally there is a ravening horde of plain and fancy members at large, gentlemen who have come with a dress suit and an appetite, both well hollowed out in front, a high hat apiece and carfare home. This last group is bound to include the stout person who gets his dinners confused with aquatic sports and pastimes, and after imbibing his soup like a man bailing out a boat and feeding himself with the Australian or overhand crawl stroke, will go to sleep just as the speaking starts and not stir until the waiters begin to turn the lights out. Nor must we forget the acutely intellectual and skeptical diner. He will be there surely, needing only to be bound in half leather and to have a collector come round every Saturday to get the remaining installments on him in order to be a Complete Encyclopedia and Compendium of Human Knowledge. He is prepared to challenge the first erroneous statement of any speaker. That is his specialty. No dinner would be complete without him, ever. He is as much a part of the fitting as is the cocktail at each plate, said cocktail being drawn from a vat of cocktails that was put up in the early fall for dinner purposes during the winter.

Just as nearly all those who go to dinners fall into certain classifications, so the veteran observer at these affairs knows by a glance at the menu what the cost will be a plate. A dinner at two dollars a plate calls for a *compôte* of something, and a three-dollar dinner provides for a

timbale of something else, and no five-dollar spread is complete without some kind of a pale pink punch that tastes like perfumery, and a choice of three kinds of deceased cheese with the coffee. Similarly a glance along the serried ranks of the guest table discloses to the practiced eye the speaker who has a fine delivery but nothing to deliver, and the speaker who has a great deal to say, but won't be able to remember any of it when the time comes and all the other reliable brands of speakers.

It is not the present intention of this writer to undertake to describe the remarks that are made at every dinner or at any dinner, that task having been competently attended to by Samuel G. Blythe in a brochure called We Have With Us Tonight, which may be found in the back files of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. But I cannot forbear at this time to make some mention of one person who is invariably found tucked away somewhere, probably away down at the lower end of the guest table, where the waiters coming in and going out can step on him, and can spill gravy and stuff on him and otherwise add to his enjoyment of a truly festive occasion. I am speaking of that doomed wretch who is about to make his first speech.

All during the dragging hours, when others ate and bright eyes flashed, he has been sitting there in dumb agony, waiting for the deathwatch to rap on the bars of the cell and tell him the appointed time has come. Those who cannot bear the sight of suffering have already turned away their heads in silent sympathy. Others—persons who could look on unmoved at a bullfight or even at an amateur piano recital—openly gloat over his misery.

Ever since the fatal hour when he accepted this invitation he has been alternating between a cold perspiration and a hot flush. With the passage of his allotted hours the symptoms have become so merged and mingled in him that now he has a temperature of one hundred and six just back of the ears and eight below zero in his feet. The circulation below the ankles is entirely suspended and all the blood in his body has moved up to his brain. One end of him is perishing of high fever and the other is slowly freezing to death.

If we can believe the published accounts of most executions the condemned man is nearly always able to eat a hearty meal on the eve of being launched into the unknown, but not so in this case. This person is the exception. His tongue has swollen up until he feels that if it ever escaped from his mouth he'd never be able to crowd it back in his hat. He cannot swallow solids because his heart and his lungs and other things have moved up into his throat where he can taste them, and have blocked off the entrances. He has drunk of whatever is available—the cocktail, the sauterne, the burgundy, the sherry, the champagne—but the drink has only turned cold and clammy upon his stomach. He is goose-fleshy all over. That mussed and protruding appearance so often noted in connection with the bosom of a green after-dinner speaker's dress shirt is not caused by the bad fit of the garment in question, as many have supposed. It's the goose-flesh pushing the shirt out from him.

In this way several months drag by between eight-thirty and eleven P. M. Eventually, though, he knows that his hour has come; the toastmaster has been glancing at him speculatively. He clutches the cold, stark, dead corpse of a cigar just back of the gills with a convulsive grip, as though fearing it might turn upon him and bite him. He tries to remember his introductory remarks and nothing comes to him except the last words attributed to the late H. H. Holmes. From a long way off, as through fogs and across vasty deeps, he hears his own name called. He gets upon his feet, upsetting his neighbor's demi-tasse, bows vaguely in the general direction of the Tropic of Capricorn, opens his mouth and gasps like a fish. The scene swims before his eyes, and he might swim, too, were it not that he has cramps in both legs. With an effort he reaches down into the innermost recesses of his being and hauls out, from where he has mislaid it, a voice which he can recognize as faintly resembling his own. He then begins. This is a piteous spectacle and yet one of the commonest of our modern civilization. The ancient Roman emperors tortured slaves for the entertainment of their guests, following a dinner. We do the same thing still, but instead of slaves we use inexperienced speakers, which is cheaper.

He totters through an introduction that was meant, when he wrote it, to combine wit, wisdom, airy persiflage and ready repartee in exactly the right proportions; but everything remains tightly frozen up. There isn't a sign of a January thaw. He fights his way into his main theme, and at the conclusion of his strongest paragraph, when he pauses and tries to take a drink of water out of the celery dish, there is not a sound to break the ghastly stillness except the stealthy tread of a waiter advancing with the air of an undertaker about to screw the lid down and thus bring the sad rites to a fitting close. He reaches his loftiest climax and the ice doesn't even seem to soften up any round the edges, close to shore. He is reminded of a little anecdote—they're always reminded of little anecdotes at such a time as this—and starts off in the customary way:

"It seems there were two Irishmen named Pat and Mike; and Mike said: 'Begorra, Pat, and bejabers ——'"

Still the silent bergs rear aloft in frozen majesty and the glancing surface of the glacier dazzles the affrighted vision. In despair he turns loose the prize comic gem of his collection—the one that never failed to get a laugh when his lamented grandfather told it—and then, as his tottering legs give way under him and he sits suddenly down in his neighbor's lap, he sees a fat man at the center table double up in his chair and begin to gurgle loudly. For a moment he is cheered, but not for more than a moment. For the fat man isn't laughing—he has choked on a belated olive.

However, the seeds of the deadly after-dinner speaking habit have been instilled into his nature, and he, to all

(Concluded on Page 33)

DYSPEPSY

By Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.

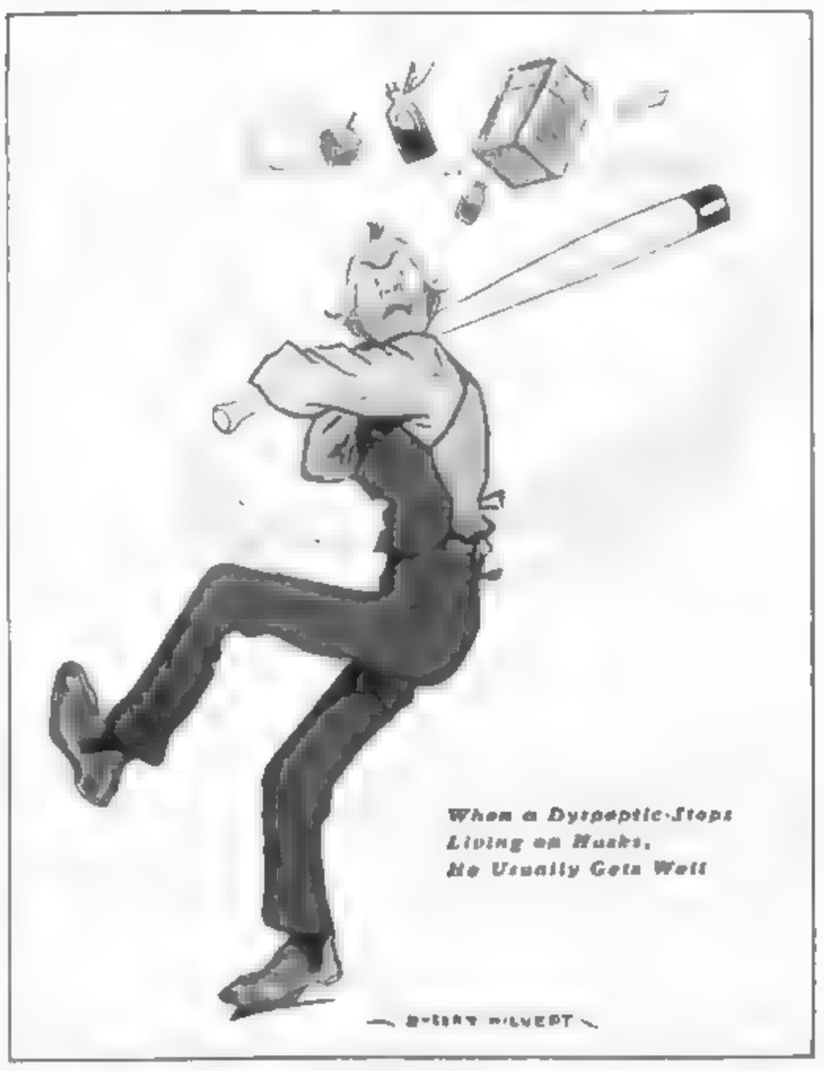
ILLUSTRATED BY B. CORY KILVERT

EVERYBODY knows, of course, that our American digestion is the worst in the world. But we are beginning to discover, in these Darwinian days, that though what everybody feels is pretty likely to be right, what everybody knows is often not so. Our hearts are pretty likely to be right, but our heads—the less said about them the better; and our stomachs—well, that question remains to be settled. They certainly resemble our hearts much more closely than they do our heads.

We are soundly convinced that we are a nation of dyspeptics. We were told so years ago by one Thomas Carlyle, and he ought to know, for he himself had the worst case of this disease ever seen in captivity. In fact, he was one walking, animated, incarnate indigestion, and incidentally grew it on the usual food and favorite culture medium of dyspepsia—Scotch oatmeal. Talk of the scholars, theologians and statesmen who were bred on that cheerful cereal; they were not one-tenth as numerous as the dyspeptics it produced. In fact, not a little of the dourness of Scotch scholars and divines was born of it, and the melancholy induced by it could only be neutralized by the fiery exhilaration of the other brand of extract of cereal for which Scotland is famous. Wasn't it Bishop Vincent who said "Most people think themselves religious when they're only bilious"?

Practically every visitor who has come to our shores since the time of Dickens has echoed this verdict upon the national stomach, and the fewer weeks he stayed the more positive was his dictum. So we have come meekly to accept as an article of faith, amounting almost to an axiom, the idea that our national gastronomic horsepower is exceedingly and distressingly low. We have never been reckoned lacking in the saving virtue of a fairly good opinion of ourselves, yet we meekly listen to Hans Breitmann boasting of his placidity, his self-control and breadth of beam, based on his matchless digestion; or to Timothy Tugmutton, pluming himself upon his ruddy complexion, unhurried movements and peaceful length of days as contrasted with our haggard nervousness and life-shortening hustle and excitability, due to his eupepsia and our dyspepsia respectively.

Right here we are furnished with one of the most beautiful illustrations of how little what a man believes about his health has to do with his actual physical condition. For in spite of our implicit and pessimistic belief that our digestion had gone to the dogs and our nerves were rapidly following its example, not only have we made the most astonishing national growth—in our century of dyspepsia and neurasthenia—that ever was known in the world's history, but native-born Americans of the second or third generation exceed at all ages, from infancy upward, in height, weight and chest girth any other nation or race on the face of the globe. Instead of our neurasthenic and dyspeptic population becoming an easy prey to the eupeptic and vigorous nations of Europe, the bitterest wail that goes up from London to Constantinople, from Naples to Stockholm, is that Europe is becoming Americanized in business, in transportation, and even in politics and social life and forms of government.



When a Dyspeptic Stops Living on Husks, He Usually Gets Well

As for nervousness and lack of judgment and national hysteria, if anything can be found to match the hysteroepilepsy of even the most cultured and impassive classes of the English people over the rank bugaboo of the German Invasion; or the riotous excitement and medieval race hatreds of France over the Dreyfus case; or the panic-stricken terror of the German financiers over the Agadir incident and its complications, it would be hard to discover it in the last half-century of American history. We can really begin to plume ourselves on being one of the coolest and least excitable nations of modern times, and can congratulate ourselves upon having not merely one of the oldest but one of the stablest governments in the civilized world—if that be altogether a matter of congratulation.

American dyspepsia, judging by its results, would seem to be a pretty good remedy to have in the family in case of sickness. It is not unlike the story of Grant's whisky. During the famous Vicksburg campaign some meddlesome busybodies kept bringing to Lincoln accounts of Grant's alleged drunkenness and addiction to liquor. Lincoln stood it as long as he could and finally burst out with: "I wish I could get a jug of Grant's whisky and send it to some of the other generals on this side of the mountains."

As a matter of fact, American dyspepsia, like many national traits observed by new-come travelers, was largely imaginary and due chiefly to the frankness with which the freeborn American of those days was willing to discuss his symptoms in public. The German or the Englishman suffers just as much from it, only it is against his social and moral code to eviscerate himself in public. But just wait until he gets you into a secluded corner of the smoking room and breaks through the frozen crust that surrounds him, and he will talk to you by the hour about his "private indigestion."

Another thing that helped to start the fairy tale—and fairy tales need only a start to be assured of immortality—was the astonishing, and to the tenderfoot appalling, habit of profuse and accurate expectoration that marked the untamed freeborn American citizen of that earlier day. Surely a stomach that was daily being robbed of the secretion of its salivary glands could not possibly be in anything like a healthy and prosperous condition.

As a matter of fact, there is nothing the matter with the American stomach. On the contrary, it does its work better than any other national stomach, because it is better fed, and supplied at more regular intervals with larger quantities of more nutritious foods than any other stomach in the world. The digestion, like the affection of the Queen Mother in Hamlet, grows by what it feeds on. The most serious malady that the stomach can suffer from

is emptiness, and that, fortunately, the American stomach has never experienced and never will—no matter whom it has to eat to fill itself!

The position of the stomach in the body politic is really one of remarkable ancestral dignity and present responsibility; yet we treat it as if it were a scullery maid. It is the Cinderella of the body household, sitting in the half-light of the basement kitchen down in the cellar among the greasy pots and pans, loaded with all the dirty work of the house, while its idle stepsisters, the lips and the eyelids and the hair, go forth to flaunt themselves in the sunshine and dance beneath the chandeliers. It is not even considered polite to mention its name in public, except when we want to complain of it or berate it for its shortcomings.

Yet if there be any place in the body that is the proper and logical seat of the soul, it is the stomach. When we lay our hand upon our heart in sign of utmost loyalty and devotion, we are really laying it upon the cardiac end of our stomach—but of course heart sounds better and more poetical. When we are cut to the heart by ingratitude or treason the anatomical structures that are really lacerated are the terminal filaments of the solar plexus in the mucous membrane of the posterior wall of the stomach. And almost every child knows where the famous knockout or solar-plexus blow of our most popular and intellectual form of debating is landed.

A man may be cross-eyed, or bow-legged, or asthmatic, or half paralyzed, or racked with all the agonies of rheumatism or neuralgia, and still be a man; but the noblest hero or most sublime saint in the world is no better than a wisp of wet dishrag when he is sick at his stomach. The martyr may sing songs of lofty devotion while being burned at the stake, but fancy any one directing a battle or writing a poem when he was seasick!

Starvation Is No Cure For Anything

When the Jellyfish Reigned Supreme

EYES, ears, hands and feet are parts of us; but they belong to us, not we to them. We speak, and they obey. But the stomach is "us," the self of our inmost self, and when it speaks it is with the still, small voice that compels obedience. And why shouldn't it? For all things in the realm of Nature there is a reason.

From a biologic and dynamic point of view the stomach is far and away our most important and most fundamental organ. Biologically, it is the oldest organ and best friend we have. Dynamically, it is the socket into which is inserted the plug of the wire that connects us with the world dynamo, with the powerhouse of the universe. Physically considered, we are simply proteid sponges in human shape, filled with sea water, galvanized into life by the great sun currents that flow into us through our sole and only port of entry for the energy of the outside world—the stomach.

Why is a stomach anyway? Listen and you shall hear. We were not always thus. In the happy childhood of the world when life first began, ere Nature tried her 'prentice hand on man, we really lived the simple life—though we never shall again; it takes too much time. We floated happy and carefree in the tepid, brackish waters of the marshy lagoons, brainless, armless, legless, careless little gobs of animal jelly, like tiny gumdrops without the sugar, sucking in nourishment at every pore. We did not worry about our daily bread, because it was supplied to us fresh every ten minutes; nor were we aware that the world owed us a living, since we never had the slightest difficulty in collecting it. We toiled not, but we did occasionally spin—round and round by means of the cilia on our surface.

We were not quite so simple as we looked. Though we had no eyes, it was because we were all eye and could perceive the light waves and sound waves with every pinpoint of our surface, so that we literally were, at a later stage of our development, as we have often been metaphorically accused of being—all eyes and ears. We had no legs, because we were able to make a leg on ten minutes' notice at any time by simply shoving out one of our corners into a tentacle.

We had no stomach because we were all stomach; and our method of engulfing food was simply to sidle up to it, half pour, half curl ourselves affectionately round it, suck out of it what might be digestible and then gently pour away from it again, leaving the insoluble remnants outside the breastworks. No chance for indigestion, for colic, for appendicitis! What would we not give nowadays to return to such happy and dignified simplicity!

By-and-by it occurred to our gumdrop ancestor that there was virtue in the division of labor, and beginning with the most important things first, he set aside a little area of his surface exclusively for purposes of engulfing and sucking the nutrition out of foodscraps. In order to hold the food in contact with itself, this little area first hollowed itself into a dimple and later into a pouch, and behold! the father of all organs and creator of man—the stomach—was born.

As there was no way of getting rid of any remnants that could not be melted, save by the rather clumsy and troublesome process of turning the pouch inside out, it soon became desirable to have some sort of inspection service established at the mouth of the pouch. Most things that are fit to eat smell good—even to this day—and therefore a couple of little spots on the skin of the creature, just above the mouth, began to specialize in the discrimination of odors and sank into pits, and thus formed the nostrils and olfactory nerves. At the same time a mechanism for barring out that which was bad became necessary, so the band of living tissue round the mouth turned itself into a ring of muscle, and the lips and jaws were born. To control the small pits there grew up a little nerve knot, the olfactory sense, and another set of nerves to direct the mouth ring. Then from the union of these two, in order that they might work in harmony, was born a most illustrious child, the brain.

Next came the necessity of testing the food by sense of sight and of seeing the dangers into which the body was led in pursuit of it, and two other little spots upon the surface above the mouth specialized on the light waves, and sinking into the body mass became the eyes and the optic nerves. A little later the sense of hearing was demanded for the same purpose. Two other little sensitive patches on the skin devoted themselves to the sound waves, shut themselves off and sank into the deepest parts of the head-end of the creature and became the ears and the auditory nerves. All these were successively coupled up with the nose-jaw combination.

The mouth-end of the creature became the head-end, because it was most frequently poked into danger. Then a department of superintendence of all these different and occasionally conflicting outlook departments was demanded and the cerebral hemispheres or upper brain budded out. The hemispheres have since become two-thirds of the brain total, but to this day the basal structure and main stem of the most huge and complicated human brain is composed of, first and frontmost, a pair of nose lobes and a pair of jaw lobes or ganglia, then a pair of eye lobes, then the ear lobes, and finally the balancing lobes, or cerebellum.

The stomach literally made the brain for its own purposes and use, and from a biological point of view the most highly specialized animal creature—man himself—is nothing but a cast of his own stomach. It is no wonder that we think much about our stomachs and squander gallons of printer's ink and untold cyclones of breath over our favorite foods and schemes of dieting.

A Mighty Organ Misunderstood

IT IS not always safe to judge by appearances or even by feelings. Though we hear more talk about indigestion, and distress after eating, and "misery" in the epigastric region than about any other evil that flesh is heir to, actual, definite, tangible disease of the stomach is a comparatively rare malady. Our stomach is not only our oldest organ but our most reliable, our most resistant and our best behaved. Nearly half the discomforts and disturbances that we put down as diseases of the stomach are really unselfish efforts it is making to protect the entire body or some particular organ.

Nine-tenths of all forms of so-called indigestion are not due to the condition of the stomach at all, but are caused by influences operating in other parts of the food tube or even in entirely separate and foreign parts of the body, miles away from the stomach, physiologically speaking. To attempt to cure indigestion, dyspepsia and discomfort after eating by dieting, or by methods of treatment directed to the stomach alone, is absurd and irrational.

The most distinguishing characteristic of the stomach, after its wonderful vigor and its efficiency, is its extreme good nature. Every organ in the body and every faculty in the mind can come to it with its troubles and receive its sympathy and assistance. It is the mouthpiece, the spokesman for every disaffection in the body, and sympathizes with every grievance and insult, from Welsh rarebits to disappointments in love.

The first and most frequent danger signal of the body is pain, but the next and far more arresting and fundamental is nausea. We hear of the massacre of women and babies by Indians, and turn sick and faint; the end of a log that we are handling slips and crushes one of our toes, and we sit down hurriedly, white and trembling and nauseated; we are knocked down and stunned by a blow on the head, and the moment we come to we begin vomiting furiously.

Why should the stomach take such an extraordinary and irrepressible interest in all these troubles, which concern it not in the least and in which its well-meant attempts at consolation are not only useless but a source of further embarrassment and distress? This is one of the most curious problems of biology. The only explanation that can be offered that has even a show of reasonableness is that the tendency is ancestral and a part of what may be termed the memory of our tissues.

The stomach being, as we have seen, our earliest and oldest organ and our chief port of communication with the outside world, our most serious primitive disturbances were naturally digestive ones, due to poisonous or improper food. Obviously when we were all stomach the only pain or malady that we could suffer was stomachache; and the quickest and most alphabetic method of relieving it was to empty the stomach. Apparently this quaint and childishly illogical habit still clings to us.

There is another explanation that is much more prosaic and matter of fact, and therefore probably more likely to be correct—namely, that the stomach alone of the entire ten yards of the food tube has any nerves connecting it directly with the brain. All the rest of the intestine is supplied by a network known as the sympathetic nerve system, which only indirectly and in a roundabout way, through the spinal cord, connects it with the brain center. The stomach, therefore, being the only part of the food tube that is, strictly speaking, able to feel, it becomes the mouthpiece—or from another point of view the scapegoat—for the entire alimentary canal.

The Problems of Indigestion

AS A MATTER of fact, many if not most of the distresses that we crudely term stomachache or pain in the stomach are really situated in the coils of the intestine and not in the stomach itself at all. It is also established as a matter of oft-tested medical and surgical experience that the two most sensitive structures in the body are the skin and the stomach. In an abdominal operation when the surgeon has cut through the skin, the most painful part of the operation is over until he touches the surface of the stomach.

What then are the causes of that most familiar and frequent disturbance—after headache—which the human mechanism suffers from, indigestion or dyspepsia? Though indigestion is the Latin and dyspepsia the Greek for one and the same discomfort, it is well for practical purposes to make a distinction between the two terms. As a mere rule-of-thumb distinction, for purposes of practical convenience, we term indigestion those gastric disturbances that occur fairly promptly after eating and disappear as soon as the particular food swallowed has been disposed of; while those forms of disturbance that have no special relation to meal hours and that either persist or recur at fairly frequent intervals, regardless of the kind or amount of food taken, we term dyspepsia. Indigestion, in short, is an accident; dyspepsia, a habit.

The distinction, crude though it be, is of real practical value, because it corresponds pretty closely to a wide difference in causation. The vast majority of attacks of indigestion are due, as might be expected, to the food eaten, and may be cured by getting rid of the offending meal. Such attacks can be prevented by greater care and cleanliness and more rigid inspection of food, or rarely by the avoidance of the particular thing that disagrees. Obviously there may be as many different causes for indigestion as there are qualities and kinds of food, but fortunately the problem is slowly but steadily simplifying itself in these later years in a somewhat unexpected manner. Up to twenty-five or thirty years ago, it was generally held in both popular and medical systems of dieting that there were great and serious differences in digestibility and wholesomeness between different kinds of food. One food was supposed to be suited to a particular age and sex while another equally nutritious food was held to be utterly unsuited, and it was commonly believed that people had to be extremely careful not merely what they ate, even of perfectly wholesome foods, but also how they combined the different varieties.

Now, however, we are practically agreed—with the exception of a few eccentrics who have dyspepsia themselves—that the only really important difference between foods is in their fuel value, and that the healthy stomach ought to be, and as a matter of fact is, abundantly able to digest at least ninety per cent of all the foods placed upon our tables, providing that these contain adequate fuel value, or calories, and are not inordinately bulky or fibrous. If a stomach cannot digest pork, for instance, the fault is not with the pork but with the stomach, and its

possessor ought to be ashamed of it — or rather of his bad habits of living that have brought it into such a weak and enfeebled condition.

"But," says some one at once, "why then do foods disagree with us, for every one has had bitter and convincing evidence that they do?" Chiefly for two reasons—one great and almost all-embracing, and the other very small. The first and most important is that foods, when they are eaten, often are in various stages of putrefaction or decay—as we say colloquially, "bad" or "spoiled." The second and minor reason is that certain individuals have a special susceptibility or idiosyncrasy toward certain articles of food that are perfectly harmless to all the rest of the community.

It is not too much to say that nine-tenths of all our cases of acute indigestion, acute gastritis or gastric catarrh, or colic or biliousness or diarrhea, to say nothing of cholera morbus, dysentery, and typhoid fever, are due not to the kind, or amount, or combinations of food eaten, but simply and solely to its decayed, fermented or putrefied condition. In fact, a large share of our most acute attacks of indigestion and of bowel disturbances are due to the multiplication in our own alimentary canal of bacteria and other germs or parasites introduced in the food that we have swallowed. Most of our attacks even of so-called food poisoning or ptomaine poisoning are due not so much to poisonous substances already formed in the foods — though these may be dangerous enough — as to the further multiplication and growth in our stomachs and intestines of the bacteria that have produced these putrefactions or spoilings.

What Every Nose Should Know

IN FINE, three-fourths of our indigestion is due not to the stomach or to the kind or amount of food eaten but to our carelessness, stupidity or ignorance in eating filth and poison in place of food. Incessant watchfulness and an intense, vivid and wide-awake horror of dirt and every appearance thereof in our foods, in our kitchens and upon our tables will cure—by preventing—nine-tenths of all attacks of indigestion.

It was not by accident that nature made our sense of smell the first and most fundamental of our senses, as it still remains to this day. Nothing will carry us back to the happy days of our childhood like the fragrance of new-mown hay or the scent of wild grape blossoms along moonlit woodland roads. If we would submit to the judgment of that most prominent and important of our features, the nose, every mouthful of food before we swallowed it and every breath of air before we drew it into our lungs, and if we would act promptly on its judgment, we should avoid at least half of all the evils that the flesh is heir to—either gastro-intestinal or pulmonary. Swallow only that which smells good and tastes good, and unhesitatingly reject all that does not, no matter where you are; keep on eating until you feel that you have enough, and you may trust the stomach to do the rest. This is the only "sure cure" for indigestion.

The other cause of indigestion—individual susceptibility—though far rarer, is at times exceedingly troublesome because it seems so unreasonable. "Why," protests the sufferer, "should anything that tastes as good as strawberries do and is perfectly wholesome for everybody else make my tongue swell, or my stomach burn, or my skin break out all over in hives? It is ridiculous!" Still the susceptibility exists and there is no use arguing or fighting against it, although I should not advise anybody to give up strawberries short of at least twenty trials under every possible variety of experimental conditions.

If, after careful and intelligent testing, you find to your own satisfaction that strawberries, or cherries, or bananas, or oranges, or clams, or oysters, or lobsters, or cucumbers, or melons, or eggs, or mutton, or onions, or cabbage, or tea, or coffee positively do not agree with you, just let them alone. There are plenty of other good things left.

The one thing that you must not do is to run amuck and start a crusade against the further use of these harmless and wholesome articles of diet by the rest of the world just because they do not happen to agree with you. Because *you* are bilious shall there be no more cakes and ale?

So far from indigestion being in any sense a modern malady it is one of the oldest in history and, instead of increasing, it is rapidly and notably diminishing and becoming rarer under civilization.

We have a cynical old proverb that God made food but the devil made cooks, and many other like ones to the same effect; and we denounce the cooking stove and the frying pan as two of the causes of modern degeneracy. We forget that they both perform one service of incalculable value, they kill the germs in our food before they can get into our stomachs. This service outweighs tenfold any trifling harm that they may have done to our digestions.

Indeed, strange as it may seem, this was probably one of the primal causes for the application of fire to food, which resulted in the invention of the art of cooking. The lower down we go in the scale of civilization, the more frequent and furious and fatal become attacks of indigestion and diarrhea, due to the eating of poisonous or putrefied food.

No wonder that sanitarians are insisting upon food inspection, and again food inspection, and always food inspection, as the most important and fundamental step in our campaign for health. It is not the length of time that even perishable foods are kept that makes them really dangerous for human consumption; it is the filthy, careless, ignorant way in which they have been sprinkled with decaying fertilizer; exposed to the dust of the streets, which is chiefly powdered horse manure; crawled over by flies that have come from garbage cans and refuse heaps in the neighborhood; handled by diseased hands, or sprinkled with water containing typhoid bacilli or summer dysentery germs. If we keep our food clean, just clean, surgically clean, we shall cut out at one stroke three-fourths—yes, even nine-tenths—of all our disturbances of the digestion.

So permanent and almost exclusive a part do "bugs" of one sort or another play in most attacks of indigestion that it is no longer considered necessary or even advisable to discontinue taking other food—providing that food be clean and sound—during the attack. Starvation is no cure for anything; seldom even a remedy. Indeed the very time the body most needs an abundant supply of wholesome, digestible food will be when it is engaged in fighting desperately against an attack of deadly germs introduced in some rotting meat or decaying vegetables. We not only feed fevers, but we also feed ptomaine poisonings and attacks of diarrhea; and a liberal dose of sound, wholesome food is often one of our best intestinal antiseptics.

The popular belief that savages in a state of nature have perfect digestions and irreproachable teeth, and are models of physical vigor and perfection generally is the purest of fairy tales, and has not a shadow more of respectable evidence to support it than has the delusion that our ancestors of a hundred or two hundred years ago were taller, stronger and more eupeptic than we are. All through savagery, barbarism and the lower half of civilization famines were as frequent as bank panics are now; and coarse, filthy, half-putrid food was ravenously devoured for at least three or four months out of each year by seven-tenths of the people. The result was a perfectly enormous mortality from gastric and intestinal diseases. As recently as two hundred and fifty years ago scurvy, a disease caused solely by the consumption of half-putrid salt meat and fish and spoiled flour and meal, with an absence of fresh vegetables and fresh fruit, raged in all the navies of Europe and devastated scores of inland country districts as well.

Three great factors contribute most to our indigestion and what we may term alimentary ill health: First, scarcity of food, particularly at certain seasons of the year; second, its corollary, the use of decaying or spoiled or badly preserved or poor food; third, monotony of diet with insufficient variety, so that the three great kinds of foodstuffs—meats, starches and fats—cannot be obtained in their proper proportions.

All of these factors the progress of civilization has wiped out or is wiping out one after the other. Our modern markets with their abundant supply of every imaginable variety of food the whole year round, the introduction of preserves and of canned goods, and the continuous supply of fresh vegetables and salads and fresh fruits have made the twentieth-century digestion the best in the world and the twentieth-century man the tallest, strongest, most long-lived and most efficient human machine that the sun has ever yet shone on.

How to Strengthen a Weak Stomach

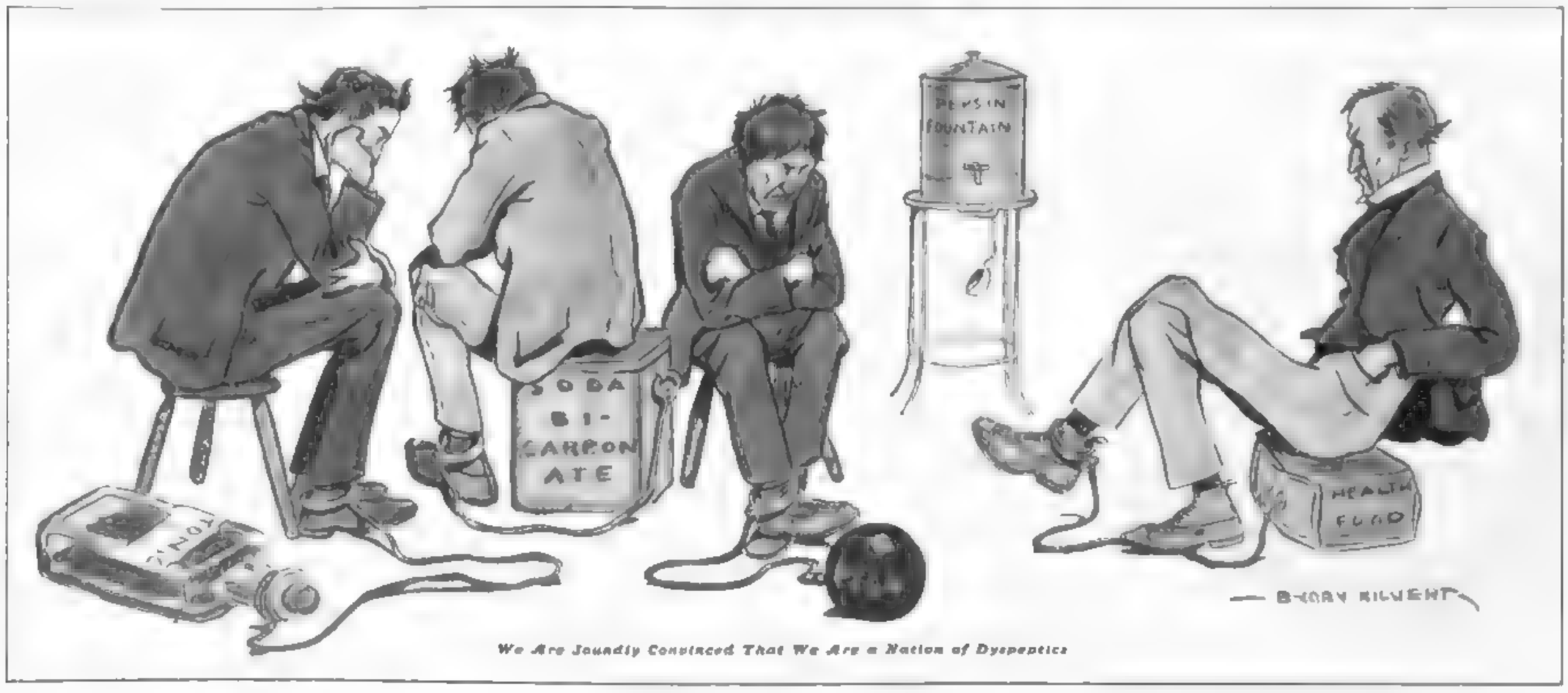
NOW what is to be said as to those permanent, habitual, chronic disturbances of the digestion known as dyspepsia? First, that nine times out of ten it is idle to look for the cause in the stomach or even in the food. Food can cause chronic dyspepsia only by being chronically insufficient in quantity, bad in quality or monotonous in kind. In fact, the best advice that can be given in one sentence to the average dyspeptic is: Eat plenty of every real food for which you feel an appetite and watch the results.

If you are not relieved by this prescription, then you may feel reasonably certain, nine times out of ten, that the cause of your trouble lies outside of the realm of dietetics. If your dyspepsia tends to be of that unfortunate kind that is accompanied by want of appetite, then the thing for you to do is go and get one. And the only place to get it is the place where appetites, like all other wholesome plants, grow—out-of-doors.

Plain starvation, whether voluntary or involuntary, causes more dyspepsia than any other dietetic condition, and the foundation of many a boy's or girl's weak stomach or poor digestion is laid in early childhood by a system of skimping and dieting and disciplining and depriving them of the adequate supply of real foods they crave. When a dyspeptic stops living on husks and health-foods and hot water, like the Prodigal Son, and begins to eat real foods, he usually gets well.

By far the commonest and most potent cause of dyspepsia is lack of exercise in the open air; and the

(Continued on Page 32)



We Are Soundly Convinced That We Are a Nation of Dyspeptics

THE VILLAIN OF THE PIECE

By Dorothea Deakin

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN A. BAZANT

A GOOD place to break one's silly heart in is Marybeach. I can't imagine a more likely spot to dream vain dreams and waste one's youth and energy, thinking about sea-blue eyes and a flower face. There's a clump of Cottage Maid tulips in my garden which isn't half so delicate a pink as Hyacinth's cheeks, and there's a bed of La Grandeur not half so vivid a red as her lips.

Even before Harry Constantine came home I knew it was no good. She didn't care twopence for my garden. She thought my scholarly life a wasted one. Writing little books of essays and publishing them at my own expense was not work at all, she thought, because they did not sell and nobody wanted them. You see, Hyacinth herself was a born worker. She was always busy and she did everything well. The idea of helping me to live my idle life, looking after a big house with a dozen servants in it, obviously didn't appeal to her at all.

She wanted to overcome difficulties, to tackle big things, to clean Augean stables—to show, in short, what she could do! There was no doubt that she did most things superlatively well. Playing about in a sleepy old garden and scolding the maids when she found dust was no life for her.

And then Harry Constantine came home and told me why he had come. Marybeach was full of girls; and most of them, it is sad to relate, were loverless, for the simple reason that there weren't enough lovers to go round. It can easily be understood, then, that there was a certain pleasurable excitement in the town when it heard that Harry Constantine was coming home. Nobody remembered why he went away; but there hadn't been anything disgraceful about it. He hadn't left his country for his country's good. He had gone away to make his fortune, like the other young men; and had—if not a fortune—at least succeeded in making a decent living.

"It's certainly made a man of you, Harry," I said kindly. "You were a very lanky boy when you went away." I admired his broad shoulders and brown face very much. "It's made a man of you!"

"Yes—hasn't it?" Harry was always modest. "I was an awful waster when I went away. It's a fine life—out there in Manitoba—but it's a lonely life. It's getting on my nerves. I want to find a girl."

"Oh, do you?" said I without much enthusiasm. "Well, Marybeach is full of girls."

"The fact is——" he went on. "That's what I've come home for, don't you know? There aren't any out there. There used to be lots of nice girls in England—too nice, some of them were. I'm afraid, though, that I am asking rather a lot."

"How?"

Harry went on:

"I mean—well—the girls were very pretty and sweet, but not quite what I want now."

"If you're doing so comfortably," said I prudently, "isn't it a pity to spoil things with the most risky of all experiments——" I was surprised by the effect of my words.

"Drop that!" said he fiercely. "Let me tell you, once for all, that out there I've come to reverence and respect women with all my heart. There's nothing in the world for giving you a high, noble, spiritual adoration of the other sex like——" He hesitated for a word.

"Like never seeing them?" I suggested gently.

"Like having time to think it all over." Harry was very firm. "You learn to see things in the true light out in the wilds. You learn to take a calm, sane, unprejudiced, unbiased view when you're alone from morning until night with the great heart of Nature and your own thoughts."

I gazed at him reflectively.

"You do, do you?" said I without confidence. "But on the other hand, old chap, mightn't a little too much of the rolling of those confounded prairies have upset a man's mental balance——"

He smiled compassionately.

"I've got the right sort of girl in my mind's eye," said he. "I can see her now. I'll tell you. She's a fine, tall, healthy, handsome, cheerful, capable young woman of about twenty-four—ready and willing to become a man's right hand and comfort; ready to take the rough with the smooth, the bad with the good; ready to cheer and soothe a man when the blighted crops are a failure and his best horse has fallen down a ravine—a girl who doesn't scorn to bake and brew and wash and iron and sew and feed hens; a girl who takes delight in difficulties and courts danger like a lover; a girl whose highest ideal is to be a wife and mother and a man's best friend——" Here he stopped for breath and laughed and sighed—and looked at me inquiringly.

"You think," he asked with a mournful blush, "that I'm giving rather a large order? You think I'm mad to suppose such a thing possible? I know the difficulties. I'm prepared to tackle a tough job. I was getting pretty desperate out there alone. I was regularly up against it. When I remember what the girls were when I went out ten years ago I feel pretty sick and hopeless. They were a feather-headed lot! From what I remember, they never thought about a thing but dancing and tennis and fine feathers, and would as soon have thought of playing football as doing chores."

"They do play football!" I pointed out.

Constantine rose, pulling himself up to his long length.

"Rupert," said he, "you were always a good sort of friend to me——"

I let this pass.

"You know a whole heap of all sorts of people—especially women. I wish you'd tell me honestly whether you think I have any chance of meeting the girl I am looking for. I feel as if I was a blighted idiot to hope for such a thing. Are there any girls like that?"

I laughed lightly as I rose.

"Oh, yes," said I. "They're all like that."

Perhaps my tone was hardly convincing.

"I'm not joking," said he.

"Neither am I," I said sorrowfully. "My dear boy, you've no idea what the twentieth-century girl is like. She's beyond all words. She takes a brilliant first at college and then comes home and paralyzes her young brothers by the way she swipes their shins at hockey. She's no Amazon however. She thinks a woman should be womanly, too, and she goes in heart and soul for domestic economy, and wins prizes all over the country for cooking and clear-starching. She swims and sculls and fences until all is blue; and not only does she drive her own motor, but she understands the thing's infernally complicated machinery. Why, Hyacinth——" I stopped suddenly. Harry's eyes brightened; but I went home and shut myself up with my new book for at least a fortnight; and, though I heard rumors of the way things were going, I kept away from it all until Harry routed me out.

"Engaged yet?" I asked scornfully. I knew the way the girls would rush at him. I wasn't going to fret about Hyacinth any more. Let her go and feed ducks and pigs in Manitoba if she liked. Harry's tone surprised me.

"No, indeed," said he distractedly. "I seem to be farther off from it than I was the day I landed. I wish you could help me."

I sniffed indignantly and regarded his six feet and brown clouded brow with a scowling eye.

"Can't you do your own courting, then?" I asked.

He flushed.

"I should jolly well think so. I'd like to see any one else offer to shove his old oar in—that's all!"

"It's a Fine Life—Out There in Manitoba—But it's a Lonely Life"

"Do you find them all so hard-hearted—so difficult?"

He hesitated. Evidently he didn't wish to appear fatuous, but——

"Oh, not hard-hearted at all," he murmured modestly. "I should hardly call any of them difficult either; in fact——" He laughed and stopped. I scowled. Hadn't I known those confounded girls would be all over him from the first moment he put in his dazzling appearance?

"Perhaps they aren't suitable?" I asked ironically. "Perhaps you can't find any one fit to receive your blighted colonial handkerchief when you choose to chuck it?"

He groaned.

"They're all suitable," he said. "That's just it. How can I propose to one without giving up the others? I can't bear to give any of them up."

"Upon my word!" said I aghast. "Well—I can assure you that you'll have to do it. You can't marry more than one—not in a Christian country."

He frowned. Evidently any levity of tone on such a subject distressed him.

"Why don't you let yourself fall in love with one of them?" I suggested brilliantly. "Then you would be blind and deaf to all the others. It's quite easy to fall in love when you once let yourself go. I could give you a few hints."

I could indeed—about the falling in. What I wanted was some one to teach me how to fall out.

"Thank you!" He stopped me coldly, and the next day something happened which threw a sudden light on the real reason of the colonial's uncomfortable state of mind.

Hyacinth took Harry and me for a run in her uncle's big green car, and the confounded thing burst up or went wrong somehow. Now I know nothing on earth about motors, and until that day I had never wanted to. I hate machinery and never could do anything with a nut or a screw or a monkey-wrench. As for carbureters and valves and magnetos—well, to put it shortly, I can only sit and swear if things go wrong in a motor. Hyacinth, however, was in her glory, of course. She was out of the car in a minute, with the engine open; and in another minute she was hunting for her tools in the box under the seat. Even in lifting off the seat I had managed to make a clumsy mess of it, and so had poor Harry. He grew very red and said something under his breath. That trying girl slipped out of her big white coat, wriggled into a holland overall and busied herself with the blighted machinery. Harry awkwardly offered to help her, but she triumphantly waved him to one side. I knew better than to do anything but efface myself. Hyacinth was equal to this or any emergency, and her slim wrists and arms were as strong as steel.

Constantine looked wretched. I laughed in my sleeve at his woebegone face. He came and stood beside me, muttering:

"Makes a chap feel such a fool! Not a woman's work! How can a man learn about motors on a Manitoba prairie? Still—to see a girl!"

"I know," said I, pretending to be full of friendly sympathy, inwardly shaking with sardonic glee.

He turned to me so sharply that I winced.

"There's no excuse for you," he said. "You live among people who eat and drink and talk and breathe motor cars all day long——"

"Doesn't prevent me from hating them," I said shortly. "Doesn't prevent the subject from boring me to death." Here Hyacinth came round to us with glowing cheeks and a delicious smile.

"I've got it right," said she gleefully. Then she looked at Harry and the triumph faded out of her eyes.

"I'm obliged to learn a few little things," she murmured apologetically. I was amazed by her tone. "Uncle's

"When I Go to the Play I Always Like the Villain Best!"

always teaching me," she went on. "I'm so often in the car. You see — " She stopped, grew crimson—her eyes filled with tears. She slipped out of her wrapper and got back into the coat Harry was fiercely holding. "It seems to be all I'm fit for!" His eyes glared at me over her hat.

When the drive was over and she had once got me alone she suddenly broke out into a fierce tirade which amazed me.

"It's all wrong!" she cried. "It's all wrong! Oh, I wish I'd never learned to do anything useful. If ever I have a daughter of my own I'll take care that she's brought up to be thoroughly helpless and ornamental!"

"God knows," said I sadly, "that you're ornamental enough, Hyacinth."

Her cheeks were like an apple-blossom then, but it was a very dewy apple-blossom. Her eyes were wet too.

"Ah, but it's the helplessness that does it," said she wretchedly. "I'm so horribly capable!"

She leaned back on the garden-seat; and I realized with a pang that she had hurried me out of the drawing room after tea to make me help her. There had not been many crises in her short life which she could not deal with competently herself, but now and then a man is useful; and at these rare times it was her habit to turn to me.

I kept a gloomy silence for a long time and would not look at her. Why should I warn her? Why should I tell her that useless ornaments were no good to that infernal colonial? Why should I tell her that it was modest worth and absolute efficiency he was looking for? Why shouldn't I let her flounder on with her silly mistake? Why should I play Harry's game for him? She was foolish enough and feminine enough to fall in love with his six feet of sunburnt colonialism, and she must reap the consequences. On she went, those maddening sea-blue eyes still dewy. I wouldn't look at her. I knew too well what would happen to me if I lost myself in those blue depths.

Suddenly she abandoned all concealment.

"How can a man fall in love with a girl who always makes him feel like an incapable fool?" she cried.

"How indeed?" I agreed softly.

"A man hates to feel small."

"He does indeed," said I darkly. I was beginning to take an artistic pleasure in my part. If I was to play the villain in their silly melodrama I thought I could do it very well indeed. I roused myself to comfort her. I saw her idea and pandered to it.

"No man," I said seductively, "likes a woman to excel in the things he does himself. And as for the domestic virtues—well, no man of spirit wants to marry a pudding."

"What does a man like a woman to do?" Hyacinth asked with a piteous tremble of her lip. I hated Harry with a still darker, fiercer malevolence, and let myself go.

"A man likes a woman to be sweet and clinging and helpless and womanly," I murmured, thinking sardonically of the little log home, with the chickens and the pigs and the cows and the hens, and the washing and the ironing, and baking and brewing, and sewing and knitting and darning—and all the other trifles my young colonial had summed up so glibly. "He likes a soft, dainty creature to be waiting by his warm fireside to welcome him with her prettiest frock, and her curliest hair, and her sweetest smile. He wants a delicate creature, born to be petted and waited upon."

Hyacinth dabbed her eyes and regarded me doubtfully for a second. Had that ass gone into details, I wondered, as to the requirements of his prairie home? I hoped not.

"He wants a woman who can't lay her hand to anything useful until he has shown her the way," I went on; "a woman with perception enough to do it extremely well afterward because of the clever way he showed her how."

Hyacinth regarded me silently with a trembling lip.

"You're always very wise, Rupert," she said in a low voice. And for fear that my strength of will would refuse to hold out I got up to go. I was feeling very choky just then. The discovery of the state of Hyacinth's feelings was not a pleasant one to swallow—but I would have my revenge.

I went home and shut myself in my garden, leaving the deadly seed I had sown to germinate. My garden was always a comfort. The tulips were over now, it was true; but there was a big round bed of Spanish iris in the middle of the lower lawn which cheered me considerably—a flock of little blue-and-white-and-golden birds, poised for flight.

It was weeks before Harry came to see me again, but I noticed the change in him the minute I saw him. There was a jauntiness in his step as he crossed the lawn—an eager happiness in his eyes as he came up to me.

"I've found the Bluebird," said he ridiculously. "I've found out what life really means I've never been happy before."

I snapped off an oriental poppy with a vicious twist of my wrist.

"Oh!" said I. "You haven't, haven't you?"

"I owe it all to you," said Harry astoundingly.

"You surprise me!" said I feebly. Any villain would feel foiled at such a moment. I did.

"You've given me back my youth," he went on cheerfully. He was about twenty-nine. "You've changed the whole world to rose-color."

"Oh, have I?" said I. It was comforting to know that I was a good fairy who had used my white magic to create a confounded pink world, full of infernal bluebirds, for Harry Constantine to be happy in.

"Hyacinth told me ——"

"Told you?" I stared; and well I might. If there was one thing Hyacinth would not and could not have told him it was the simple truth; but I needn't have worried.

"Poor little thing!" he murmured fondly. "Poor, helpless little soul!"

"What!" I cried. He smiled.

"Oh, she told me everything! She told me how she had been deceiving me. She told me how much she had wanted to make a good impression ——"

"Good Lord!" His fatuousness appalled me. He went on:

"Yes, she did. She told me she hadn't been able to keep it up. She told me how it was poisoning her whole soul being naturally as open as the day. I knew she was open as the day, Rupert."

"Oh, yes," I murmured. "As open as the day!"

That Trying Girl Wriggled Into a Holland Overall and Busied Herself With the Blighted Machinery

"And as true as steel. It went bitterly against the grain with her to play such a double game; and she told me how she had gone to you for advice."

"She did, did she?"

"Yes—she looks upon you as a kind of elderly brother."

"I am obliged to her," said I bitterly.

"She told me how she had begged you to help her and how you had advised her to be true to herself and me."

"I remember the phrase well," said I darkly.

"To be true to herself and me—to abandon the deceit forever and tell me the whole truth."

"The whole truth!" I murmured.

Harry blushed becomingly.

"A man can't help feeling touched," he said gently, "when a pretty and charming girl ——"

"She's all that," I agreed.

" is so desperately anxious to please him that she throws aside her most cherished principles ——"

"Am I to congratulate you?" I cut him short, with a saturnine scowl.

His flush deepened.

"Well, I haven't exactly spoken yet. I didn't want to do anything rash. You see, there are still difficulties. I'm desperately in love with her. I wanted to take her in my arms and tell her so then and there; but—well—you remember the sort of wife I came home for ——"

"I thought you had forgotten it," said I.

"No—I wish I could; but it's always at the back of my mind even when I'm with her, and when I'm away from her it comes out and warns me. It's the deuce of a fix!"

"How?"

"You see—when she was deceiving me "

"You haven't told me yet exactly how she did deceive you," I reminded him.

"Well—you know, don't you, how she'd been pretending?"

"I've forgotten how she'd been pretending. I've been buried in my new book. Tell me again."

"Well, about that dinner. She said she cooked every blessed thing with her own hands. It was a jolly good dinner. A man wouldn't mind a long ride home on a dark night half as much if he had a dinner like that ahead."

I ground my teeth at the thought.

"Well?"

"She didn't do it at all. The cook did it. She can't even boil a potato. She cried when she confessed it."

"Good Heavens!" The thought of another man's having the privilege of drying those dewy eyes made me writhe.

"And that new frock—the lilac one, with pansies embroidered down the front. She said she'd made it. She didn't. It cost six guineas at a shop."

I'd seen Hyacinth making that dress. I'd even tidied the little satin case of silks for her embroidery. Yet I held my peace.

"Then those muslin curtains. She never ironed them. She doesn't even know how to make starch or iron. She burns herself with the iron and gets the starch all over her hair when she tries. She kept nothing back."

"She doesn't seem to have hidden much."

"She hates ducks. Pigs make her feel sick, and hens make her nervous—sheep too. She says that motoring destroys any natural affection for sheep or hens. She says she's afraid of cows. She says when she was out with me in the fields the other afternoon she could hardly refrain from flinging herself into my arms when we passed that black-and-white cow. I wish she hadn't—refrained, I mean and yet——"

"A nice wife for a farmer!" I suggested malevolently.

He sighed.

"Yet it makes her adorable. I want her to cling to me when she's frightened—I couldn't fall in love with her when I thought she was so brave and clever and capable. She made me feel so small. A man hates to feel small. Timidity is charming; and yet—out there in the winter you know there are—well, even wolves sometimes. I should have to leave her alone a good deal. A woman must be able to shoot. I thought she was such a fine shot—her uncle told me she made a better bag than any of them last fall; but he lied about it. She says the mere sound of a gun makes her feel faint. It's quite a charm in its way. The women out there get so masculine that one forgets the beautiful feminine weaknesses altogether. Yet it makes it rather awkward ——"

"It must!" My heart leaped. Was he going to give up the idea? "You must look out for some one—more suitable," I began foolishly.

He nearly jumped down my throat.

"I adore her!" he said. "And, after all, love is the only thing that matters."

What was the good of telling him the utter falseness of this old-fashioned idea?

"And I never loved her until I saw her in her true light. That day with the motor—why, I nearly loathed her that day. I felt like such a fool!"

"How did she explain that?" I asked, for really I was anxious about it.

"Oh, it was the slightest thing that was wrong. It wanted only a little fuller's earth in the clutch, she said—or something trifling. She put on the overall because she knew she looked pretty in it; and she made all that fuss about tools because she wanted to impress us. She doesn't know anything more about a screw-key than you do."

"Then I'm sorry for her," said I grimly, appalled by the girl's mad plausibility. She turned out to be as competent in lying as she was in all other things. When he had gone I thought it over, but came to no conclusion. I made up my mind, however, to leave my irises and my book and go out into the world and see what was doing.

(Continued on Page 53)

THE TRAPPERS—By James O. Curwood

FORTY-FIVE MILLION dollars in dividends—that's what you've got to call it; something pretty big even when you compare it with the yearly dividends declared by the Steel Trust, the Tobacco Trust and one or two others piled on top of those. It's the dividend of the wild places, unwatered and only slightly capitalized; the one thing on earth that even Nature herself has had the power to keep out of the hands of almost but not quite omniscient man, and which she scatters, like confetti, among those who are strong enough and venturesome enough to go after it. Forty-five million dollars in raw furs! It sounds big and it is big. That was last year's production, as nearly as one can figure an industry that is carried in a very loose-mannered way in account books and ledgers. Possibly it is a million or two over or a million or two under the exact figure, for even in the matter of statistics Nature has made the fur industry a little different from all others, as she has scattered her forests and her swamps and her fur-bearing seas in so many of the out-of-the-way corners of the earth that it is impossible for man to be absolutely accurate in his accounting of things.

This one industry still declaims that romance and adventure are not yet quite dead. It insists upon remaining in a class by itself. Since two thousand years before the days of Christ the pelts of wild beasts have played their part in the lives of men. For ten centuries they have helped to make history.

Fur has played as vital and as dramatic a part as gold. It has caused wars, has led to the discovery of new lands, has helped to change the map of nations—always holding forth the lure not only of wealth but of adventure, that wild and glorious freedom which brought about the first peopling of our own unknown West. And, unlike gold, it has refused to be cornered by the selected few. The Hudson's Bay Company has tried it and failed. Paris has tried it. London has tried it. All have failed. In a smaller way a Montreal buyer essayed to "corner" the muskrat's pelt and went to smash with three hundred thousand on his hands. A Paris house held up the Russian sable, and the women turned suddenly to fox; a London buyer "cornered" beaver when a beaver coat was worth five hundred dollars, and last year beaverskins sold as low as six dollars a pelt. Next year they may go to twenty or thirty. Many believe they will.

Only a few years ago the trapper in the Canadian wilds could scarcely give a lynx pelt away and was glad to get two or three dollars for it. Then woman, fickle beauty, wanted lynx; and in a twelvemonth they climbed to twenty-five dollars a pelt. Likewise, in a season or two, this one captivating directorship of the fur industry turned from seal to fox, and that year a single fox pelt sold for as high as four thousand dollars. Then she fell in love with mink; and the royal favorite of kings and empresses—the little ermine—that was once upon a time worth more than his weight in gold, took a tumble to "thirty cents" a pelt—in truth. And so, as Lord Strathcona, head of the great Hudson's Bay Company, chivalrously says: "It isn't an industry at all. It's a romance—a romance of the Lady and the Beast."

How Prices Have Gone Kiting

IT HAS always been a romance of the Lady and the Beast, as far back as history paints its pictures for us, and it always will be. It was the little white ermine and the lady—the beautiful mistress of Grosselier—who induced the first few chivalrous gentlemen, one of them the lover of a queen, to set out with swords at their waists on their quest for fur in the New World two hundred and forty years ago; and perhaps, in setting off her lover on his romantic adventure, Grosselier's lady urged him on with the pretty sentiment of a certain lovely young woman whom I had often noticed stroking and fondling her furs as though they were alive, and of whom I asked an explanation. "They're so soft and purry, and so filled with the warmth and glisten and feel of life," she said, "that I sometimes almost forget they're dead!"

This young woman—and several million others in this country today—might well go into a panic of dismay if they realized just what the next and some say the final chapter in the romance of the Lady and the Beast is to be. The head of a great Paris house told me not so very long ago that within another ten years only women of wealth would be wearing real fur, and cold facts bear out the statement. No longer can a woman buy her twenty and twenty-five dollar mink set; she must now pay from seventy-five to a hundred and fifty dollars for a fairly good set, and on up to three hundred—and even five hundred—if she gets AA pelts from the Far North. Everything in

The Author on the Trail on the Edge of the Barren Lands

the way of fur, with few exceptions, has gone up in the same way; and even the rabbit—the little humbug—has found his place in a score of imitations. Each year the number of fur-bearing animals decreases—each year the world's catch grows from ten to twenty per cent smaller than the preceding year; but this makes no difference in Nature's dividend, for as the supply grows smaller the price soars upward, until it more than offsets the loss. Only a few years ago the value of the world's annual catch of raw furs was about twenty-five million dollars; today it is nearly twice that, with the supply only about two-thirds as large. The Hudson's Bay Company still pays its dividends, but it hands out a sack of flour for the single skin of a lynx or a marten, and not for a pile "as high as the hunter's rifle." Within the years of my own experience lynx and fisher-cat were used for leggings; now they deck beauty and royalty at coronations. Only five years ago I met two Canadian trappers who were coming down from the North with three hundred martens, worth then about four dollars a skin. That catch would now be worth seven thousand dollars. There was a time, less than a decade ago, when from the Aleutian Islands alone there were taken one hundred and fifty thousand skins of the sea otter each year; and they were cheap. Then a sea-otter craze swept the feminine world; and the women, with the peremptory demand of their pretty lips, sent ships scouring the seven seas for them—or as many seas as they could be found in. As a result, the next to the last chapter was written in the story of the otter. Last year only four hundred skins were taken from the Aleutians, with a sacrifice of a dozen human lives; and these skins went almost entirely to the cities of Paris, Berlin, London and Vienna.

A few years more and the sea otter, with the black and silver fox, the marten and the lynx, will be almost as forgotten as the seal; for of what avail are warships, the treaties of nations and a score of "protective" laws against woman's demand? If she wants seal she shall have seal—until they are gone; and in spite of the treaties and warships aforesaid she wanted them, and she got them. Twenty years ago the seal herds of the Pribilofs numbered over five million head. Today it is estimated there are not more than from a hundred to a hundred and fifty thousand left. The year 1909 was a particularly hard one on the few that were left. Fabulous prices were offered. At the London and Paris auctions, not only the agents of wealth but the fashionable ladies themselves came in their carriages to bid for the pelts. It was a year of ruthless slaughter, in spite of the fact that the smoke of patrolling warships hung frequently over the sea about the Pribilofs. It is estimated that, besides the older seals, fully ten thousand baby seals died during that hunting season. Last year only half as many were killed—because there were fewer to kill. In that direction woman's adventurous poachers have done their work well.

Just now there is a great demand for the common fox, for the fox, like the skunk, is a sort of Jekyll and Hyde, which travels under many guises. "Red" is too plebeian a name, so he is dyed to a glossy black and is sold all the world over for "black fox," his brother of that color being worth anywhere from five hundred to several thousand dollars. Six years ago one million seven hundred and sixty thousand foxes were caught to supply the world's market; four years ago that number had fallen to one million two hundred thousand. Then the black-fox craze swept through the cities, and the fox was trapped, poisoned and run down by dogs, until even the white Arctic fox, that was worth only fifty cents ten years ago, was almost exterminated wherever the Eskimo and Northern hunters could get after him. As a result of this relentless pursuit of the fox, his number has been cut in two during the last five years; and last year less than eight hundred thousand could be secured for the market. From two dollars a pelt the common red fox has jumped to twelve and fifteen, the "cross" to as high as a hundred, and silver and black to prices that make a single skin worth a small fortune. In the London market ordinary pelts bring from five hundred to one thousand dollars, and from that up to four thousand dollars. This latter figure is the highest legitimate price ever brought by a black fox, though it is known that an English lady of title purchased a skin at auction for thirty-five hundred dollars and turned it over to an Austrian nobleman's wife for seven thousand dollars.

"Rats" Now in Demand

IT WAS a Parisian who first saw the real beauty of the common muskrat and the skunk. Lowdown-sounding names those—muskrat!—skunk! For years woman turned up her pretty nose at them and allowed the gentlemen to use a few of the pelts in coats and caps. Muskrats—and skunks, mind you! The poor farmer lads who caught them could get only a few cents apiece for them. Rats sold as low as three cents; skunks at twenty-five cents. Then a Frenchman rose from out a glory of skunk and proclaimed the "black sable" and the "river mink." Every lady in the land knows what happened soon after that. Skunk was no longer skunk. As "black sable" he became a fad. It was found that he could be turned into half a dozen high-priced substitutes, because his fur was really beautiful—though cheap; and as a result over a million and a half of his tribe were caught three years ago. Two years ago this number decreased to nine hundred thousand, last year to between four hundred and five hundred thousand. No longer is his catlike track a common sight in the snow of the barnyard and about the chicken house. Woman has "got" him. He is going—and going fast. The world could use five million skunks this year; it will have to be satisfied with three or four hundred thousand.

It is impossible to say how many million muskrats are now used annually; but they have gone from three cents a pelt to as high as eighty in this country, and a dollar in Paris and London. "Three years more," says a Montreal buyer, "and then the real famine will come, for the muskrat and the skunk, two of the cornerstones of the fur industry today, will be gone." Even the rabbit has been forced in to keep up the fading supply; and surely it takes a strong imagination to picture bunny as "white and blue fox!"

However, the romance of the Lady and the Beast does not begin with the raw pelts in their bales or the finished product in the furrier's warerooms; and woman, as she toys with her silky treasure, probably dreams but little of the real heart and soul of the romance that has come down through the centuries. And yet between them there is that touch of affinity which gives the story of fur its prettiest touch; for she may love her diamonds and her silks and satins and rare laces, but it is seldom with the warmth and sentiment that goes with her love for her furs. In more ways than one her whims and feminine fancies have helped to make the history of the world, but never more picturesquely than her demand for fur. It was the beaver that lured men from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi, and thence to the Rockies—opening up a continent. It was the sable that drew the tribesmen of Asiatic Russia across to far Kamchatka; and the sea otter that led the Spanish and the English all round the world in crazy craft, giving us our first knowledge of the Pacific

Coast from Alaska to California. And it was the little ermine that opened up the Far North of the New World.

That Far North is today the world's last great trapping ground. From the shore of Lake Superior to the Arctic Sea, from Labrador to the country of the Athabasca, centuries of men have lived and died in the pursuit of fur the heroes of this romance of the Lady and the Beast; and it doesn't take a strong imagination to see it in that light. It is a country of splendid wildness and of grand defiance to man; a country fully one-third as large as the whole of Europe, into which railroads and civilization will never go. Reaching from the coast of Labrador south of Ungava, the southernmost line of this wilderness which will remain a wilderness for all time—runs just north of the Height of Land, below James Bay, and swings north and westward through Mackenzie Land to the polar seas. It is in many ways the most desolate country in the world as well as the most picturesque and romantic. Great areas of ridge-mountains, torn and twisted upheavals of past ages, filled with cavernous streams and thousands of rock-bottomed lakes, cover unexplored thousands of square miles. Country penetrable only by dogsledge and snow-shoes in winter and by canoe in summer reaches out to vast wind-swept plains, tenanted by only the most venturesome trappers, who brave the wild Arctic blizzards in pursuit of the northern fox; and these barrens, in turn, give place to great swamps, thick forests of small timber and to other great areas of caribou-haunted muskeg. Basking in warmth and sunshine in summer, this breeding-world of the rarest furs freezes into the death-chill of sixty and seventy degrees below zero in winter, keeping human life down to that terrible point just halfway between existence and annihilation. Since the beginning of known time, man and Nature have been at war in this *terra incognita* of the fur-seeker.

In the whole region of Ungava, a country eight times as large as Ohio, there is a population of less than two thousand, half Eskimo and half Montagnais, Nascaupics and Crees. In a country a hundred and fifty miles wide, and running entirely round the eastern, southern and western shores of Hudson's Bay, forming a territory of three hundred thousand square miles, there is only one human being to every hundred square miles; and most of this life is centered about the hundred and odd posts of the Hudson's Bay Company and the Revillon Brothers Company.

When the North Begins to Thaw

WERE it not for these posts, life would soon cease to be in this Northland. It is vastly more untenable and hazardous than Alaska or the Yukon, for man has been able to bring towns and industries to those regions of gold, and steamships carry the fortune-hunters to their shores; but once in the unbroken wilderness of the North man's life hangs upon two things—the pack on his back and the posts. Perhaps if woman could see the story of fur as it actually begins, and the wild and half-savage force that is working out its life for her, she would find still more of that feel of life in the furry things she wears!

It is spring. The slush snows are growing soft under foot. From the south there come the soft breaths of air that set the poplar buds swelling; the wilderness awakens into new life; the air is filled with the song of rushing waters and to a company's post, where each spring for two hundred years may have witnessed this same scene, the forest people come trailing in with their second catch of the season. The first catch was brought in just before the holidays, but then the hunters remained only long enough to barter their furs for supplies and credit, and hurried back to their traplines again. With spring it is different. Now begin the holiday months of the wilderness people. Indian and half-breed trappers bring with them their wives and children, their dogs and summer tepees. The few white trappers move in with their families. For hundreds of square miles about the wilderness is emptied of all human life and the post becomes a metropolis. For a few days there is great business activity. The furs are sorted, classed, purchased and credited to account, and the company's supply store is a scene of wildest excitement and jubilation. The Indian trapper is the greatest spendthrift on earth and as free from care as the fish in the streams. If he has made a good catch he is rich. He decks his wife in the gaudiest raiment he can find and throws his money round like a millionaire as long as it lasts, in spite of the company's constant warning for him to be more careful; but he knows the company cannot get along without him and that it will care for him when he is a beggar, as it has done for two and a half centuries. So he has his fun, and his wife and his children help him. He is a great sport as long as he has a dollar of credit or a package of tobacco in sight. He will wager with the other bucks on anything—from a dograce, a footrace or the flight of a stone to the ability of his squaw to beat some other squaw in a feat of marksmanship. There is no fighting, no quarreling, no whisky. I have seen a buck lose his dog team with a good-natured grunt. It is a mighty good Indian who is not "broke" by midsummer; but that doesn't worry him. He expects to be broke about that time, and from then on he is taken on credit by the company—but only for absolute necessities, food and tobacco. He begins to get worn and ragged. His wife's gay raiment drops away and by August his children are half naked. He might work at odd jobs for the company, but he won't; for during these summer months he is a gentleman of leisure and it is almost an insult to ask him to be anything else.

Two of the Author's Companions and Guides—Indian Trappers

Then comes the change—the first chill breaths of autumn, the first turning of the wind from south to north. He wakes up some morning quite sober. From a hundred cities the arbiters of fashion are calling upon him to get busy and there is that in the air which makes him respond to the call. From the pleasures of the summer his mind turns to his forest cabin and his waiting trap houses—twenty, fifty or a hundred miles away. Follow other days of business now with the company. He is outfitted, without possessing a dollar of his own. The company makes him a loan of anywhere from fifty to four hundred dollars' worth of supplies, according to the trapper's needs and his previous reputation; and late in August or early in September, if he is far north, he sets his face into the deep solitudes of the wilderness, with his wife and his children.

Perhaps in the heart of a deep swamp, or under the shelter of a ridge-mountain, or in the depths of a great forest, fifty or a hundred miles from the post, are his cabin, his traps and the beginning of his line. Not until early in October does the forest hunter begin to set his traps, for he knows that the longer he waits the better the quality of the fur will be. He has no fear of some other trapper catching it, for it is an unwritten law of the North that one trapper must not encroach upon the grounds of another. So it happens that the grounds of a father may be inherited by the son and by the children of that son. At one time, when the Hudson's Bay Company itself held the power of life and death, an encroachment upon another's trapping ground was as good as a death-warrant; but this has ceased to be—except in occasional instances. Yet the unwritten law is respected by all, from the trapper to the savage.

Covering the Trap Line

A LINE is twenty, thirty or even fifty miles in length, and is usually set with about two hundred traps, deadfalls and poison-baits for wolves and foxes. The line begins near the trapper's home and stretches through tracts of forest, great swamps and over wind-swept barrens, and is so run that when the trapper reaches the end of his line he is again near home. It takes him about two days to cover a forty-mile line, and he travels it twice a week, skinning his game wherever it is caught and using the carcasses for bait. When he arrives at his cabin, laden with his pelts and perhaps a haunch of caribou or moose, he has nothing to do for forty-eight hours except smoke, if he has a family. The wife and children scrape all fat from the green pelts, stretch them and do all the work about, while the trapper takes turns at smoking, eating and sleeping, and waits for the beginning of the next long jaunt over the trapline.

At New Year's all trails again lead to the posts, for this is the midwinter "big-time season," when for a week or ten days the forest people come in with their furs to square accounts and participate in the feasts and games to which the company treats them.

By the middle of January the trappers are again on their lines, where they remain until the first slush snow of spring, when they come in with the second and usually the largest catch of the season. And this time the most of them remain, for summer is close at hand. A thousand miles away the season of social triumphs and pleasures is at an end. The trapper of the North is just beginning to rush his bales of fur by canoe and dog-sled to the big cities.

A Trapper's Typical Home in the Thunder Bay Country

An Old Woman and a New One in the Old World

By Corra Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"I—I'm Afraid I've Made a Dreadful Mistake!"

I HAVE already said that the men are the sole manufacturers of the women in every country and responsible for what they are or fail to be. It is necessary to contradict this statement before any explanation can be given of the singular conditions—economic, social and moral—which surround the women of France. In this nation alone the women create the men. And if any one wishes to see what a man is who has been evolved and limited by his womankind, let him consider the Frenchman. This does not mean that he is not a brave soldier, but that as a soldier he is peevish and wears red breeches. It does not imply that he is not among the foremost scientists in the world, but that he can devote his life to making the most brilliant discoveries and at the same time be the slave of a *demimondaine*. He is also the most astute of the modern psychologists, and can write with the mournful grandeur of Isaiah about the evils of society; but frequently he is not formed or disciplined personally in his own nature to be reliable morally in his relations to society.

And the women have become the chief victims of their own creation, as often happens with creators. To begin with, man is the cause of the widespread enmity so noticeable among French women. This profoundly affects economic conditions among them. Thus there are no trades unions for women in France, where there is probably a larger per cent of them employed than in any other country. Wherever you see women getting together in unions and movements to further their own interests, it is a sign that they are placing upon themselves a higher value morally and industrially. They are uniting in an effort to raise the standard of their self-respect and to command more respect and better wages from the men who employ them. It indicates a certain evolution of the sex to be able to make this choice and risk the ancient, merely masculine disfavor of men. The shopgirl of France has not reached it. She is still contending for the favor of one man. Her hopes are centered in winning him from the other girls. She lives all day in the most luxurious surroundings, in stores where the most beautiful things in the whole world are displayed for sale, where she comes constantly in contact with richly dressed women who come to buy. Her wages are insufficient. She hates the sordid little home from which she comes with its penurious economies. But she does not join a union and suffer a new contempt and the old privations for a lifetime in order that the working women who come after her may enjoy better conditions and receive more respect and higher wages.

Courting Under Difficulties

MADAME PÉGARD is one of the French women who have done something to alleviate the lives of working women in France. Through her influence a law was passed two years ago which entitles a married woman to her own wages. Until then the husband took them and spent them according to his fancy. For this service Madame Pégard received the Legion of Honor. There is no one like your Frenchman to accent it with a decoration and a flourish when he really does a good deed. It is a way he has of "showing off."

Nearly all the professions in France are open to women, and the women have not been slow to avail themselves of these opportunities. They are to be found among the scientists, doctors, lawyers, teachers and aviators, and it is even possible to get a female coachman or chauffeur. It is the custom for the French parents to take these advantages into consideration when they have small means and are able to provide a dot for only one, say, of their two daughters. They see that the girl with the best mind receives an education for one of the professions—an easy and comparatively inexpensive means of disposing of her with the wonderful educational advantages to be had, especially in Paris. They put a price on the head of the other and marry her to the man who will take her for that the dot.

So much has been written about the female endowment marriage custom in France that it is scarcely necessary to discuss it; but I am reminded in this connection to mention the newest foreign missionary, one who is probably doing more real service than many of those in any heathen land. This is the English girl in French society. The American girl is in bad repute with the better class of French mothers, owing to her disposition to walk down the Champs Elysées, for example, talking in her raucous young voice, which is an octave higher than any French woman would dare speak. And they particularly object to the scandalous way she has of looking everybody straight in the face. In my day it was accounted the sign of a good conscience and a clear mind to be able to hold one's head up and look the next person squarely in the eye; but in a country like France, where the human eye is the most beautiful and has the worst reputation in the world, it is best for women to go with their lids at half mast. The English girl always does this, and carries her shoulders the same way, for that matter. Consequently she is supposed, by the French, to be better bred. Also, since the late friendliness between France and England it is the fashion to admire her. For this reason she has done much to loosen the bondage of young French girls, who are undoubtedly the most to be pitied of all young things in the civilized world. They are now allowed to play golf and tennis, and so forth, like their English cousins. They are still guarded, of course, but quite recently two of them may go out together for a walk or for shopping without being accompanied by a governess. They may even go to parties in the evenings escorted by their brothers. This is a great innovation. On the whole now they get more outdoor life and enjoy better health of mind and body. They remain, however, in the marriage market. A French mother will say to her neighbor:

"I cannot find a husband for my daughter. She has a dot, but still we do not get a husband for her. Will you help me?"

The neighbor is obliging. She speaks to some young man of her acquaintance. She names the girl's dowry. The youth considers. If it is enough he says he will take her. Negotiations begin at once. They are engaged and they are married. Then for the first time he sees her alone. But even this custom has been affected by the English girl's courtship, so that it is now possible for the French girl to see her affianced lover in the garden at sufficient distance from the ever-watchful mother for them to do a little lovemaking without being overheard.

One cannot say whether this is the best method to pursue in mating people. There are fewer divorces in France than in America. But then a very large number of American women who have married Frenchmen have sued for divorce. Anyhow it is not worth discussing, so far as our country is concerned. If all of Peggy's relations should combine in the effort they could not affiance her to a man who had not made love to her desperately, and gone down upon his knees, figuratively speaking, imploring the gift of her heart and hand.

Husbands in America

WHATEVER may be said of other countries in the past, America is truly the land of the most beautiful courtships. Courting time is the period to which every bachelor looks forward and upon which every married man looks back with intimate pleasure—the one place in life upon which the sun always seems to shine, about which the roses bloom. And for this we are deeply indebted to our men. I do not say they make the best husbands in the world, although I believe it. That depends upon the individual husband. Some men in America, as elsewhere, are like certain effervescent delicious waters, good as long as they remain corked up, but left open they become stale—that is to say, when they marry. There is a lot of fizz in their lovemaking, and nothing but flat insipidity about them as husbands. This is what many a woman fails to consider when she takes a husband, and so she chooses a lover instead. And he does not last. But there is a particular reason why the American man surpasses every other lover at least. He deeply honors and reveres the woman to whom he is making love. He does not anticipate, as the Frenchman must do, that as a wife she may be using marriage as a cloak for that liberty which she never had as a girl. It is only when a man feels this enduring confidence in a woman that he can exalt himself into the perfect lover without misgivings as to the future.

It Is Now Possible for the French Girl to See Her Affianced Lover in the Garden

But to come back to the French women. A certain circumstance in France has given to the idle rich women during the last five or six years a singularly becoming occupation. Since the separation in this country of the church and state these women have rallied to the support of the former. Their piety has not increased, but their charities have grown immensely. This has been necessary. The state confiscated much of the property belonging to the church, such as lands and convents. Thousands of the religious orders became homeless. The rich Catholic women have been venturing by their efforts

to support and provide suitable shelter for these nuns and for other missions. Also, many of them during the last three years have joined the Lyceum Club in Paris—a branch of the same club in London—which was founded by English women. It is the only one in the city that has a name of its own and that is conducted like any [illegible]. They have not been slow to become the most influential part of it and in adapting it more or less to French [illegible], in spite of its English origin and the fact that the membership is composed largely of English and American women.

There are one hundred and ten thousand women enrolled as members of the Woman's Suffrage Union of France. The movement has met with singular opposition on the one hand, and on the other with the most remarkable favor from an unexpected source. The men, so far from opposing it, are friendly to it. Not only the governing class, but those of the Academy, the scholarly and scientific men, and even the bourgeois regard it with distinct satisfaction. But the great body of French women are more actively opposed to it than are the women in other countries. The Catholics have recently formed a league to combat it, and the working women, from whom the suffragists have gained so many recruits in England and America, are indifferent.

As a matter of fact, the movement has not yet escaped from the cranks who invariably attach themselves to a new idea. While we were in France Mademoiselle Josephine Gondon, of Toulouse, challenged the editor of a local paper there to a duel on account of an article he published in reply to one she had written in which she declared that marriage was degrading to women. It was a good opportunity for a Frenchman to have been properly matched in one of those frisky, fancy little duels of which we hear so much. But the editor declined the challenge, to the increased indignation of Mademoiselle Gondon.

In addition to this sort of absurdity, the movement has been further damaged and put in ill repute by the fact that a number of women of questionable character have attached themselves to it and have exploited the cause to attract attention to themselves. This is especially unfortunate, because it has eliminated from the movement the women of the *petite bourgeoisie*, without whom it cannot possibly succeed.

The National Backbone

ONE day an old friend who had lived several years in Paris called. As usual, conversation turned upon the much-discussed French women.

"Ah!" she laughed; "so you have been listening to the old scandals about these women, the class of which we never speak at home. It is queer that this is the only nation that has a sort of hysteria for exposing its vices. But come for a walk with me; I will show you the good women of France. They are the real backbone of the Republic, not the men."

We came out on the Avenue Victor Hugo. Mrs. D. passed before a little shop, with its counter on the street outside as usual heaped high with sabots and dishes and dusters. In the doorway were an old man and an old woman. They were the same size apparently and had the same figures—very round and short. They had been married so long, had done the same things together, had had the same thoughts, that they looked enough alike to be twins.

"There is one," said our guide, nodding her head to the old lady as we passed. "And here is another," she went on as we came opposite a stationer's shop and saw the wife sitting before the ledger at the desk. "There are two more," she pointed to a woman in a wineshop and one in a little place no larger than a cabinet, where jewels were for sale.

"These are the women who hold France together. In England it is those of the richer and noble class who have the greatest influence; in Germany it is only one woman in a thousand with charm, who may never do anything herself. But in France it is the wives of the *petite bourgeoisie*. They marry and go into these little shops with their husbands. They work night and day. They bring up their children. They are thrifty and above reproach. You may see hundreds of them in every street in Paris, in every town and hamlet of France, always taking the more responsible positions in their little businesses, always filling them better than the men would.

"You observe that madame's face is not beautiful, that her expression is a trifle severe," she commented as we passed a grocer's stall where a woman was weighing carrots on the counter. "That is because she deals with a close-fisted public. Tomorrow you will find her here, attending strictly to business, and next year also, until she has accumulated enough to insure an income of three francs a day each for herself and her husband. Then she will go into the country to live. But there will be another woman to take her place in this shop the next time you come, another wife and mother, younger, but made of the same stuff. France produces these flinty, durable women who never go wrong, who never really advance at all in the scale of things, but who stand and have stood for hundreds of years for a certain thrift and narrow, feminine righteousness."

These are the women who will determine when France shall give the franchise to women. At present they are opposed to it, not only for the reason I have already mentioned—of not being willing to join a movement that is too much exploited by cranks and women of questionable reputation but because they have a conviction that it is sacrilegious and unbecoming for women to concern themselves with political affairs.

They Looked Enough Alike to Be Twins

One morning, to her great joy, Peggy found among her letters on the breakfast tray an invitation from Mademoiselle Monot to call upon her that day. Mademoiselle Monot is the president of the French Woman's Suffrage Union, but we could not tell how advanced her notions might be in regard to young girls gadding about the streets of Paris alone; so it was decided that I should go along to give the proper air of respectability to Peggy.

Mademoiselle Monot received us in her salon—a little, round old lady, wearing a black lace cap upon her head, with a bleared expression as if the years had faded her very wrinkles. We understood at once that both she and her salon had seen better days. She looked at Peggy as if she saw her through a mist. She had the air of an ancient, patient mother making excuses for her children, still hoping the best for them, as she talked of the Union and its tremendous difficulties.

"No," she answered in reply to a question, "the idea of suffrage is not yet popular among the mass of French women. The *petite bourgeoisie* are opposed to it."

"No," she replied again, "the men would not object if the women favored it. Frenchmen are always ready to make a new experiment—to have a new sensation."

"No," to Peggy's next inquiry; "no, they will not purify political life if they get the franchise. They will add their peculiar faults and confusion to public life."

I began to think it would be a depressingly negative interview. "But they will get the ballot in France at last?" persisted Peggy.

"Oh, yes, long before the last. It will come soon everywhere—suffrage for women. We have conceived it out of our great need. Whatever is conceived must soon exist. This is only the period of gestation necessary before any birth is possible."

She drifted away into that sibyl trance I have noticed before in the older women of other countries who are absorbed in this question. Her head drooped; she stared dreamily into the roaring life of the street outside. We went out feeling that we had been in the presence of one whose hopes triumphed over time and conditions.

I come now at last to Peggy again. It has been like pinning on the tail of the kite to end the study of the women of each country we visited with a little interpretation of Peggy, as her moods changed according to the climate and conditions that surrounded us. In spite of her seriousness, Peggy has always sustained a fluttering kite-tail relation to my own soberer mind. But now, at the end of our journey in France, she was like a sad little ribbon of femininity that refused to rise and wave in the wind. She underwent in France a change so strange and pathetic that I record it with a sorrow that is mixed with humor and sympathy. I do not know whether the metamorphosis she went through should be called an evolution or a submission to the inevitable fall of woman. But this is certain, she has remained a different person from that day.

Acrobatic Conversation

IN ENGLAND she had indulged in a dashing, arrogant and typically unscrupulous flirtation with an Englishman. She flattered the English that much, you understand. In Germany she assumed a sort of spitting-kitten antagonism to the German officer who showed too much confidence in his sentimental advances. There is something terrifyingly immediate about a German man when he fixes his eye in love upon a woman. And I attributed Peggy's temper, not to the fact that she was offended but to the fact that she simply retired into that scratching fierceness common to maidenhood, which often in time is tamed by love. I am led to believe that at last, if the officer had canceled some of his too masculine egotism and had kept in his brilliant uniform long enough, he might have advanced in my niece's regard perilously near to the fortifications of her excellent young heart. This, as you will see, is designed as a compliment to the German brand of manhood. An American woman could do much toward civilizing a snorty Teutonic husband. But we had not been long in France before I discovered that Peggy considered Frenchmen of a distinct and lower species, from which an American woman could not countenance a romantic proposition without doing violence to her peculiar feminine sanctity. I do not say that she was correct in this conclusion. On the contrary, she was only American. She ceased to refer to her Huguenot ancestry. She charged me not to mention it, as if it had been the skeleton in her closet. Also she curbed her capillary circulation, which she had so frisky boasted was French in so far as it had anything to do with her manner of speech. Until we lived that month in Paris she had always used her hands as much as she did her tongue when she talked.

"Peggy, my dear," I inquired one day after a peculiarly trying expedition she had made downtown, "are you ill?"

"No, Aunt Peg—why?"

"Well, you seem to have lost so much of your animation. You only speak now with your mouth."

"It's all I ever mean to use again," she retorted.

"Why?"

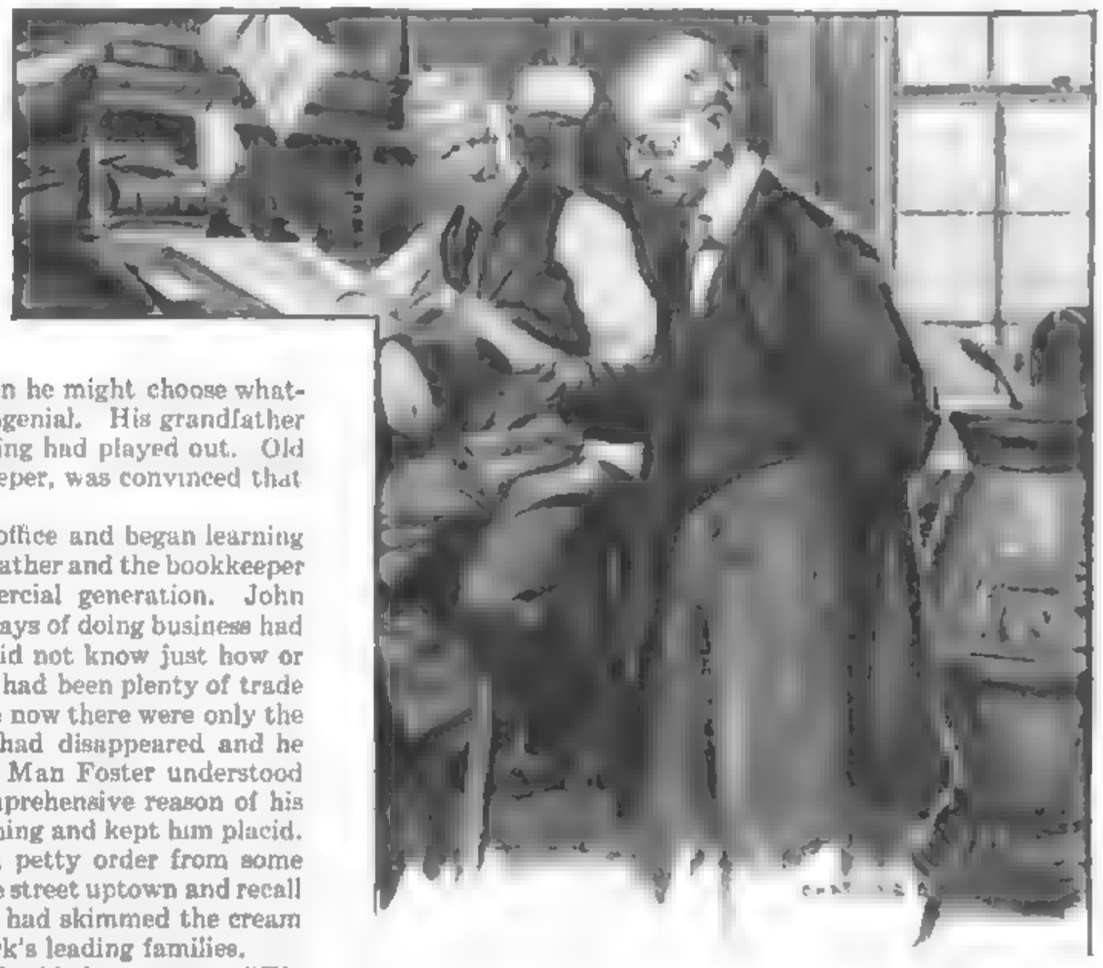
"Because it is a sign of lightness, littleness, moral and spiritual insignificance to talk with one's all-fours, as these people do. Today I saw a woman weighing two hundred pounds crossing the street and gesticulating like the flaps of a biplane as she conversed with her companion. And the men—ough! It is disgusting to see a human being whom we have always regarded as of graver, stronger

(Continued on Page 44)

Bulwarks of Business Policy

The Right Age—By James H. Collins

DECORATION BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL



OLD John Bagot was a merchant of the last generation and thoroughly looked the part. His tall, spare Yankee frame was always clad in a black frock coat. His black derby was of the flat-topped variety. All through the hot New York summer he stuck to his stiff white shirt and starched white tie. His lean, nervous face was set off by dignified muttonchop whiskers of the type still sacred to the stage banker, and his heavy-framed gold eyeglasses, attached to a black silk cord, were taken off at intervals when he talked and used in gesture.

It would be necessary to go back still another generation to reach the beginnings of Oldbuck & Bagot, the importing house of which the old gentleman was now sole proprietor. Trade had centered at the lower end of Manhattan Island when young Bagot came from New England and got a job at Oldbuck's. Ships that brought the goods from England almost stuck their bowsprits in the office windows. The Yankee lad was active, shrewd and thrifty. He moved round the sedate mercantile community of that day, made friends in many lines, got new customers in their own and saved his money. When Oldbuck was ready to slack up a bit Bagot bought an interest in the business and became junior partner. When the founder retired he bought the rest. Oldbuck had been out of it more than thirty years.

The office was still in the same locality—southeast of Wall Street—and the business carried on in pretty much the same way. In spite of the movement of trade uptown, Bagot stuck there. It was a matter of pride that he held his old customers and through them served indirectly those first families of New York who had been so important when he came to the city. True, almost every month in later years saw some customer, a merchant of long standing, shut up shop forever under the auspices of either the sheriff or the sexton, and hardly any new connections replaced them; but the old gentleman was fairly well off. Profits in that line had been rather more than wide in times past. He had money put away, lived comfortably and looked to the business to furnish him an occupation as long as he needed one, even if Willie did not like importing.

Up to the day that Willie came into the office, following his graduation from Yale, Oldbuck & Bagot had never sent out a typewritten letter. If the old gentleman did not write them in longhand they were dictated to Foster, the veteran bookkeeper, who had been connected with the concern longer than himself.

Willie was John Bagot's grandson, the only child of his only daughter. Since his parents' death, when he was a little boy, he had lived with his grandparents and been their chief interest. They sent him to school and college in first-class style, and looked forward to launching him in life with every reasonable advantage. Willie was a good boy, and a bright one, and appreciative. It was understood that he should have a trial at importing; and if that were not to his taste then he might choose whatever business seemed congenial. His grandfather was not sure but importing had played out. Old Man Foster, the bookkeeper, was convinced that it had.

Willie came into the office and began learning the business. His grandfather and the bookkeeper lived in another commercial generation. John Bagot understood that ways of doing business had changed radically, yet did not know just how or why. At one time there had been plenty of trade in certain quarters where now there were only the slenderest pickings. It had disappeared and he hadn't followed it. Old Man Foster understood this, too, but had a comprehensive reason of his own that covered everything and kept him placid. He would show Willie a petty order from some elderly merchant in a side street uptown and recall the days when that man had skimmed the cream off the trade of New York's leading families.

"Only a few odd lots," said the veteran. "We used to sell him by the hundred gross. He's behind in his bills, but I can remember when his credit was good for anything we could sell him. In those days, my boy, the trade was not hogged by foreigners. That's the curse of business today—the foreigners take everything."

Old Man Foster had his own conception of a foreigner. To his way of thinking, every trader born across the ocean got goods for nothing, sold them below cost, lived on black bread and garlic, and saved his unholy profits intact. That explained everything. It was the "pauper labor" doctrine of the high protectionist in capsule form. Whenever Old Man Foster felt gloomy about the business he took this little pill.

Young Blood in the Old House

SOON the quiet of the old office was broken by the rattle of a typewriter. Willie hired a stenographer and began quietly looking round to see where trade had gone. There was trade—undoubtedly. Imports of their goods were larger than ever and backed by an enormous domestic output the past fifteen years. Who did the business?

Old Man Foster was right about the foreigners, so far as their decaying trade was concerned. On the average, it took about five years for the industrious immigrant to graduate into that branch of the business. They had it all—and on terms that made it foolish to compete.

However, the whole basis of the trade had changed. In Granddaddy Bagot's youth business had been direct and personal. Men went to the tailor for clothes and the cobbler for shoes. Women took a big basket and went to market for meats and vegetables. Production and distribution were still done on a parish scale. Gossip of all the trades centered in a few counting rooms. Everybody knew the standing of everybody else. Merchants told their wives when they went home to noonday dinner in the village which was then New York.

Now, however, production and distribution had become national. You called on a factory superintendent or purchasing agent and sold a year's supply of goods if quality and price were right. In the old days small quantities sold to a personal clientèle carried profit enough to grow rich on. Today margins were so small that handling vast quantities was the only salvation.

Willie soon had the run of things. College acquaintances helped him and he made friends among men connected with the big manufacturing houses. At the very outset it became clear that their goods were not right. The old connections in England had run to seed, too, and their product was not in keeping with present-day American demand. New connections were necessary. There was a fine chance to supplement the business by adding domestic goods and to widen the line generally by carrying related commodities.

One morning, three months after entering the office, Willie got down and found his grandfather fidgeting.

"Where is that young lady?" he asked, glancing over his glasses at the stenographer's desk. It was closed.

"Oh, yes," said his grandson; "she's taking a vacation."

"Well, I find that I cannot answer my letters without her. I've become accustomed to dictating to her. Can't we hire somebody to take her place for the time being?"

As the business was brought into Willie's generation the old gentleman watched and learned. He was an excellent learner. When Willie said it was time to move uptown, leaving the dust of fifty years behind, he had some regrets, but in a month was enthusiastic about the light, space, cleanliness and convenience of a modern loft building. He got used to new standards for goods, and to looking for business in new directions, and to lunching with men who had been babies in arms when he bought Oldbuck out and yet were purchasers of more goods than the country's total imports in his most prosperous days.

"Willie is right," he assured Old Man Foster. "In our time it was profit that counted; but now the idea is volume—you see, Willie knows where to look for volume."

Business runs in periods. One of the pressing problems of the man who lays down policy is to keep the organization in touch with today. Times, methods, goods and demand change—and ways of getting business and keeping it, and looking at things; but the men with the business do not change unless the policymaker is actively on the job. Organization develops a hard crust. It grows retrospective and tries to live on its mighty past. It looks for business in the places where it used to be and overlooks the places from which it is coming now.

Roughly speaking, business conditions change radically about every ten years.

In the fifties American business was a matter of importing and trading, with methods modeled on English lines. The sixties drew most of our business ability into the army. In the seventies energy developed by the war overran the West and built the transcontinental railroads.

The eighties brought development of manufacturing and raw resources. Those were bonanza days. Hard-drinking, hard-swearing barons got rich in lumber, beef, mining and other basic wealth. Railroads were wrecked and stolen by stock manipulation. The savings of the East were sunk in Western boom towns.

In the nineties bonanza days were over. Manufacturing had to be studied on its merits, processes improved, material comfort extended and output increased to meet shrinking profits. It was a period of rebating and unscrupulous competition. Yet at the same time order began to appear and finally expressed itself in the forming of large business combinations.

(Continued on Page 40)

THE LIGHTED WAY

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

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V

ARNOLD arrived at the office the next morning punctually at five minutes to nine, and was already at work when Mr. Jarvis appeared in the counting-room ten minutes later.

"Gayety's not upset you then, eh?" the latter remarked, divesting himself of his hat and overcoat

"Not at all, thanks," Arnold answered shortly.

"Nice house, the governor's, isn't it?"

"Very nice indeed," Arnold assented.

"Good dinners he gives too," Mr. Jarvis continued. "Slap-up wines and the right sort of company. Must have been an eye-opener for you."

Arnold nodded. He was not in the least anxious to discuss last night with Mr. Jarvis. The latter, however, came a little nearer to him. He took off his gold-rimmed spectacles and wiped them carefully.

"Now I should like to know," he said, "exactly how Mrs. Weatherley struck you?"

"She appeared to me to be a singularly charming and very beautiful lady," Arnold replied, writing quickly.

Mr. Jarvis was disappointed.

"She's good-looking enough," he admitted. "I can't say that I've seen much of her, mind you, but she gave me the impression of a woman who wasn't above using the powder-puff. She drove down here with the governor one day, and to look at her you'd have thought she was a princess come among the slums."

"She was born abroad," Arnold remarked. "I dare say this atmosphere would seem a little strange to her."

"Sort of half a foreigner, I've understood," Mr. Jarvis continued. "Speaks English all right though. I can't help thinking," he went on, "that the governor would have done better to have married into one of our old city families. Nothing like them, you know. Some fine women too. There's Godson, the ex-lord-mayor. He had four daughters, and the governor might have had his pick."

"Here he comes," Arnold remarked quietly.

Mr. Jarvis took the hint and went off to his work. A moment or two later Mr. Weatherley arrived. He passed through the office and bestowed upon every one his customary salutation. At Arnold's desk he paused for a moment.

"Feeling all right this morning, young man?" he inquired, striving after a note of patronage that somehow or other eluded him.

"Quite well, thank you, sir," Arnold answered.

"You found the evening pleasant, I hope? Didn't lose any money at bridge, by-the-by, eh?"

"Mrs. Weatherley was good enough to take on the stakes, sir," Arnold replied. "As a matter of fact I believe that we won. I enjoyed the evening very much, thank you."

Mr. Weatherley passed on to his office. Jarvis waited until his door was closed.

"So you played bridge with Mrs. Weatherley, eh?" he remarked.

"I did," Arnold admitted. "Have you noticed the shrinkage of weight in these last invoices, Mr. Jarvis?"

Mr. Jarvis accepted the papers that his junior passed him and departed into the warehouse. Arnold was left untroubled with any more questions. At half past twelve, however, he was sent for into Mr. Weatherley's private office. Mr. Weatherley was leaning back in his chair and he had the air of a man who has come to a resolution.

"Shut the door, Chetwode," he ordered.

Arnold did as he was bidden.

"Come up to the desk here," he was further instructed. "Now listen to me," Mr. Weatherley continued after a moment's pause. "You are a young man of discretion, I am sure. My wife, I may say, Chetwode, thought quite highly of you last night "

Arnold looked his employer in the face and felt a sudden pang of sympathy. Mr. Weatherley was certainly not looking so hale and prosperous as he did a few months before. His cheeks were flabby, and there was a worried look about him that the head of the firm of Samuel Weatherley & Co. should certainly not have worn.

"Mrs. Weatherley is very kind, sir," he remarked. "As to my discretion, I may say that I believe I am to be trusted. I should try, of course, to justify any confidence you might place in me."

"I believe so too, Chetwode," Mr. Weatherley declared. "I am going to trust you now with a somewhat peculiar commission. You may have noticed that I have been asked to speak privately upon the telephone several times this morning."

"Certainly, sir," Arnold replied. "It was I who connected through."

"I am not even sure," Mr. Weatherley continued, "who it was speaking, but I received some communications of which I think I ought to take notice. I want you accordingly to go to a certain restaurant in the West End, the name and address of which I will give you, order your lunch there—you can have whatever you like—and wait until you see Mr. Rosario. I dare say you remember meeting Mr. Rosario last night, eh?"

"Certainly, sir. I remember him quite well," Arnold replied.

"He will not be expecting you, so you will have to sit near the door and watch for him. Directly you see him you must go to him and say that this message is from a friend. Tell him that whatever engagement he may have formed for luncheon, he is to go at once to the Prince's grillroom and remain there until two o'clock. He is not to lunch at the Milan—that is the name of the place where you will be. Do you understand?"

"I understand perfectly," Arnold assented. "But supposing he only laughs at me?"

"You will have done your duty," Mr. Weatherley said. "There need be no mystery about the affair. You can say at once that you are there as the result of certain telephone messages addressed to me this morning, and that I should have come myself if it had been possible. If he chooses to disregard them it is his affair entirely—not mine. At the same time I think that he will go."

"It seems an odd sort of a thing to tell a perfect stranger, sir," Arnold remarked.

Mr. Weatherley produced a five-pound note.

"You can't go into that sort of place without money in your pocket," he continued. "You can account to me for the change later, but don't spare yourself. Have as good a lunch as you can eat. The restaurant is the Milan grillroom on the Strand—the café, mind, not the main restaurant. You know where it is?"

"Quite well, sir, thank you."

Mr. Weatherley looked at his employee curiously.

"Have you ever been there then?" he inquired

"Once or twice, sir," Arnold admitted.

"Not on the twenty-eight shillings a week you get from me!"

"Quite true, sir," Arnold assented. "My circumstances were slightly different at the time."

Mr. Weatherley hesitated. This young man's manner did not invite confidence. On the other hand he was genuinely curious about him.

"What made you come into the city, Chetwode?" he asked. "You don't seem altogether cut out for it—not that you don't do your work and all that sort of thing," he went on hastily.

"I haven't a word of complaint to make, mind. All the same you certainly seem as though you might have done a little better for yourself."

"It is the fault of circumstances, sir," Arnold replied. "I am hoping that before long you will find that I do my work well enough to give me a better position."

"You are ambitious then?"

The face of the young man was suddenly grim.

"I mean to get on," he declared. "There were several years of my life when I used to imagine things. I have quite finished with that. I realize that there is only one way by means of which a man can count."

Mr. Weatherley nodded ponderously.

"Well," he said, "let me see that your work is well done and you may find that promotion is almost as quick in the city as anywhere else. You had better be off now."

"I trust," Arnold ventured to observe as he turned toward the door, "that Mrs. Weatherley is quite well this morning?"

"So far as I know she is," Mr. Weatherley replied. "My wife isn't usually visible before luncheon-time. Continental habits, you know. I shall expect you back by three o'clock. You must come and report to me then."

Arnold brushed his hat and coat with extra care as he took them down from the peg.

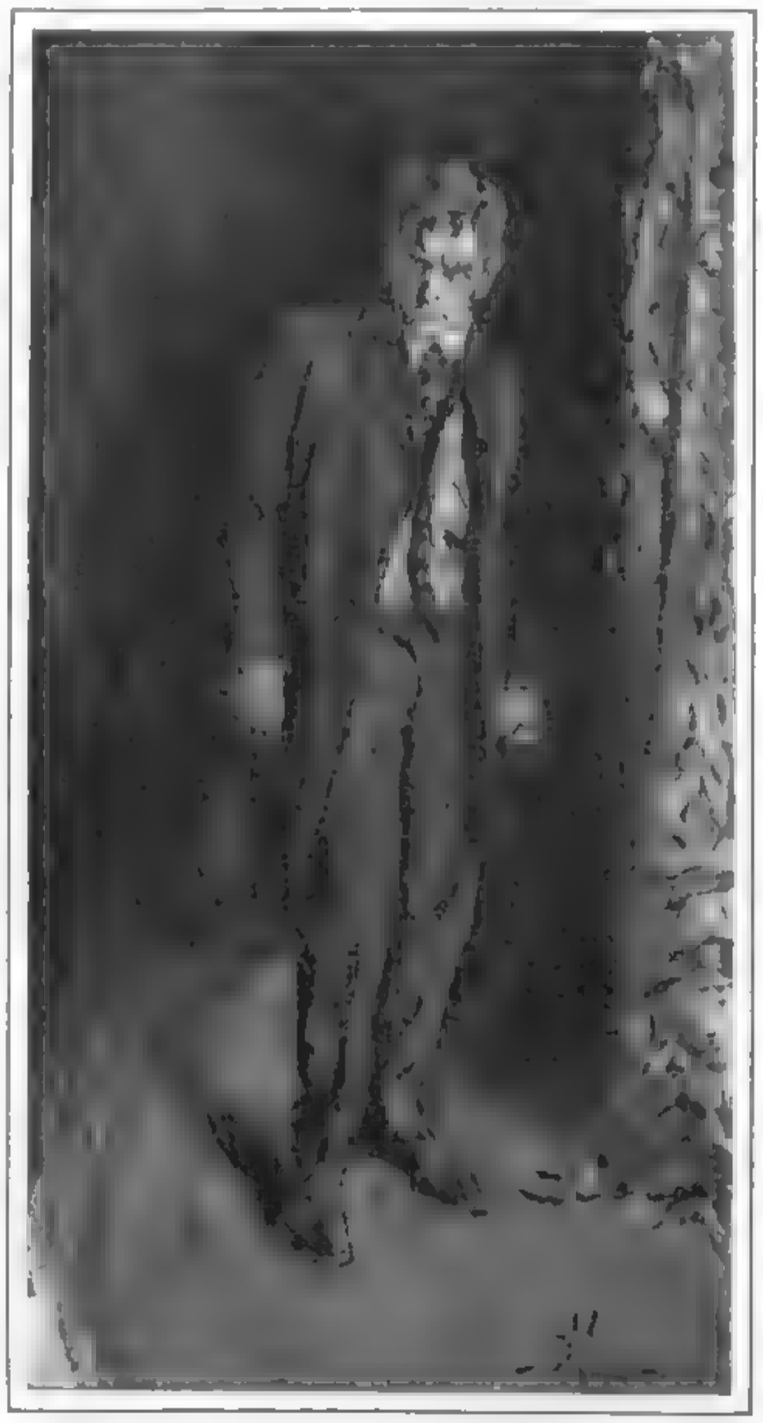
"Going to lunch early, aren't you?" Mr. Jarvis remarked, looking at the clock. "Not sure that we can spare you yet. Smithers isn't back."

"I am going out for the governor," Arnold replied.

"What, to the bank?" Mr. Jarvis asked.

Arnold affected not to hear. He walked out into the street, lit a cigarette, and had his boots carefully polished at London Bridge Station. Then, as he had plenty of time, he took the train to Charing Cross and walked blithely down the Strand. Freed from the routine of his office work he found his mind once more full of the events of last night. There was so much that he could not understand, yet there was so much that seemed to be leading him on toward the land of adventures. He found himself watching the faces in the Strand with a new interest, and he laughed to himself as he realized what it was.

He was looking all the time for the man whose face he had seen pressed to the window-pane!



"I Tell You That Rosario Was a Robber of Mankind. He Was One of Those Who Feed Upon the Bones of the Poor"

VI

AT THE Milan Arnold found himself early for luncheon. He chose a table quite close to the entrance, ordered his luncheon with some care and commenced his watch. A thin stream of people was all the time arriving, but for the first half-hour there was no one whom he could associate in any way with his commission. It was not until he had actually commenced his lunch that anything happened. Then through the half-open door he heard what he recognized instantly as a familiar voice. The manager of the restaurant hurried toward the entrance and he heard the question repeated.

"Is Mr. Rosario here?"

"We have a table for him, madame, but he has not yet arrived," the *maître d'hôtel* replied. "If madame will allow me to show her the way!"

Arnold rose to his feet with a little start. Notwithstanding her fashionable outdoor clothes and thick veil, he recognized Mrs. Weatherley at once as she swept into the room, following the *maître d'hôtel*. She came up to him with slightly upraised eyebrows. It was clear that his presence there was a surprise to her.

"I scarcely expected to see you again so soon," she remarked, giving him her fingers. "Are you lunching alone?"

"Quite alone," Arnold answered.

She glanced half carelessly around as though to see whether she recognized any acquaintances. Arnold, however, was convinced that she was simply anxious not to be overheard.

"Tell me," she inquired, "has my husband sent you here?"

Arnold admitted the fact.

"I have a message," he replied.

"For Mr. Rosario?"

"For Mr. Rosario."

"You have not seen anything of him yet, then?" she asked quickly.

"He has not been here," Arnold assured her. "I have kept my eyes glued upon the door."

"Tell me the message quickly," she begged.

Arnold did not hesitate. Mr. Weatherley was his employer, but this woman was the latter's wife. If there were secrets between them it was not his concern. It seemed natural enough that she should ask. It was certainly not his place to refuse to answer her question.

"I was to tell him that on no account was he to lunch here today," Arnold said. "He was to go instead to the grillroom at Prince's, in Piccadilly, and remain there until two o'clock."

Mrs. Weatherley made no remark. Her face was emotionless. Closely though he was watching her, Arnold could not himself have declared at that moment whether indeed this message had any import to her or not.

"I find my husband's behavior exceedingly mysterious," she said thoughtfully. "I cannot imagine how he became concerned in the matter at all."

"I believe," Arnold told her, "that some one telephoned Mr. Weatherley this morning. He was asked for privately several times and he seemed very much disturbed by some message he received."

"Some one telephoned him?" she repeated, frowning. "Now I wonder who that person could be."

She sat quite still for a moment or two, looking through the glass-paneled door. Then she shrugged her shoulders.

"In any case," she declared, "I am here to lunch and I am hungry. I will not wait for Mr. Rosario. May I sit here?"

He called a waiter and the extra place was very soon prepared.

"If Mr. Rosario comes," she said, "we can see him from here. You can then give him your message and he can please himself. I should like some *omelette aux champignons*, please, and some red wine—nothing more. Perhaps I will take some fruit later. And now, please, Mr. Arnold Chetwode, will you listen to me?"

She undid her ermine cloak and laid aside her muff. The collection of costly trifles that she had been carrying she threw carelessly upon the table.

"Last night," she continued softly, "we agreed, did we not, to be friends? It is possible you may find that our friendship may be one of deeds, not words alone."

"There is nothing I ask for more sincerely," he declared.

"To begin with, then," she went on, "I wish that you would not call me Mrs. Weatherley. The name annoys me. It reminds me of things that at times it is a joy to me to forget. You shall call me Fenella and I shall call you Arnold."

"Fenella," he repeated half to himself.

She nodded.

"Well, then, that is arranged. Now for the first thing I have to ask of you. If Mr. Rosario comes I do not wish that message from my husband to be delivered."

Arnold frowned slightly.

"Isn't that a little difficult?" he protested. "Mr. Weatherley has sent me up here for no other reason. He has given me an exact commission, has told me even the words I am to use. What excuse can I possibly make?"

She smiled.

"You shall be relieved of all responsibility," she declared. "If I tell my husband that I do not wish you to obey his bidding that will be sufficient. It is a matter of which my husband understands little. There are people whose interest it is to protect Rosario. It is without a doubt they who have spoken this morning through the telephone, but my husband does not understand. Rosario must take care of himself. He runs his own risks. He is a man and he knows very well what he is doing."

Arnold looked at her thoughtfully.

"Do you seriously suppose, then," he asked, "that the object of my message is to bid Mr. Rosario keep away from here because of some actual danger?"

"Why not?" she asked. "Mr. Rosario has chosen to interfere in a very difficult and dangerous matter. He runs his own risks and he asks for a big reward. It is not our place to protect him."

She raised her veil and he looked at her closely. She was still as beautiful as he had thought her last night, but her complexion was pallid almost to fragility and there were faint violet lines under her eyes.

"You have not slept," he said. "It was the fear of last night."

"I slept badly," she admitted, "but that passes. This afternoon I shall rest."

"I cannot help thinking," he went on, "about those men who watched the house last night. They could have been after no good. I wish you would let me go to the police station. Or would you like me to come and watch, tonight or tomorrow night, to see if they come again?"

She shook her head firmly.

"No!" she decided, "it wouldn't do any good. Just now, at any rate, it is Rosario they want."

Their conversation was interrupted for several moments while she exchanged greetings with friends who passed in and out of the restaurant. Then she turned again to her companion.

"Tell me," she asked a little abruptly, "why are you a clerk in the city? You do not come of that order of people."

"Necessity," he assured her promptly. "I hadn't a sovereign in the world when your husband engaged me."

"You were not brought up for such a life?"

"Not altogether," he admitted. "It suits me very well though."

"Poor boy!" she murmured. "You, too, have had the evil fortune. Perhaps the black hand has shadowed us both."

"A man makes his own life," he answered impulsively, "but you—you were made for happiness. It is your right."

She glanced for a moment at the rings upon her fingers. Then she looked into his eyes.

"I married Mr. Weatherley," she reminded him. "Do you think that if I had been happy I should have done that? Do you think that, having done it, I deserve to know or could know what happiness really means?"

It was very hard to answer her. Arnold found himself divided between his loyalty toward the man who, in his way, had been kind to him, and the woman who seemed to be stepping with such fascinating ease into the empty places of his life.

"Mr. Weatherley is very devoted to you," he remarked.

A shadow of derision parted her lips.

"Mr. Weatherley is a very worthy man," she said, "but it would have been better for him as well as for me if he had kept away from the island of Sabatini. Tell me, what did Lady Blennington say about us last night?"

His eyes twinkled.

"She told me that Mr. Weatherley was wrecked upon the island of Sabatini and that your brother kept him in a dungeon till he promised to marry you."

She laughed.

"And you? What did you think of that?"

"I thought," he replied, "that if adventures of that sort were to be found in those seas I should like to beg or borrow the money to sail there myself and steer for the rocks."

"For a boy," she declared, "you say very charming things. Tell me, how old are you?"

"Twenty-four."

She nodded.

"You would not look so old if it were not for that line," she said. "You know, I read characters and fortunes. All the women of my race have done so. I can tell you that you had a youth of ease and happiness and one year of terrible life. Then you started again. It is true, is it not?"

"Very nearly," he admitted.

"I wonder ——"

She never finished her sentence. From their table, which was nearest to the door, they were suddenly aware of a commotion of some sort going on just outside. Through the glass door Rosario was plainly visible, his sleekness ruffled, his white face distorted with terror. The hand of some unseen person was gripping him by the throat, bearing him backward. There was a shout, and Arnold and his companion both saw the cloakroom attendant spring over his counter. Something glittered in the dim light—a flash of blue polished steel. There was a gleam in the air, a cry, and Rosario collapsed upon the floor. Arnold, who was already on his feet and halfway to the door, caught one glimpse of the upstretched hand, and all his senses were thrilled with what he saw. Upon the little finger was a signet ring with a scarlet stone!

The whole affair was a matter of seconds, yet Arnold dashed through the door to find Rosario a crumpled heap, the cloakroom attendant bending over him, and no one else in the vestibule. Then the people began to stream in—the hall porter, the lift man, some loiterers from the outer hall. The cloakroom attendant sprang to his feet. He seemed dazed.

"Stop him!" he shouted. "Stop him!"

The little group in the doorway looked at one another.

"He went that way!" the cloakroom attendant cried out again. "He passed through that door!"

Some of them rushed into the street. One man hurried to the telephone, the others pressed forward to where Rosario lay on his back, with a thin stream of blood finding its way through his waistcoat. Arnold was suddenly conscious of a woman's arm upon his and a hoarse whisper in his ear:

"Come back! Take me away somewhere quickly. This is no affair of ours. I want to think. Take me away, please. I can't look at him!"

"Did you see the man's hand?" Arnold gasped.

"What of it?"

"It was the hand I saw upon your window-sill last night. It was the same ring—a scarlet signet ring. I could swear to it."

She gave a little moan and her whole weight lay upon his arm. In the rush of people and the clamor of voices around they were almost unobserved. He passed his arm around her, led her back through the restaurant and into one of the smaller rooms of the hotel. He found her an easy-chair and stood over her.

"You won't leave me?" she begged.

He held her hand tightly.

"Not until you send me away!"

VII

FENELLA never became absolutely unconscious. She was for some time apparently in a state of intense nervous collapse. Her breath was coming quickly, her eyes and her fingers seemed to be clinging to his as though for support.

"You think that he is dead?" she faltered once.

"Of course not," he replied reassuringly. "I saw no weapon at all. It was just a quarrel."

She half closed her eyes.

"There was blood upon his waistcoat," she declared, "and I saw something flash through the window."

"I will go and see, if you like," Arnold suggested.

Her fingers gripped his.

"Not yet! Don't leave me yet! Why did you say that you recognized the hand—that it was the same hand you saw upon the window-sill last night?"

"Because of the signet ring," Arnold answered promptly. "It was a crude-looking affair, but the stone was bright scarlet. It was impossible to mistake it."

"It was only the ring then?"

"Only the ring, of course," he admitted. "I did not see the hand close enough. It was foolish of me, perhaps, to say anything about it, and yet—and yet the man last night—he was looking for Rosario. Why should it not be the same?"

He heard the breath come through her teeth in a little sob.

"Don't say anything at present to any one else. Indeed, there are others who might have worn such a ring."

Arnold hesitated, but only for a second. He chanced to look into her face, and her whisper became his command.

"Very well," he promised.

She sat up a few moments later. She was evidently becoming stronger.

"Now go," she begged, "and see—how he is. Find out exactly what has happened and come back. I shall wait for you here."

He stood up eagerly.

"You are sure that you will be all right?"

"Of course," she replied. "Indeed, I shall be better when I know what really has happened. You must go quickly, please, and come back quickly. . . . Stop!"

Arnold, who had already started, turned back again. They were in a ladies' small reception room at the head of the stairs leading down into the restaurant, quite alone, for every one had streamed across the courtyard to see what the disturbance was. The side of the room adjoining the stairs and the broad passage leading to the restaurant was entirely of glass. A man on his way up the stairs had paused and was looking intently at them.

"Tell me, who is that?" Fenella demanded.

Arnold recognized him at once.

"It is your friend Starling—the man from South America," he told her.

"Starling!" she murmured.

"I think that he is coming in," Arnold continued. "He has seen you. Do you mind?"

She shook her head.

"No. He will stay with me while you are away. Perhaps he knows something."

Arnold hurried off and met Starling upon the threshold of the room.

"Isn't that Mrs. Weatherley with you?" the latter inquired.

"Yes," Arnold told him. "She was lunching with me in the grillroom—I believe that she was really waiting for Rosario—when the affair happened."

"What affair?"

Arnold stared at him. It seemed impossible that there was any one who did not know of the tragedy.

"Haven't you heard?" Arnold exclaimed. "Rosario was stabbed outside the grillroom a few moments ago."

Starling's pallid complexion seemed suddenly to become ghastly.

"Rosario—Rosario stabbed?" he faltered.

"I thought that every one in the place must have heard of it," Arnold continued. "He was stabbed just as he was entering the café not more than ten minutes ago."

"By whom?"

Starling's words came with the swift crispness of a pistol-shot. Arnold shook his head.

"I didn't see. I am just going to ask for particulars. Will you stay with Mrs. Weatherley?"

Starling looked searchingly along the vestibule. The news seemed to have affected him strangely. His head was

thrown a little back, his nostrils distended. He reminded Arnold for a moment of a watch-dog listening. "Of course," he muttered, "of course. Come back as soon as you can and let us know what has happened."

Arnold made his way through the reception hall and across the courtyard. Already the crowd of people was melting away. A policeman stood on guard at the opposite door and two more at the entrance of the café. The whole of the vestibule where the affair had happened was closed, and the only information that it was possible to collect Arnold gathered from the excited conversations of the little knots of people standing around. In a few minutes he returned to the small reception room. Fenella and Starling looked eagerly up at his entrance. They both showed signs of an intense emotion. Even Starling was gripping the back of a chair as he spoke.

"What of Rosario?" he demanded.

Arnold hesitated, but only for a moment. The truth, perhaps, was best.

"Rosario is dead," he replied gravely. "He was stabbed to the heart and died within a few seconds."

There was a queer silence. Arnold felt inclined to rub his eyes. Gone was at least some part of the horror from their white faces. Fenella sank back in her chair with a little sob that might almost have been of relief. Starling, as though suddenly mindful of the conventions, assumed a grimly dolorous aspect.

"Poor fellow!" he muttered. "And the murderer?"

"He's got clean off for the present at any rate," Arnold told them. "They seem to think that he reached the Strand and had a motor car waiting for him."

Again there was silence. Then Mrs. Weatherley rose to her feet, glanced for a moment in the looking-glass and, turning round, held out both her hands to Arnold.

"You have been so kind to me," she said softly. "I shall not forget it—indeed I shall not. Mr. Starling is going to take me home in his car. Goodby!"

Arnold held her hands steadfastly and looked into her eyes. They were more beautiful than ever now, with their mist of risen tears. But there were other things in her face, things less easy to understand. He turned away regretfully.

"I am sorry that you should have had such a shock," he said. "Is there any message for Mr. Weatherley?"

She exchanged a quick glance with her companion. Then for the first time Arnold realized the significance of the errand on which he had come.

"Some one must have warned Mr. Weatherley of what was likely to happen!" he exclaimed. "It was for that reason I was sent here!"

Again no one spoke for several seconds.

"It was not your fault," she said gently. "You were told to wait inside the restaurant. You could not have done more."

Arnold turned away with a little shiver. His mission had been to save a man's life, and he had failed!

VIII

IT WAS twenty minutes to four before Arnold reached the office. Mr. Jarvis looked at him curiously as he took off his hat and hung it up.

"I don't know what you've been up to, young man," he remarked, "but you'll find the governor in a queer state of mind. For the last hour he's been ringing his bell every five minutes, asking for you."

"I was detained," Arnold answered shortly. "Is he alone now?"

Mr. Jarvis nodded.

"I think that you had better go in at once," he advised. "There he is, stamping about inside. I hope you've got some good excuse, or there'll be the dickens to pay."

The door of the inner office was suddenly opened. Mr. Weatherley appeared upon the threshold. He recognized Arnold with an expression partly of anger, partly of relief.

"So here you are at last, young man!" he exclaimed. "Where the dickens have you been all this while? Come in—come in at once! Do you see the time?"

"I am very sorry indeed, sir," Arnold replied. "I can assure you that I have not wasted a moment that I know of."

"Then what in the name of goodness did you find to keep you occupied all this time?" Mr. Weatherley demanded, pushing him through into the office and closing the door behind them. "Did you see Mr. Rosario? Did you give him the message?"

"I had no opportunity, sir," Arnold answered gravely.

"No opportunity? What do you mean? Didn't he come to the Milan? Didn't you see him at all?"

"He came, sir," Arnold admitted, "but I was not able to see him in time. I thought, perhaps," he added, "that you might have heard what happened."

Mr. Weatherley had reached the limits of his patience. He struck the table with his clenched fist. For a moment anger triumphed over his state of nervous excitability.

"Heard?" he cried. "Heard what? What the devil should I hear down here? If you've anything to tell why don't you tell it to me? Why do you stand there looking like a ——"

Mr. Weatherley was suddenly frightened. He understood from Arnold's expression that something serious had happened.

"Mrs. Weatherley—my—wife ——" he gasped.

"Mrs. Weatherley is quite well," Arnold assured him quickly. "It is Mr. Rosario."

"What of him? What about Rosario?"

"Take Me Away Somewhere Quickly. I Want to Think"

"He is dead," Arnold announced. "You will read all about it in the evening papers. He was murdered—just as he was on the point of entering the Milan grillroom."

Mr. Weatherley began to shake. He looked like a man on the verge of a collapse. He was still, however, able to ask a question: "By whom?"

"The murderer was not caught," Arnold told him. "No one seems to have seen him clearly, it all took place so quickly. He stole out of some corner where he must have been hiding, and he was gone before any one had time to realize what was happening."

Mr. Weatherley had been standing up all this time, clutching nervously at his desk. He suddenly collapsed into his easy-chair. His face was gray, his mouth twitched as though he were about to have a stroke.

"Good Lord!" he murmured. "Rosario dead! They had him after all! They—killed him!"

"It was a great shock to every one," Arnold went on. "Mrs. Weatherley arrived about a quarter of an hour before it occurred. I understood that she was expecting to lunch with him, but when I told her why I was there she came and sat at my table. She was sitting there when it happened. She was very much upset indeed. I was detained looking after her."

Mr. Weatherley looked at him narrowly.

"I am sorry that she was there," he said. "She is not strong; she ought not to be subjected to such shocks."

"I left her with Mr. Starling," Arnold continued. "He was going to take her home."

"Was Starling lunching there?" Mr. Weatherley asked.

"We saw him afterward coming up from the restaurant," Arnold replied. "He did not seem to have been in the grillroom at all."

Mr. Weatherley sat back in his chair and for several minutes he remained silent. His eyes were fixed upon vacancy, his lips moved once or twice, but he said nothing. He seemed, indeed, to have lost the power of speech.

"It is extraordinary how the affair could have happened almost unnoticed in such a crowded place," Arnold went on, feeling somehow that it was best for him to talk. "There is nearly always a little stream of people coming in, or a telephone boy, or some one passing; but it happened that Mr. Rosario came in alone. The man who killed him slipped out from somewhere and caught him by the throat, and it was all over in a few seconds. The murderer seems to have kept his face entirely hidden. They do not seem to have found a single person who could identify him. I had a table quite close to the door, as you told me, and I really saw the blow struck. We rushed outside, but though I don't believe we were more than a few seconds there wasn't a soul in sight."

"The police will find out something," Mr. Weatherley muttered. "They are sure to find out something."

"Some people think," Arnold continued, "that the man never left the hotel or, if he did, that he was taken away in a motor car. The whole hotel was being searched very carefully when I left."

There was a knock at the door. Mr. Jarvis, who had been unable to restrain his curiosity any longer, brought some letters in for signature.

"If you can spare a moment, sir," he began apologetically, "there is this little matter of Bland & Company's order I have brought the reports with me."

Mr. Weatherley felt his feet upon the ground again. He turned to the papers that his clerk laid before him and gave them his close attention. When Arnold would have left the room, however, he signed to him impatiently to remain. As soon as he had given his instructions and Mr. Jarvis had left the room he turned once more to Arnold.

"Chetwode," he said, looking at him critically, "you appear to me to be a young man of athletic build."

Arnold was quite speechless.

"I mean that you could hold your own in a tussle, eh? You look strong enough to knock any one down who attempted to take liberties with you."

Arnold smiled.

"I dare say I might manage that, sir," he admitted.

"Very well—very well then," Mr. Weatherley repeated. "Have your desk moved in here at once, Chetwode. You can have it placed just where you like. You'll get the light from that window if you have the easy-chair moved and put in the corner there against the wall. Understand that from henceforth you are my private secretary, and you do not leave this room, whoever may come in to see me, except by my special instructions. You understand that, eh?"

"Perfectly, sir."

"Your business is to protect me in case of anything happening—of any disagreeable visitors or anything of that sort," Mr. Weatherley declared. "This affair of Mr. Rosario has made me nervous. There is a very dangerous gang of people about who try to get money from rich men and, if they don't succeed, they usually use violence. I have already come into contact with something of the sort myself. Your salary—what do you get at present?"

"Twenty-eight shillings a week, sir."

(Continued on Page 48)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1 50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers. To Canada By Subscription $1 50 the Year. Single copies, five cents. Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union, Single Subscriptions $3 25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 13, 1912

Postal-Savings Bonds

AT THE date of the Postmaster-General's annual report, postal-savings banks had been in operation eleven months. At first the system was applied tentatively to only a few post-offices, being gradually extended; but at the end of eleven months the total deposits amounted to eleven million dollars. Evidently the system is proving its usefulness.

The law provides that a depositor may convert his savings into United States bonds bearing two and a half per cent interest. This is nearly one-half of one per cent below the rate at which the Government is able to borrow from general investors. The Panama three per cents were originally placed and now sell in the open market at a rate yielding the investors over two and nine-tenths per cent interest.

Naturally, then, when a postal depositor wished to realize on his two and a half per cent Government bond, ninety-two and a half cents on the dollar was the best bid he could get. To protect depositors from this loss the trustees of the postal-savings system have undertaken to purchase at par whatever bonds depositors may wish to dispose of—which, says Secretary MacVeagh in his annual report to Congress, has "easily and permanently cured" the difficulty.

We hardly think so, however. A depositor who converts his savings into a bond and retains the bond is evidently getting nearly one-half of one per cent less interest than his money is actually worth. We think conditions imposed upon postal savings are unnecessarily rigid; and that, all round, the Government could well afford to treat the system a little more liberally.

Schedule K Again

THE Tariff Board finds that, after allowing for what the flock yields in mutton, it costs nine and a half cents a pound to produce wool in the United States, ranging downward from nineteen cents for fine wools in the Ohio region; that in South America it costs four to five cents a pound; in New Zealand and on certain favorably situated runs in Australia, practically nothing—the mutton yield there meeting the total flock expense. Thus, in any event, the present duty is more than the total average cost of production.

It finds that imported wools do not shrink two-thirds, as Schedule K pretends they do. On the contrary, shrinkage of fine Australian and South American wools is less than half; and of Australian and South American crossbred wools, only one-third.

It finds the present duties are prohibitive on noils, tops, nearly all yarns, and light-weight and medium goods for men's wear; that the duty on certain cheap fabrics, if they were imported at all, would be as high as a hundred and fifty per cent—in some cases over two hundred per cent.

It finds, also, that the cost of manufacturing woolen cloth is much higher here than abroad, running—as to a great variety of fabrics—one hundred and even one hundred and fifty per cent above the English cost; but, as usual, the cost differs widely in American mills, and it seems that present duties are high enough to protect the less efficient ones.

Any open-minded person would call the report a conservative document; but it furnishes abundant ground for revision of Schedule K.

Immigration to America

THOUGH final figures are not yet available, it is evident that the increase of our population by immigration in 1911 was decidedly smaller than in any recent year except 1908, when industrial depression following the panic of the autumn before caused an actual reversal of the tide. No doubt the Italian War has both checked the movement from that country and recalled many emigrants; but to explain the total movement of last year a more general cause must be sought.

Arrivals of aliens to the date covered by the last report averaged less than eighty thousand a month, while the departures of emigrant aliens reached more than half that figure. At this rate we would have gained not much over four hundred thousand on the year against over eight hundred thousand in 1910.

In contrast with these figures Canada shows, for the seven months ending October thirty-first, the largest immigration in her history. Two hundred and sixty-five thousand aliens entered the Dominion in that period, and ninety-three thousand of them crossed the border from the United States. If we deduct that ninety-three thousand from our net gain from immigration in approximately the same period it would appear that Canada's increase of population from immigration was much larger than our own; but there is a considerable return flow of Canadian immigrants to the United States of which these figures take no account.

For some time Canada has pursued a consistent and intelligent immigration policy, while we have had no policy at all.

The Dominion seeks to attract immigrants of the sort she has most need of and to distribute them to the best advantage to themselves and to her. We are only beginning to take thought of what the alien should do and how he should be treated after he gets here. It would not be surprising if Canada, with a more intelligent policy and the great resources to be developed, presently supplanted us as the chief goal of North American immigration.

The Trouble With the House

THE House seems content to deal merely with the raw materials of legislation, relegating the production of the finished article to the Senate. For example, the Sherwood "dollar-a-day" pension bill provided that "no one shall be entitled to a pension under this act who is in receipt of an annual income of one thousand dollars or more." The House hastened to strike out this provision, ostensibly on the ground that it would "penalize thrift" and that you couldn't tell what a man's income was anyway, and then passed the bill by a vote of two hundred and twenty-nine to ninety-two.

About sixty set speeches upon it appear in the Record—mostly buncombe obviously designed for circulation among old-soldier constituents.

We wonder how many of the members who voted for the bill and put eloquent tributes to the veteran into the Record really expected that the Senate would amend and prune the act—thereby enabling them to gain campaign credit with the old soldiers and at the same time relieving them from the embarrassment of so great an immediate increase in national expenditures. The House unfortunately is often doing that sort of thing—which is the chief reason for the regrettable preponderance of the upper branch.

We favor liberal service pensions to survivors of the Civil War who are in any need of them, and a check to the flood of private pension bills; but due deliberation upon the subject is certainly more likely to be had in the Senate than in the House.

Liberty and Immigration

IN 1832, when the present treaty with Russia was signed, the United States held that no man could throw off his allegiance to the government under which he was born without that government's consent; if he was born a subject of the Czar or of the King of England he must remain a subject until death, unless their royal majesties should consent to a change of citizenship.

This doctrine is clearly laid down in a decision by our Supreme Court in the year 1830, and is recognized in this Russian treaty.

Eleven years later, however, came a great famine in Ireland, followed by the emigration to this country of hundreds of thousands of Irishmen. Shortly after that, political conditions in Germany started another great stream of emigration our way. So in 1848, Buchanan, as Secretary of State, declared man's right to change his citizenship at will, throwing off allegiance to his native land and assuming allegiance to another country. With a steady tide of immigration the United States more and more decisively adopted that view, gradually enforcing it upon other countries, until at present Russia—alone, we believe, among civilized states—claims inalienable allegiance from those born on her soil.

That the doctrine of inalienable allegiance is repressive, on the whole, to human liberty can hardly be doubted; but there is no probability we would have taken an enlightened stand as to that doctrine when we did if we had not been rapidly gaining in population and wealth through immigration.

Uncle Sam Against the World

WE SEEM at length really to be girding up our loins in this matter of trust-busting. There is pending at Washington at this writing a joint resolution for a congressional investigation into what is alleged to be a world-wide Shipping Trust. More than ninety per cent of our oversea commerce is carried in foreign ships; and virtually all these ships, it appears, belong to various cartels, pools, traffic agreements, conferences and combinations, the acknowledged object of which is to maintain rates and prevent competition.

There are British, German, Dutch, French, Italian, Portuguese and Japanese shipping combinations in restraint of trade, hemming our shores, so to speak, from Maine to Florida, from San Diego to Seattle, and devouring us on every hand. Moreover, it is undeniable that some foreign governments themselves are—at least tacitly parties to these pools and combines whose object is to suppress competition in overseas carrying.

Needless to say we hope that the joint resolution will be adopted and that a universal subpœna will be issued summoning the world to appear at Washington and stand trial under the Sherman law.

Possibly the Supreme Court would find the world guilty and decree that, hereafter, the two ends of all ships must sail in opposite directions in order to insure competition.

The President's Diagnosis

PROBABLY the following press dispatch was written with no satirical intention whatever:

"President Taft left New York at midnight after thirty busy hours in the city. He declared in the last addresses he made one of the chief faults of this age is that people are living too fast. . . . In his visit here the President spoke at five dinners, laid the cornerstone of a home for the blind, did Christmas shopping and received calls from many political leaders."

We ourselves are quite breathlessly of opinion that people are living too fast. We maintain it vehemently while sprinting for the eight-forty-five express, reading five newspapers on the way in and leaping for a cab at the station.

It is hardly absent from our minds during the day, except as from time to time we are distracted because the telephone operator takes sixteen seconds to answer our call or the office boy is two and a half minutes late in fetching up the mail.

Everybody thinks people live too fast nowadays; and if it were not for the intolerable afflictions of being compelled to wait three minutes for a street car, or having a train a quarter of an hour late, or finding dinner not ready at the minute—something might be done about it.

Rigors of the Law

A RECENT press dispatch under a New York date-line says: "As punishment for carrying on a stock swindle by mail, alleged to have extended over a period of two years and to have netted millions, four promoters of the firm of Burr Brothers were each sentenced today to serve a year's imprisonment on Blackwell's Island." The headlines say: "Jail for Swindlers Perpetrated Long Series of Frauds—Promoted Oil, Mining and Railroad Projects Over a Series of Years—Sold Aggregate of Fifty Million Dollars of Stock—Their Profits Fifteen Millions!"

The sentence imposed was about the same that is commonly inflicted for slapping a policeman. We do not say it was inadequate; but we seem to recall a case that occurred about a year ago, where a youth who was intrusted with a special-delivery letter and stole five dollars from it was sentenced to something like five years!

We do not think any one can say exactly what the punishment for a given crime should be; but it seems clear that if this punishment was adequate then the ordinary sneakthief or pickpocket, instead of being sentenced at all, should be apologized to and presented with a new suit of clothes.

Perhaps, to speak by the card, there is not in this country one law for the rich and another for the poor; but, generally speaking, there is a vast difference in the rigors of the law as between the crimes of the poor and the crimes of the rich. Under this head see recent convictions in smuggling cases in New York.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

An Auctioneer Who is Mayor—and Who Knows What the People Want

Going! Going! Gone!

AN INDIGNANT citizen pressed his way into the office of the mayor of Indianapolis. "Say, Lew," he shouted, "are you going to let this potato outrage go on—or ain't you?"

"What potato outrage?" asked the mayor for it was none other than Lew Shank disentangling himself from his chair and smiling the outrage from afar.

"These thievin' commission men have telegraphed to the farmers not to ship potatoes in here and they've jumped the price up to a dollar-forty a bushel, retail."

It was enough. Lew went into action then and there. He talked to a friend in the commission business and learned that potatoes could be bought at sixty-nine cents the bushel, F. O. B. at Indianapolis. He bought a carload.

The mayor called in the reporters.

"Boys," he said, "you print it in the papers that I have bought a carload of potatoes and will sell them to all comers at enough of a shade over the price to pay handling charges. Say they will be about half what they are now and that they will be sold to all comers. I'll sell 'em myself, by jinks!"

It was a week before the potatoes arrived and the papers had stories of the mayor's enterprise every day. Also, the price of potatoes in the local markets dropped to seventy cents a bushel, wholesale, and a dollar, retail.

The potatoes came. The mayor announced he would sell them at seventy-five cents a bushel, no buyer to have more than five bushels and small buyers to be given the preference. The people came from all parts of the city. Lew climbed into the car, helped shovel the potatoes into sacks, made change and supervised the sale. Before he quit he sold sixteen carloads of potatoes—or about eight thousand bushels; and the price of potatoes in Indianapolis has remained lower than elsewhere since that time. All that is necessary when a retailer gets gay with potatoes is to whisper:

"I'll tell Lew Shank on you!"—and there is no hoisting of prices.

They tried to put something over in the way of raising the price on turkeys and chickens just before Thanksgiving in Lew's town, but Lew was loaded for them. He brought in hundreds of turkeys and thousands of pounds of chickens and beat down the retail price several cents a pound. Now he wants a municipal market purchasing agent appointed who shall keep in touch with outside prices, and, when the local dealers try to screw up the prices arbitrarily or by restricting the supply, shall buy and sell, for the city and to the people, whatever articles are too high, at cost plus the expense of handling.

The Man He Picked for Mayor

YOU see, Lew is a hustler. His idea of being mayor is to do things for the folks who live in the town. He was running an auction and storage business when he broke into politics, and he was the auctioneer himself. An auctioneer is in close touch with what is going on in the community, and Lew figured the people would much prefer to have the price of potatoes hammered down than to have him fussing round with theoretical city problems. He doesn't claim to be a statesman, or a civic leader, or a reformer. He's an auctioneer who is mayor—and who knows what the people want.

He began by clerking in a furniture store. Then he developed into auctioneering, which is a distinct profession; and from that he built up his storage and auction business. He knew everybody in Indianapolis, and heard a good deal of politics talked—and saw a good deal of it practiced. He worked along with his party for a time and then decided he'd like an office himself.

"Boys," said Lew to the leaders, "I guess I'll run for county auditor."

"Guess again," replied the leaders. "We've got a man picked for that place."

"All right," said Lew; "then I'll run for sheriff."

"Not on your life!" shouted the leaders. "We've promised that place too."

Lew jammed his hat down on his head.

"By heck!" he said, "I'm going to run for something—and you can't stop me. I'll take recorder; and I don't give a hoot whether you've picked anybody for that or not."

Lew and Booth Tarkington, who was running for the legislature, campaigned together. They canvassed the city and drove night and day over the county. Lew, being thrifty, handed out cigars he bought by the pound; and Tarkington never asked a prospective supporter to smoke one that cost less than a quarter for two. Both were elected; but Lew knew his folks on the cigar question. He had a good many more votes than Tarkington.

In 1909 Lew called on the leaders again and the following dialogue took place.

"Boys, I'm going to run for mayor!"

"For Heaven's sake, Lew," pleaded the leaders, "be calm! You can't run for mayor. It ain't in the cards. We've got another man picked."

"Well," replied Lew, "I've got a man picked too. His name is Lew Shank, Esquire. He's going to run like a house afire too!"

And he did. When the returns came in Lew had carried every precinct in Indianapolis for the nomination except one.

Lew was a busy little campaigner. He promised a business administration by a business man; and he sent ice-cream and watermelons to the colored voters, of whom there are many in that city—and was elected.

The saloon problem faced him.

"Now look here," said Lew, "I don't care personally if the saloons are open every day and every night; but there's a liquor law here, and so long as it is here I'm going to enforce it."

Lew had his troubles. He and the liquor interests fought back and forth, and finally he did land on one saloonkeeper.

"Say," said Lew to this man, "I'm going to suspend your license—and I'm going to keep it suspended, too, until you bring me a certificate from a minister that you have attended at least one service on Sunday."

On the following Monday morning that saloonkeeper was the first man at the City Hall. He had his certificate and Lew allowed him to open his saloon again.

Just about this time Lew went into a moving-picture show and found that boys and girls went to moving-picture shows too—some to see the pictures and some because the rooms were dark and there was a good chance to spoon. Lew was astounded. He hurried out and issued his celebrated ukase against darkness in moving-picture theaters.

"But," protested the managers, "we have to have the places dark to show the pictures!"

"Not in this city!" announced Lew. "Keep enough lights burning so everybody among those present can be seen all the time." And they do—in Indianapolis.

Another enterprise was a municipal marriage bureau. Lew announced he had several applications from men who wanted wives and women who wanted husbands; and he opened an office where those seeking mates might get on the track. Three couples were married through Lew's efforts. Then he had to close down because people from all parts of the country began writing in and asking for soul-mates—and Lew didn't have clerks enough to answer the letters and provide the raw materials.

Mahogany Murals

LEW'S full name is Samuel Lewis Shank, but everybody in Indiana calls him Lew. He is thirty-nine years old and was born in Wayne County, moving to Indianapolis when he was a small boy. He is a big, broad-shouldered man, with a lot of chin, a continuous smile and not much hair. His education was received in the public schools.

Lew never lets the complexity of a municipal problem feaze him. He tackles them all as they come along and goes gayly to the mat with them. Not long ago he led a fight against mercantile insurance rates and forced concessions that will make a saving of one hundred thousand dollars a year in local mercantile risks.

A few hours before it was time to assume the office of mayor, Lew strolled up to the City Hall to have a chat with Mayor Brookwalter, who was retiring.

"Lew," said Brookwalter, "you don't need any advice from me about things; but whatever else you do I hope you will finish up the new City Hall properly. We have put in good material and it would be a shame to cheapen the finishing. I am especially anxious that you look out for the murals."

"Brook," replied Lew earnestly, "you needn't worry about that. Nothing but mahogany is to be used in finishing, and those murals aren't going to be any exception."

Home Truths

AN EDITOR in a Kansas town was showing a former resident, who had returned for a visit, round the place.

"Huh," said the former resident, "time was when I could have bought this hull blamed townsite for two hundred dollars, but I didn't think it was worth it."

"It wouldn't have been if you had bought it," replied the editor.

By Hook or by Crook

DICK WINTERSMITH was a crony of John G. Carlisle in Washington and, when President Cleveland made Carlisle Secretary of the Treasury, Dick promptly asked his friend for a job, supplementing the request with letters from all his friends. Dick wanted to go to Alaska.

Carlisle said he would look into the matter, and a day or two later sent Dick a present of a fine cane. It was a pretty cane and valuable, but it had no crook on it.

A few days later Wintersmith called on Secretary Carlisle again. "John," he said, "that is a fine cane you sent me, but I'll lose it sure. I can't hook it over the railing of a bar and I'll sure forget it some day."

"That's so," Carlisle replied, "and the way to keep that cane is to stop drinking."

Wintersmith went away, but in a few days he returned again and said to Carlisle: "John, I have changed my mind. I want to be a consul in Panama."

"Why do you want to go down there?"

"Well," said Wintersmith, "I've found out that down there you sit at a table when you take a drink, and I can put that cane on the table where I can see it all the time and I won't lose it. Alaska is different."

Carlisle got him the job.

Love by Lantern Light

A KANSAS farmer, returning home late at night, saw a light moving about the farmyard. When he investigated he found a neighbor's farmhand carrying a lantern.

"What are you doing here?" demanded the farmer.

"Courtin', sir."

"Courtin'? Courtin' with a lantern? Huh, you fool, I never used a lantern when I went courtin'!"

"No, sir," replied the farmhand as he moved off, "we can all see you didn't."

EXTRAORDINARY CASES

The Gashed Finger—By Melville Davisson Post

DECORATION BY H. T. DUNN

The air is full of sounds; the sky of tokens; the ground is all memoranda and signatures; and every object covered over with hints which speak to the intelligent.—EMERSON.

IT OUGHT to be admitted that the debt of the law to the modern scientist is great. Where certain of its mysteries have reached a point at which they appeared to defy solution he has come forward and easily cleared them up. He it was who scourged the witches out of the law courts; and he it is who, when the eye and ear fail, by mechanical appliances has been able to carry the investigation forward to a truthful solution. He has immeasurably increased the jeopardy of the criminal agent. In the one matter of the identification of the criminal he has swept all disguises into the rubbish heap. The wig and the paintpot have become the properties only of melodrama.

The Bertillon system, established in 1883 in Paris, has been so efficient as to render it possible to identify in a few minutes any old offender who has previously served a term in a French prison; and so accurate is it that in 1890 five hundred and sixty-two prisoners who endeavored to conceal their identity under false names and the like were easily identified.

But perhaps the greatest aid to the solution of the mystery of identities and perhaps the most efficient weapon that modern scientific methods have placed in the hands of the courts is the identification by fingerprints. This discovery ought perhaps to be attributed to Galton, whose treatise appeared in London in 1892, although it is said to have been suggested by Purkinje and Fauld. Tabor, a San Francisco photographer, is also said to have proposed this method for the registration of Chinese, and Sir William Herschel, as early as 1877, had been experimenting with fingerprints as a means of identifying the Indian coolies. But it was Galton who first reduced the thing to proper classification and made it a practical and efficient method of identification. He determined by a great many experiments that the minute anatomy of the skin of the fingertips, where the fine lines and ridges are highly developed, is of a very permanent structure. "Galton divides the patterns into nine classes, which, however, are not exhaustive. These divisions are based upon variation in the curved lines and whorls which usually occupy the center of the thumb, and of transverse and oblique lines which inclose this central whorl. . . . From the observations collected by Galton it appears to be demonstrated that almost absolute confidence may be placed in the permanency of these designs, a conclusion that seems justified from the anatomic basis on which the designs depend. Of seven hundred cases compared at different periods but a single instance was noted in which any variation was discovered, that being the union, in the course of years, of a ridge that had been cleft in early life." (Textbook of Legal Medicine, Vol. 1, page 91.)

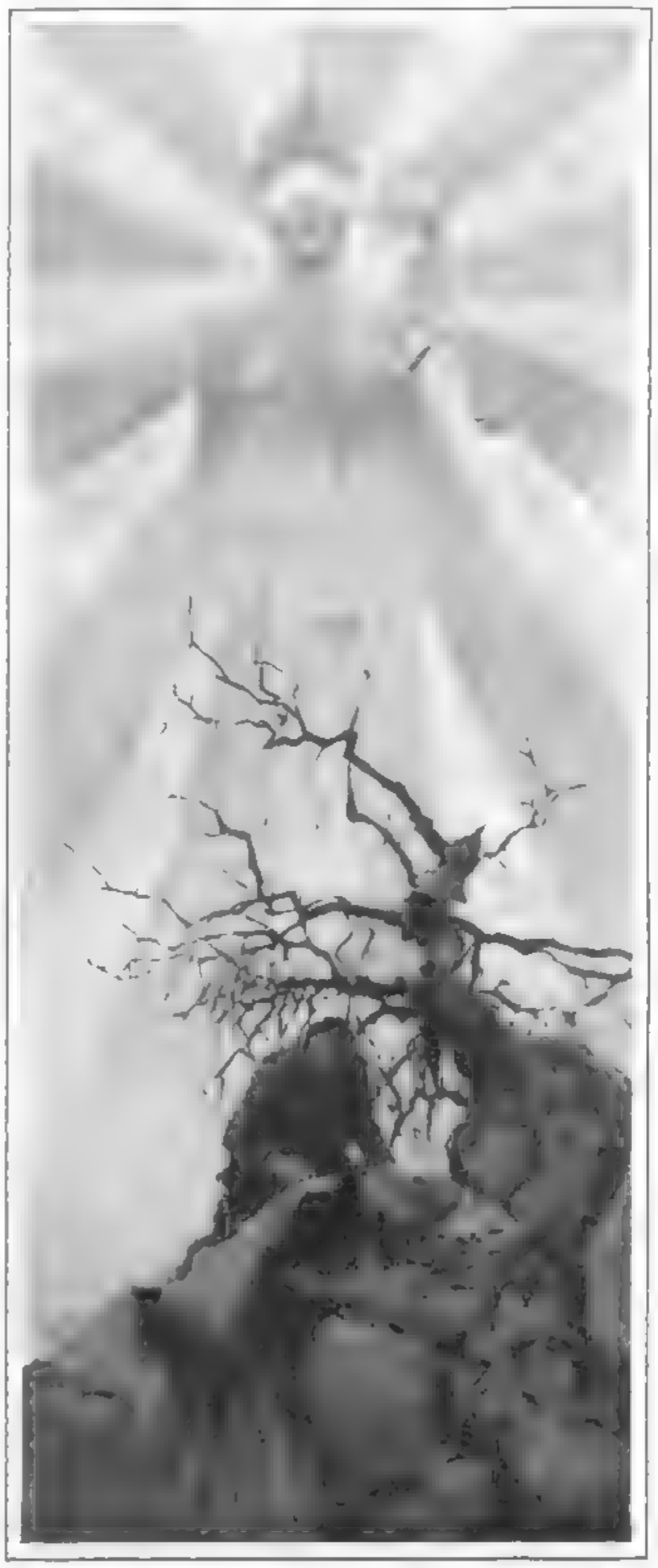
The Infallibility of Fingerprints

GALTON, in summing up his conclusions as to the value of these fingerprints, said:

"The fact remains that a complete or nearly complete accordance between two prints of a single finger, and vastly more so between the prints of two or more fingers, affords evidence, requiring no corroboration, that the persons from whom they were made are the same."

Now this method of identification at one stroke robbed the criminal of the benefit of all disguises; and in addition to this it has furnished what has proved to be one of the most efficient methods in the detection of crime. There usually remains about the theater of all forcible injuries some mark of the criminal agent's hands, and in innumerable cases, with his moist, greasy, bloody or otherwise soiled fingers, the criminal has left his signature behind him—a signature that cannot be forged and that cannot be denied.

In one case where a package of money was being transferred by an express company from New York to New Orleans it had been opened in transit and a portion of the money removed. Two of the seals had been broken and one of them had been resealed by thumb pressure. An expert took the impression of the thumbs of all the employees of the express company through whose hands the packet was known to have passed. He photographed and enlarged these impressions and very readily detected the robber.



The cases are simply innumerable. Only recently in New York a safe in the office of an importer was discovered to have been opened and robbed. The combination had been battered to give the idea that force had been used, but the police, upon a careful examination, were of the opinion that the combination had been thus battered with a hammer after the safe had been opened, and that the robbery had in fact been accomplished by some employee. The importer refused to believe that the robbery was what is called "an inside job" until the police pointed out that none of the doors or windows had been broken and that the undamaged condition of the safe showed that the force had not been sufficient to open it. Fortunately, in a careful examination the police found the impression of a thumb and forefinger; they appeared to be only faint smudges against the inner side of one of the steel doors, but the police considered them to be the signature of the criminal. They were photographed and after that, in spite of the protest of the importer, the police compelled every employee on the ten floors of the building to submit his fingerprints. There were some two hundred of these employees. The police carried away these signatures and were presently able to come back and put their hands on the criminal. The importer was amazed; he said that the prisoner was an old and trusted employee and that the police must be mistaken. But when the print of the thumb and forefinger of this man was compared with the print on the inside of the steel door even the importer was forced to admit that they were identical.

The efficiency of the fingerprint test was shown in the trial of Cæsar Cella, alias Charles Crispi, in the Court of General Sessions of New York, on May 12, 1911. Crispi was charged with accomplishing a robbery by removing a section of plate-glass from a door. When this glass was examined a number of fingerprints were found on it. The police removed the glass, photographed the fingerprints and declared that an old criminal named Crispi had done the robbery. Crispi was indicted. He set up an alibi. The case was on trial for several days, but the evidence of the fingerprints was so conclusive that on the third day the prisoner's counsel pleaded guilty to the indictment. In this case a police expert was put to the following severe test. The print of some dozen persons' fingers was taken from an inked pad on white paper. One of the persons was then directed to handle the glass in the way the prisoner was supposed to have handled it. The expert, who had been absent from the court room, was then brought in and the fingerprints and the glass placed before him. He examined the impressions on the white sheets of paper with a magnifying glass and pointed out who it was that had touched the glass.

The Gloves of Gonzalez

ONE would say that to avoid this jeopardy the criminal would need only to wear gloves when he went about his work. But it was the very fact that one of the assassins wore gloves that led to the detection of the criminal agents in one of the most extraordinary cases reported in New York. (People vs. Gonzalez, 35 N. Y. 49.) A Spaniard named Otero, on his way from Havana to New York, fell in with a countryman named Gonzalez. Otero was a young, frank, good-natured fellow, and as Gonzalez seemed to be an unfortunate person of his own country he took him up and evinced a friendly interest in him. When they arrived in New York Gonzalez went with Otero to the Barcelona Hotel in Great Jones Street, which was known as the Spanish house. The proprietors of this hotel were not pleased with the appearance of Gonzalez and, as he came without baggage, they refused him a room. However, upon the intercession of Otero he was finally permitted to enter. Otero said that Gonzalez was a poor fellow whom he was going to help, who had come to New York for employment. Otero seemed to be a very prosperous person; he exhibited considerable sums of gold that he carried about him. The clerk at the hotel advised him to deposit his money in the hotel safe, but he declined to take this precaution. It was afterward remembered that Gonzalez watched the movements of Otero with the keenest interest and constantly attended him. It was also remembered that within an hour after their arrival at the Barcelona, Gonzalez went to the Hotel de Cuba in Bleecker Street, a little more than a block from Great Jones Street, and there met with another Spaniard named Pellicier, who had been a former waiter at the Barcelona Hotel. Soon after his arrival Otero left for Philadelphia and did not return to New York until the following Tuesday. About half-past nine o'clock on Wednesday night it happened that William C. Mills, of Brooklyn, left his shop in Fulton Street to go to his residence in Cannon Place, and in the center of the park he discovered the body of Otero. The police were notified and came immediately. They concluded that as the body was still warm the assassins had been interrupted by the approach of Mills and had not completed their work of robbing the body. One of the pockets of Otero was turned inside out, but another was left undisturbed, although it contained over two hundred dollars in gold and the receipt for his bill at the Barcelona Hotel, by which he was at once identified. In the haste of their flight the murderers had dropped their implements and the police found a bent dagger and the detached blade of a razor. These weapons could not be identified and did not indicate

the criminals, but fortunately on the ground near by the police picked up a pair of bloody gloves. When they came to examine these gloves they found that the left one had been cut. As the gloves did not fit Otero the police were of the opinion that they had been worn by one of the assassins, and they constructed the following theory: As Otero was an athletic and vigorous man he had evidently been surprised and overpowered, and as there were two implements found it was reasonable to conclude that there had been two assassins. As the most deadly wounds were stabs in the back the police concluded that the assassin who had worn the gloves had clutched Otero with his left hand while he applied his dagger from behind, and that the bolder assassin while gashing Otero in front with his razor inadvertently cut the gloved hand of his confederate. The police had now a clew to the assassins. They had only to find a man with a gashed left hand. As the victim was a Spaniard they began at once to visit those hotels and boarding houses to which Spaniards were accustomed to resort in New York, and they immediately picked up Pellicier and Gonzalez. When Pellicier was taken to the station house the glove was put on his hand and the cuts in it were found to correspond with the cuts in the fingers of his left hand. The judge said in his opinion:

"In the light of this evidence, undisputed and unexplained, the crime they committed in darkness is as clearly open to view as if they had perpetrated it in the blaze of the noonday. . . . The case furnishes a single illustration of the searching nature and the irresistible force of circumstantial evidence in the detection and exposure of secret guilt. So far as human sagacity could foresee the perpetrators of the crime were secure of absolute immunity. They had no thought when they were compassing Otero's death that they were lifting their hands against their own lives; but, step by step, as they were dogging him, retribution was following unseen close upon the heels of the criminals."

The careful and painstaking experiments of men in the medical profession have been of inestimable value to the courts in solving the enigmas of criminal defenses. They have pointed out the difference between wounds that were self-inflicted and homicidal ones; they have shown the peculiarities of wounds caused by certain varieties of implements; they have been able to say how far away from the victim was the weapon from which bullets were fired; they have shown how the nature of the wounds indicated that the assassin must have been in a certain position. They have studied the "brand" made by the firing of a weapon and the tattooing made by the powder, and by means of these studies have been able to confirm or to refute the testimony of persons charged with homicide.

Accomplished Impostors

Doctor Hall observed that the "brand" is always found above the line of sight of the weapon—that is to say, if the weapon be fired in an ordinary manner the brand will be above the bullet hole, but if the weapon be turned upside down the brand will be below. And, in the case of People vs. McLaughlin (Colo. 1890) this fact observed by Hall demonstrated the innocence of a prisoner against whom the indications of guilt were so strong that he was about to be lynched. The prisoner had stated that he had been in the act of striking the deceased and not of shooting at him intentionally, and as the brand was below the bullet hole in the dead man's face this fact proved that the prisoner's statement was correct.

By the manner and distribution of shot, men like Wetherill have been able to verify or to disprove stories of accidental shooting and the like.

The enigmas that the law courts are called upon to solve are not all confined to violent crimes accomplished in secret. The impostors who institute suits at law claiming damages for alleged injuries and those who seek to defraud the accident insurance companies often present the courts with problems quite as difficult of solution.

These problems lack the dramatic interest of robbery and murder, but they are hardly less important on account of their greater frequency. The time was when a skillful impostor could very well impose upon the administration of justice by claiming obscure injuries, the actual existence of which the ordinary person could not detect. If one boldly asserted and maintained that he had been rendered deaf in one ear or blind in one of his eyes or paralyzed in a limb by the shock of an accident, how could the courts say that this was not true? Such injuries are known to happen from such causes. There is often no visible indication of these injuries and the impostor would seem to be secure by merely holding to certain obvious symptoms. It is in this field that the modern scientist has rendered invaluable service. Today an intelligent physician, by the aid of modern devices, can easily solve any one of these enigmas.

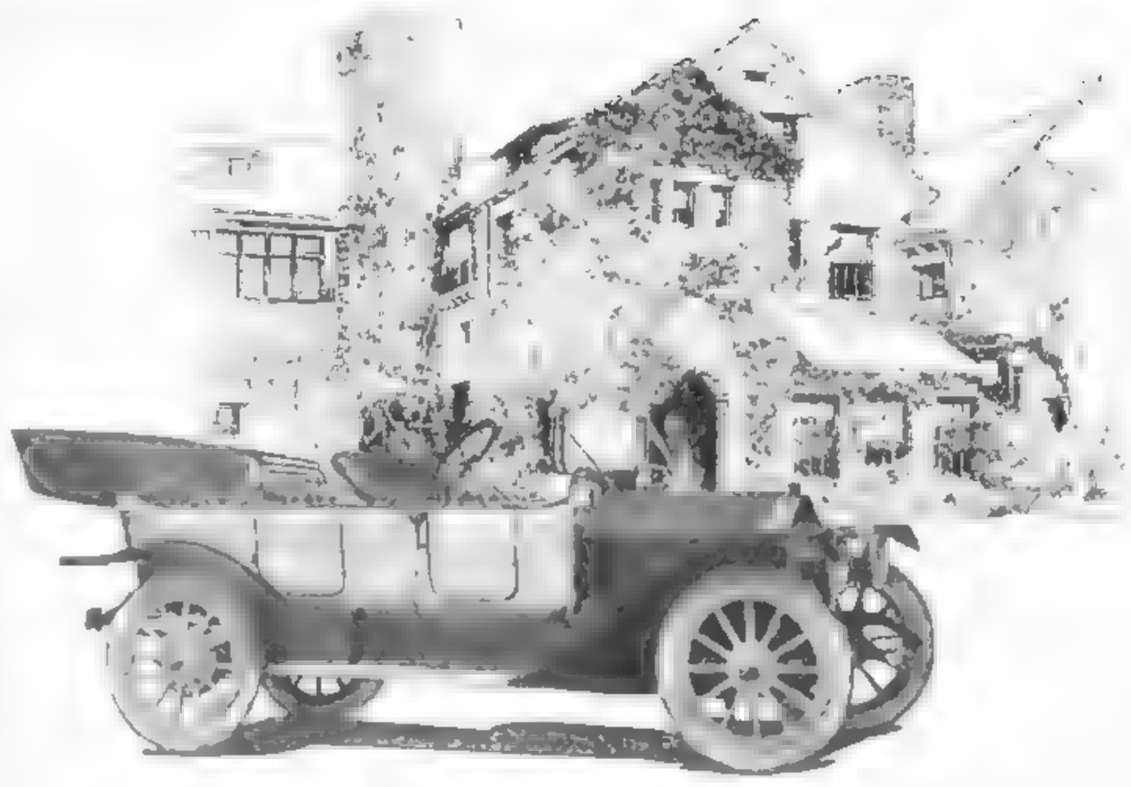
Fanny Freeman, who made it a business to simulate paralysis, was detected by the fact that when her leg was lifted up she forgot to let it fall, proving thereby that a certain muscular power remained in the limb; and the "dummy chucker" Clegg was finally shown to be an impostor by a like slight omission of a symptom. This man, by a careful study, had learned to imitate fits so realistically that many physicians were deceived by him. He gave no manifestation of pain when needles were thrust under his nails. He assumed all the characteristic facial expressions. He had scars on his head and back from falling. Being aware of the fact that impostors rarely fall in such a manner as to do themselves injury he once fell thirty feet in a prison, breaking some of his bones. But it happened that although this was Clegg's business and he thought he had carefully observed all the symptoms, nevertheless there was one symptom always present in the sort of fit that he simulated of which he was not aware. He had failed to note that when the hands are clenched by one in an actual fit the fingers are always closed over the thumb, and if the fingers are opened by force they remain open; and it was the failure of this accomplished impostor to present this symptom that led to his ruin.

Doctors as Detectives

In another case a supposed cataleptic was shown to be a simulator by the following test frequently resorted to: A weight was hung to the limb, this weight drew the limb down slowly and gradually, then when the tape was cut the weight fell and the limb flew up, showing that the catalepsy was feigned. Charcot has demonstrated by means of a certain registering apparatus exactly how a true cataleptic limb falls, and an examining physician could not now be deceived by an impostor. Severe pressure with the thumb on the supra-orbital nerve during a general spasm in a true subject never causes a responsive movement; there is only a slight corrugation of the skin on the forehead. But so much pain may thus be caused an impostor that he cannot resist making some responsive movement directed toward relieving himself of this torture. It is said that there is no record of feigning in which this test has completely failed.

The modern scientist does not believe with James VI, of Scotland, in his learned dissertation on demonology, that persons may carry upon them a certain spot insensible to pain, which James called the "seal of the devil," and solemnly advised the physicians to explore for with the prick of a long needle. On the contrary, when persons claim an area of anesthesia the experts are accustomed to blindfold him and mark out the spot that he claims to be insensible with a camel's-hair pencil, and then to apply an electric brush and see if he can tell where it is that the feigned cutaneous anesthesia ends. And even where the impostor is able successfully to resist giving evidence of pain or tenderness, the physicians will be able to determine whether or not the pain is actually felt by devices or means by which they are able to ascertain the increase in the rapidity of heart action.

Deaf-mutism, which used sometimes to be resorted to by criminals, can no longer avail them. The Abbé Secard long ago devised a plan for the unmasking of these pretenders. He observed that under the old system when the deaf and dumb were taught to write they were taught with the eye, and that the letters of a word were known to them only by their form and value; he observed that the errors in spelling of an impostor would always have reference to sound, thereby indicating that his knowledge had been obtained through the ear and not through the eye. A criminal who had defied all other means of detection wrote down several sentences in which the errors were produced by the sound of the words. The Abbé pronounced the man to be an impostor, without even taking the



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The housewife who knows how to select just the right Campbell "kind" for the occasion starts her little company affairs at a decided advantage. Every one of these kinds is perfect in quality and exactly suited to its special use. And it is ready on the minute without uncertainty or trouble—a wholesome and tasty appetizer that goes far toward making any dinner a success.

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Asparagus, Beef, Bouillon, Celery, Chicken, Chicken Gumbo (Okra), Clam Bouillon, Clam Chowder, Consommé, Julienne, Mock Turtle, Mulligatawny, Mutton Broth, Ox Tail, Pea, Pepper Pot, Printanier, Tomato, Tomato Okra Vegetable, Vermicelli-Tomato

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From ring to ring
For danger never caring.
A *Campbell* course
Is the hidden source
Of all my strength and daring."

trouble to go and see him, and the subsequent confession of the criminal proved that the Abbé was right.

In a case in which a man pretended to be deaf in one of his ears Erhardt held a repeater at a certain distance in front of him and asked him if he could hear it; the man said that he could. Erhardt then asked him to close the good ear with his finger, leaving the pretended deaf ear open, moved the repeater closer to him and asked the man if he could hear it. He said that he could not. Erhardt then showed that the man must be an impostor, because by a series of experiments he had demonstrated that the repeater cou d be plainly heard at the last distance with the sound ear, although the latter be closed with the finger.

In suits for damages it used to be a favorite device of the impostor to pretend that he had suffered the loss of sight in one of his eyes, and it was considered extremely difficult to determine whether or not this was a fact. But there is no longer the slightest difficulty in ascertaining whether or not such a litigant is pretending.

Jackson (Textbook of Legal Medicine, Vol. 1, 497) has assembled the tests that may be applied to determine whether or not the blindness of one eye is feigned.

"It may be detected by placing a strong prism, say of five or six degrees, before the good eye, where, if both eyes see, it produces double vision. This will usually be complained of on the supposition that it depends entirely on the eye before which the prism is placed, while in reality it depends on the fact that the other eye also sees. A better test is to hold a prism of the strength mentioned above before one eye, and then suddenly to remove it. If the prism be held before an eye really blind no movement of either eye will occur, and none will occur on its removal. If the prism be placed before a seeing eye, the other eye being really blind, both eyes will move equally toward the apex of the prism, and they will move equally in the opposite direction on its removal. If placed before one eye when both see the eye before which it is placed moves toward the apex of the prism, and on its removal in the opposite direction. But the other eye remains fixed or shows a brief tremor. Another test is to place lenses before both eyes, the one before the feigned blind eye being of such strength as to give it its best vision, and the one before the admittedly good eye so strong as to prevent letters being read by it. The patient being asked to read with both eyes, and doing so, it is known that he does it with the eye alleged to be blind. Or the glasses may be of such strength as to allow him to read with either eye; but only with the eye alleged to be blind beyond a certain distance. The reading being started at that distance the page is gradually withdrawn until too far to be seen, except by the alleged blind eye.

"With the stereoscope certain words of a sentence or certain parts of a figure may be presented to one eye, and the other parts of the sentence or figure to the other. The impression made is as though the whole were visible to both eyes, and this can be escaped only by closing one eye. If the person tested keeps both eyes open he will, by his description of what he sees, reveal if both eyes see."

Day by day the advance of human knowledge increases the jeopardy to the criminal agent. The time has passed when the criminal and the impostor was able to construct a false consistency of circumstances, a theory, a story or a pretense that could be successfully maintained as the truth against a patient, persistent, intelligent inquiry.

Nature alone is able to retain her mysteries.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth in a new series of papers by Mr. Post. The sixth will be printed in an early issue.

How's Business and Why

PRESIDENT F. A. VANDERLIP, of the National City Bank of New York, has set tongues to working in denial of his assertion that a most serious condition confronts the business interests of the United States. The assertion appeared in a popular magazine—and people somehow have an idea that magazine print is more eloquent than ordinary print and therefore more entitled to respect, and more to be counteracted by contrary assertion if what is printed jars on the nerves of those whose interests are affected by what is said. There is no mistaking the importance of what Mr. Vanderlip says, whether he speaks through a daily newspaper or a monthly publication. What he says is accorded added weight because he is close to the most distinguished business men and the wealthiest men in the country. The bank over which he presides is the bank of largest deposits in the land. It deals in terms of millions. It wields a mighty influence upon money matters in this country and as much, probably, as any other bank of this country upon financial affairs in Europe.

Perhaps first place in this particular should be accorded to the National City Bank. Mr. Vanderlip declares it as "pretty generally agreed that business has ahead the most serious situation that has existed since you or I have been observers of business conditions, with the possible exception of those days when the integrity of the standard of value itself was in doubt." The gentleman found other and minor reasons for the conservative attitude of capital, including the prospect of tariff legislation; but declares that "the substantial cause of the hesitant and disturbed state of mind now universal among business men and capitalists is due to the chaotic situation resulting from the attempt to adjust business to a law." The particular law the gentleman had in mind is manifestly the Sherman Antitrust Law, so called—a law whose enforcement against the capitalists and business men affiliated with the National City Bank has caused them great inconvenience and loss. They who wish to excuse and weaken the presentiment of Mr. Vanderlip plead this fact in excuse for his extremely pessimistic view of the business outlook.

It cannot for a moment be assumed that Standard Oil people would enjoy the prosecution their concern has experienced or the notoriety attained by the individuals connected with the concern. Furthermore, the enforcement of the law by the Federal authorities has been distasteful to many less conspicuous offenders, and there has been great fear of extended application of the statute to other large corporations besides those named, and others who have thus far been immune; and the earnestness of purpose on the part of the prosecuting officers of the Government suggests that the fear is probably well grounded. No doubt the alleged offenders dread enforcement of the law. It has long been that way. Laws that are not enforced do no harm—and business men had come to think that certain laws in this country were made for political use and not to be enforced. The Sherman Law was one such; but there was behind the law, in course of time, a sentiment which insisted that it be enforced, and it is this sentiment which is disturbing men who think as apparently Mr. Vanderlip thinks, albeit Mr. Vanderlip may think that execution of the law is still a matter of politics rather than of serious sentiment.

If there is politics in the execution it is politics which responds to an existing and powerful sentiment—sentiment born of a moral uplift among the people; and if this diagnosis be correct it is unfortunate for the business interests of the land—whether they consist in Standard Oil, American Tobacco, United States Steel, or some of the minor monopolies—that they find it irksome to comply with the will of the people as expressed through legislation and the courts. It is for the people of a republic to determine what is right and what is wrong—and it is for business to abide by the decision. All corporate business in this country is done through legal permit; and the authority that grants the license is empowered to regulate it—and will regulate it if the conduct of business becomes abusive of common rights, which it had in cases of Standard Oil and some other gigantic concerns. Concede that the people are firmly determined to enforce the law in question, or similar ones, and it follows that business interests will have to accept the situation as a fact and not as a theory.

It is somehow fancied that, if there were no other obstacle to business expansion than enforcement of the law in mind, business would not be particularly interrupted by agitation under this law; that the true obstacles to business activity are economic

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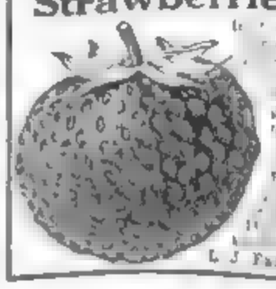


fruit to supply de-

L. J. Farmer Box 778 Pulaski N. Y.

and will be essentially removed before very long. One such obstacle appears to have been the policy of one of the great corporations that has been sued by the Government for alleged violation of the Sherman Law—the Steel Corporation. For a very long while this corporation insisted upon the maintenance of prices of its products when consumers could no longer afford to pay them. In order to maintain even a semblance of list prices it became necessary to hold relations with competitors which practically amounted to an offense in restraint of trade. There were other acts more obviously offensive, like the relation to the ore lands. Steps were taken to abandon the ore lands by cancelation of the lease at the earliest lawful date, unless the courts should hasten the day; and the true remedy for dull steel business was found in cutting rates.

It is now allowed that the steel business is improving temporarily. Of this fact there is proof without anybody's confessing it. There has been an advance of a dollar a ton in certain products of the Steel Corporation, with further advances hinted at. This ought to be a signal for better times if orders have so far increased as to sustain the new prices, which it may be inferred they have, unless the advance is backed by an improbable ulterior motive. As to the increase in unfilled tonnage, the evidence is conclusive from the 4,141,955 tons on the order books at the close of November, an amount not exceeded since June 30, 1910, when the record showed 4,257,794 tons on hand. This amount is not so large as on many past dates—notably upon the last day of December, 1906, when the high record of 8,489,719 tons was made. It may be remarked that the orders at the close of November, 1911—4,141,955 tons—were almost the same as the 4,136,961 tons on May 31, 1904. The low record was at the end of December, 1910—2,674,757 tons. How great the advance has been since then is apparent without the saying; and the contrast is to be cited in answer to the query at the head of this article—How's Business and Why? There may or may not be ahead difficulties of the character mentioned by Mr. Vanderlip, but there is no question as to growing activity in the steel and iron industry. It is said that the Steel Corporation is operating seventy to seventy-five per cent of capacity, which is not bad considering the large increase in the capacity of the works since the dull times set in. Orders to operate the works six months are said to be on hand, and steel and wire mills are operating in full.

The Copper Market

After steel, copper commands attention; and the story there is of a pleasing character, the trade says. The output for November and December, including imports, was the smallest for any months of 1911, for reasons not in sight. Let it be assumed that the reasons were legitimate and not in any way connected with an effort to start a movement in copper-mining shares in the security market. The November, 1911, output fell 6,378,841 pounds below that for October, 1911, and 7,476,662 pounds below that for November, 1910. It was, therefore, abnormally small. Domestic deliveries at the same time ran nearly 4,000,000 pounds ahead of those in October, 1911, and 615,460 pounds ahead of those for November, 1910. Exports showed even larger improvement over October—almost 7,000,000 pounds; and almost 6,250,000 pounds over those for the 1910 month. What with a reduced output and increased deliveries, the effect on the surplus was distinct. Stocks of copper were reduced by the November deliveries to 111,785,188 pounds, which is considerably less than the total deliveries of 135,089,055 pounds for the month.

In other words, the visible domestic supply at the close of November was less than deliveries for such a month as November. There have been few if any months of so large deliveries as that month. The average for the year 1911 was less than 103,000,000 pounds a month. The stock on hand at the close of October—111,785,188 pounds—compares with 130,389,069 pounds at the close of the month a year earlier and 165,995,932 pounds at the close of May last. Barring September and October, the decrease in American supplies of copper have been rather steady since the end of May, which likewise bears witness to improved demand for the metal—in some part likely speculative demand, but demand nevertheless; and the people who bought on speculation may have had an idea that consumption was going to improve. Sentiment in stock exchanges is mercurial and not to be relied on at all times; but the sentiment there regarding copper shares has been sanguine for a considerable time.

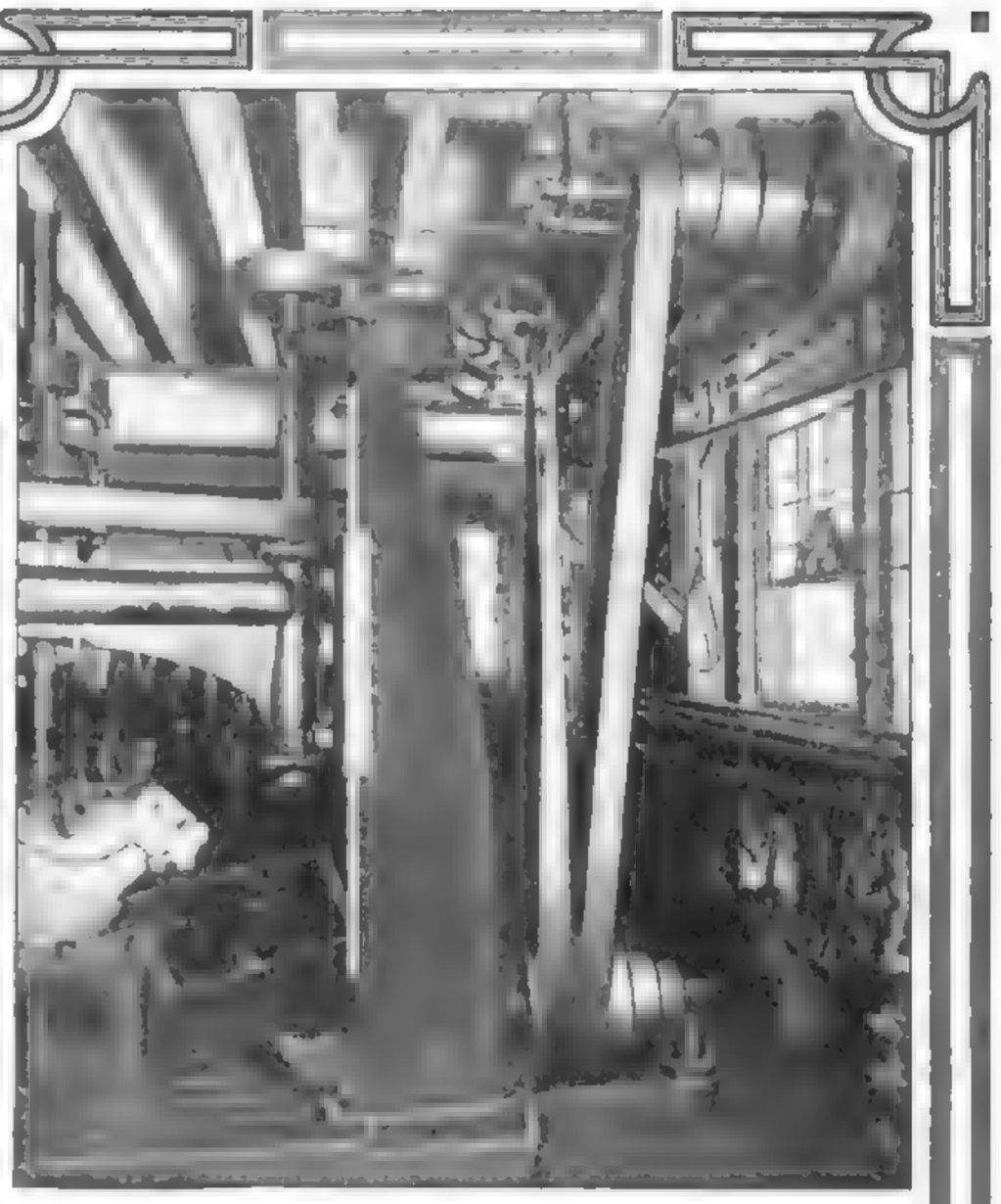
Reverting a moment to iron, the output of the United States in November was the largest in eleven months, barring March, April and October, 1911 larger than in November, 1910, 1908 and 1907. The rate of production a day in November, 1911—66,648 tons—was exceeded only by that in March and April, 1911, and contrasts with 63,659 tons in November, 1910, and by 84,917 tons in November, 1909. Daily capacity of the active furnaces on December 1, 1911, was 66,609 tons compared with 66,818 tons, November 1, 1911; 59,690 tons, August 1, 1911; 61,079 tons, December 1, 1910, and 85,460 tons on December 1, 1909. There ought truly to be little complaint with statistics like these. Comparison with near past conditions is favorable, though not with the booming conditions in the farther past. One of the best indices of business affairs is bank clearings. True, these are affected by conditions which militate against entire reliability, but they should be carefully observed in studying the general situation. November, 1911, clearings were $18,858,624,745 for the whole country—an increase of 4.1 per cent over those for October—and were the best for any month in 1911 except January, an exceptional month because of big financial payments. Still, the fall clearings always increase; and when compared with last year the result is not so hopeful.

Bank Clearings

Barring January, November clearings were the largest since April, 1910. The increase over November of 1910 was three per cent, but the decrease from the month in 1909 was five per cent. The gain for the country as a whole in November, compared with October, came entirely from New York—clearings elsewhere showing a nominal decrease. In New York there was, perhaps, more than customary speculation in stocks to swell the clearings. For eleven months ending with November the clearings of the country amounted to $14,762,048,371, a decrease of 2.9 per cent compared with 1910. In this instance all of the decrease came from New York, the amount being 5.5 per cent; while in the rest of the country there was an increase of .9 of one per cent. The sections of the country showing an increase of clearings were New England, .3 of one per cent; Western states, 1.4 per cent; Southwestern, 1.3 per cent; Southern, 9.7 per cent; Far Western, 2.4 per cent. The decreases were—in the Middle states, 5 per cent; Northwestern, 1.4 per cent.

Incidentally, it may be remarked that the bank clearings of Canada made a new high record in November of $771,772,898, showing an increase from last year of 24.7 per cent, while the increase for eleven months of 1911 was 16.2 per cent. The fruits of development of a new country plainly appear in Canadian clearings. It was the same in this country not very many years ago. How far Canada has to go even to approach this country in the matter of business may be judged by the comparison of clearings for the countries for the eleven months' period—$6,459,294,880 there and $143,762,048,371 here. Clearings here for November—$13,858,624,745—were more than twice those of Canada for eleven months.

Editor's Note—This article will be concluded next week.



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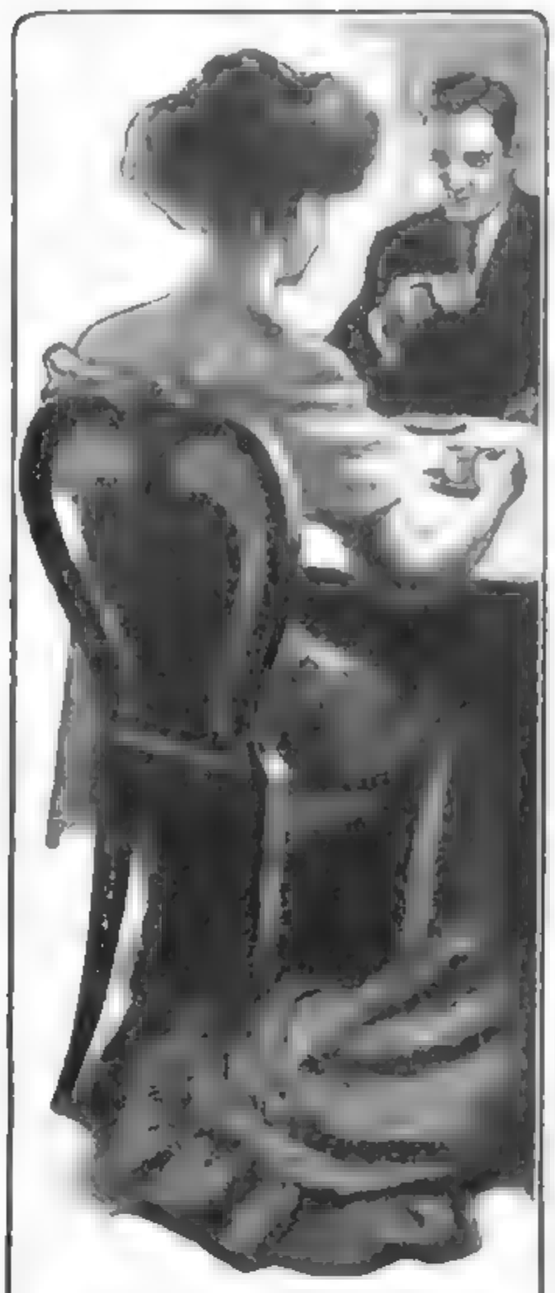

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The Senator's Secretary

MY IDEA of the human prototype of a rabbit is a Republican national committeeman. The members of the committee came to Washington recently and gave lifelike imitations of Molly Cottontails, all except Bill Ward, of Westchester County, New York.

Bill is no rabbit. He is a politician with a grouch—as all the rest of them were; but Bill didn't hide his when anybody from the White House was round. Not Bill! He has a large, two-fisted manner of speaking—and he spoke in a large, two-fisted manner. He was sore and he told all comers where it hurt. When they asked Bill up to dinner at the White House, along with the other national committeemen, to break bread with the President and assure him his renomination is a cinch, and his reëlection likewise, Bill stuck a cigar between his teeth, put his thumbs in the armholes of his vest, and said he'd be gum-swizzled if he'd go! And he didn't.

Franklin Murphy, of New Jersey, entertaining the same ideas as Bill, but being exceedingly diplomatic—oh, very, very diplomatic—told the reporters that the reason Bill, who weighs two hundred and has shoulders like Jeffries, couldn't go to the White House function was because Bill is delicate and can't stand the night air. That was a good joke; but the real reason Bill didn't go was not because he can't stand the night air, but the hot air! Bill was and is sore about the way Mr. Taft threw down his friend, Vice-President Sherman, in that little fracas in the state of New York two years ago, when they had slated the vice-president to a convention chairmanship at Saratoga; and he is sore also because his warm and personal friend, Charles F. Brooker, Republican national committeeman from Connecticut, was casually indicted one morning by Mr. Taft's Department of Justice for being a combination in restraint of the brass trade—maybe it was electrical goods or wire. Anyhow, it was a combination in restraint of something—and that's another reason Bill wouldn't go to the White House. Of course it cannot be that Bill is any sorer about this than Charles F. Brooker is, but Bill shows it more; for Brooker went to the dinner at the White House with the committeemen and broke bread, and so on.

A Busy Day for the Glooms

No reporters were present at that dinner, and it is just as well—for if there had been reporters present they would have been some of the same reporters who were present in the lobby of the Willard Hotel the day before and up to the hour of departure for the dinner; and those reporters, being veracious young men, would have been impelled to write pieces for their papers showing the remarkable change in conversation that occurs when a national committeeman goes to dinner at the White House from the conversation of that same national committee man in a hotel lobby.

All of which brings me back to the statement that your professional politician is a rabbit when it comes to courage. They began getting into Washington two or three days before the meeting of the committee was held; and the minute they landed they took positions in the lobby of the hotel and started to wail. As the new arrivals got in, the wailing increased—until, along about six o'clock on the evening before the dinner, transients at the hotel were deafened by the caterwauling.

To begin with, it was unanimously and tearfully agreed that the Republican party is gone—absolutely and irretrievably gone—stuck on the rocks—stranded on the beach—lost in the fog! Then, too, it was unanimously agreed that there isn't a chance on earth to elect Mr. Taft in November next year. It was the grandest collection of pessimists ever gathered together under one roof! Not a person present could discern a ray of light ahead. "Elect Taft! Why, what's the use of talking? There ain't a chance, my boy—not a chance! He'll be beaten worse than Parker was. It's all over. We can't carry Pennsylvania with him. Of course we've got to nominate him—got to!—and we'll do it; but we can't elect him."

There was woe sixteen feet deep all over the marble floor. Not a man could see anything but disaster ahead. Some of them talked privately, but a good many of them talked publicly. It was a Grand Lodge of Sorrow and a Hammerfest combined. Elect Taft? Not in a million years!

Then they went up to the White House to dinner all but Bill Ward. He stayed down at the hotel—out of the night air—and continued his original line of conversation; but did that bunch of committeemen have the nerve to tell Mr. Taft what they honestly thought of the situation and how they held his chances for reelection? Not one—not a single one! Instead, they went up there and kotowed and saluted, and told him how well he was looking, and pledged undying support and everlasting fealty; and said his nomination would be a walkover and that the Progressives wouldn't have a look-in; and that, once nominated, he would be safely elected—and they spread the salve round so thick it was positively sticky. Then they came away and went at hammer-throwing again.

What They Really Want

Not one of these patriots had the courage of his previous conversation. Not one of them told the President what the actual conditions are. To be sure, there may be an excuse for this reticence; for the President does not like to hear unpleasant things, nor does he believe anything of an unpleasant nature that may trickle to him. He wants to hear nice things, and nice things are told him. Still, it is odd that there wasn't one man in the outfit with nerve enough, and with sense enough, and with party loyalty enough, to take a chance at telling the President what the situation really is, and what the national committeemen had been saying and what they think. Not one did. They all smirked and smiled and ate, and toasted the President, and said nice things to him, and predicted he surely would be renominated and reëlected. Then they went back to the hotel and began giving up the ship again. Rabbit, did I say? Rabbit goes—*lepus timidus*, with the accent on the *timidus*.

And, in the middle of it all, a man strolled into the lobby and said: "I hear Roosevelt is a candidate!" Well, that settled it. The national committeemen fell over themselves to grab at that. In ten minutes—by the clock—a dozen national committeemen were telling confidentially that they had it straight from Teddy himself that he is a candidate, and that he is going to beat Taft out of it and take that nomination himself. In twenty minutes more there were half a dozen personal representatives of T. R.—they said—on the floor, all proclaiming they knew whereof they spake and all saying they had the documents to show that Roosevelt is in the field—that he intends to grab the nomination; and it wasn't long before the word was passed that, much as some of them despised Roosevelt, he is the only man to save the situation and lead the Grand Old Party to victory.

They buzzed like a lot of children at a candy-pulling. A great wave of Rooseveltism swept over that gang of *ingénues* and they chattered their heads off about the startling circumstance that had been called to their attention. A state chairman from Ohio and a state chairman from Indiana projected themselves into the middle of the yammering mass and declared stertorously that Roosevelt is the only salvation for this extremely delicate situation. The papers were full of it. Wow!—wow!—'rah!—tiddle-diddle!—'raw—'raw!—Teddy! Great sensation!

Then the national committee met and did exactly what Taft wanted the national committee to do, including the turning down of the proposition to provide presidential preference primaries, and did it in shorter time than any national committee ever worked out the preliminaries before, with doors open and in full view of the audience—did every last, living thing Taft demanded; carried out his program without a dissenting voice and beat it back home to get instructed delegates for the President, whereby he shall be renominated at Chicago next June. Likewise the vociferous state chairmen disappeared in the high grass, those who know what Mr. Roosevelt has in mind laughed a few times—and all was peace and quiet in our fair city.

There is no doubt the majority of those Republican national committeemen think as a large number of Republicans throughout the country think that Mr. Taft cannot be elected if the Democrats use anything like reasonable restraint in naming their candidate. That feeling is so general in the Republican party as to be universal; but there are very few of the committeemen or of the section of the party they represent who think Mr. Taft will not be renominated. And he will be—unless he withdraws from the race. It is entirely up to the President. If he continues in his demand for renomination he will be renominated. His election is a different matter.

The tussle his supporters will have will be to get instructed delegations. The hope of the men who are pushing Roosevelt and the hope of the men who are desiring to defeat Taft with any man—no matter whom, but preferably La Follette—is that the delegations to the convention shall not be instructed. Of course the La Follette men want all the instructed La Follette delegates they can get, but they are anxious to have as many others not primarily for La Follette sent without pledge, so they shall be in a position to jump if a jumping-time comes. Taft's task is to get his delegates instructed; and he will get enough of them, too, to make his nomination a certainty. All he needs is one more than half of ten hundred and seventy-two. The Taft men have already started work. Presently reports of conventions that instructed for Taft will begin coming in.

There are as many variants of the Roosevelt business as there are men to voice them. Each politician has his particular line on the inside of the situation, and each particular line discloses a different angle of procedure contemplated by the Colonel. It is stated with great positiveness that Roosevelt is an active candidate; that he is not a candidate at all; that he will fight Taft openly; that he will conduct a secret campaign; that he will come out for the nomination; that he won't say a word; that he has given his friends permission to go ahead; that he deprecates anything in this line; that he will be sprung on the convention as the only man who can save the party from certain defeat; that the plan is to go ahead and let an organization for him grow up, like Topsy, until the crucial moment comes—and other flubdub that is unimportant and unauthentic.

T. R. the Man of Mystery

The only real fact in the whole situation is that when the time comes Mr. Roosevelt will do what he wants to do. The Taft people are happy in thinking they smoked him out at this meeting of the committee; but they didn't. They smoked out, instead, a lot of men who do not want Taft renominated and who have fallen back on Roosevelt as a means to prevent it, not because they love Roosevelt more, but because they love Taft less. Those are the only persons who have been smoked out; and as they emerge from the smudge it is at once apparent that they are not particularly important or impressive.

There is no doubt that a large number of Republicans think Mr. Taft cannot be reëlected. This opinion extends from coast to coast. Still, the mere throwing of Roosevelt into the situation will not defeat him for renomination unless Mr. Roosevelt throws himself in too—and it might not then. If Mr. Taft continues as a candidate for the renomination the Republican party will hesitate a long time, in convention assembled, before it repudiates him and selects Roosevelt or any other person to lead it; for such a selection will mean only one thing, and that is repudiation of all that is regular Republicanism in the present acceptation of the term.

Mr. Taft is serenely unconscious of the real situation. He thinks he will be renominated and reëlected because he won't let any one tell him anything that disagrees with these views; nor will he believe anything to that effect if some visitor should happen to make him hear it. The truth of it is that Mr. Taft has no close adviser who will tell him the real truth and take the consequences. Indeed, he has very few advisers of any kind. If he does win at the election the real reason will be his monumental political helplessness.

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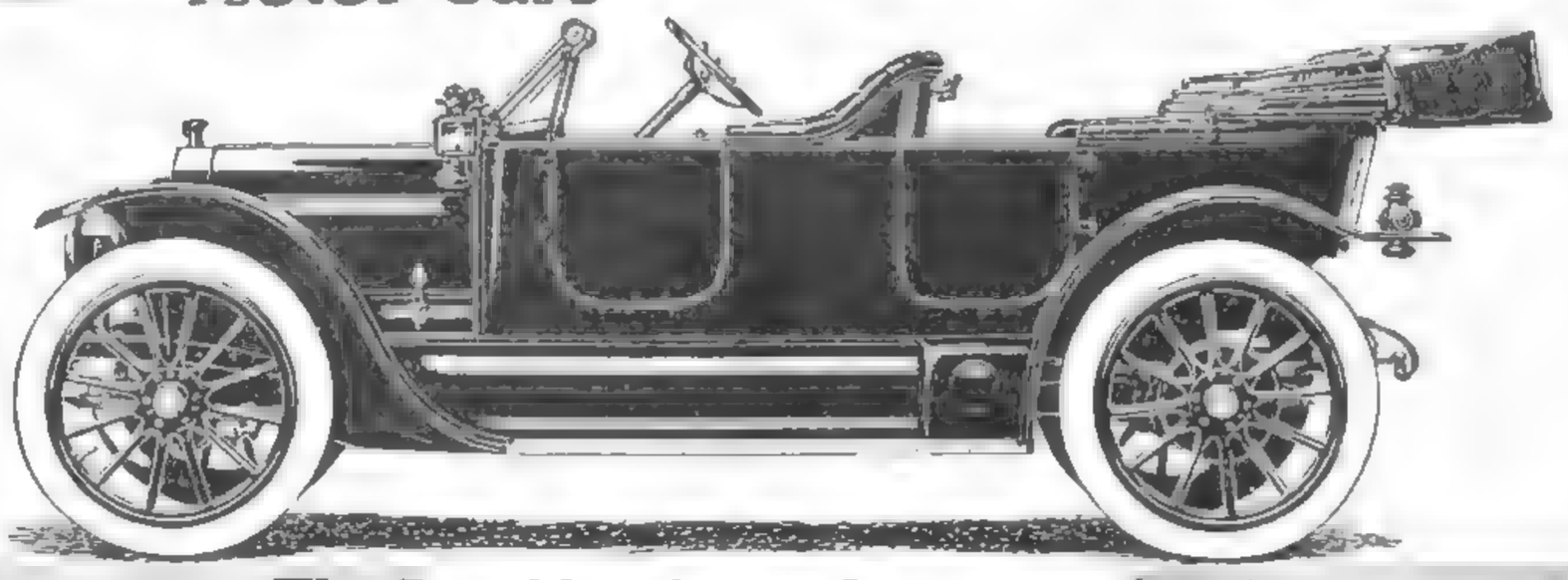

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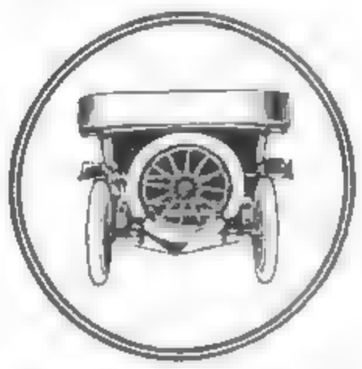

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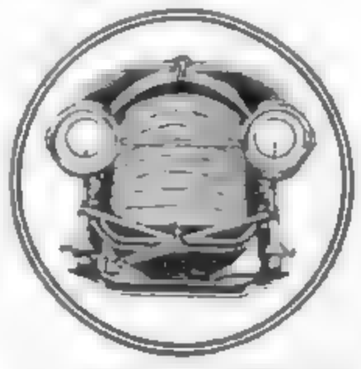

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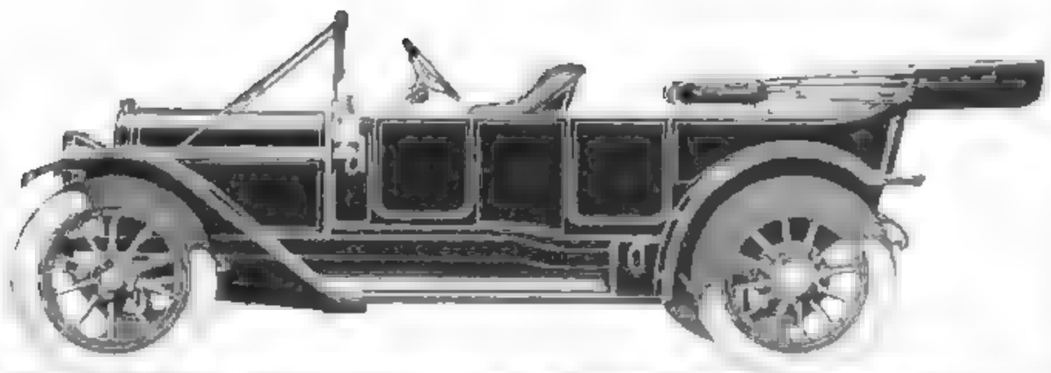

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[illegible] of [illegible] to [illegible] without the [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] and

disease, diabetes, gout and arterio-sclerosis, is the digestion, and the development of successive attacks of discomfort after eating in a middle-aged or elderly person who has never before been subject to them, ought to call for a thorough examination of all excretions.

Several chronic diseases of the nervous system, notably locomotor ataxia and epilepsy, are marked by furious attacks of apparent indigestion, known as gastric crises. These have nothing whatever to do with food or dietetic habits, and probably occur when the poisons accumulating in the body have reached a point that calls, so to speak, for some explosion.

Much of the popular impression that it is peculiarly dangerous to overeat or overload the stomach in later middle life or old age is due to these "explosions" from internal causes; and the poor old octogenarians have no cause to reproach themselves with their greediness or gluttony.

It is hardly necessary to mention—and yet it is a condition often misunderstood by the laity—that many attacks of acute infections or fevers, particularly the more serious ones such as pneumonia, typhoid, severe scarlet fever, diphtheria and appendicitis, are ushered in by a furious attack of nausea and vomiting, which may also be followed by pain in the bowels and diarrhea. Not infrequently these so-called attacks of indigestion are allowed to obscure the other symptoms of the situation, and the unfortunate sufferer is treated with hot water and toddies and laxatives, which simply aggravate the situation and allow the infection to get further headway, unrecognized and unchecked. It is also not uncommon to have a cold, as the vernacular expresses it, "settle" in the stomach and bowels, and produce a sharp attack of biliousness or dyspepsia. The moral of all which is to be quite sure what you are doing and what you are dealing with before you proceed either to blame, or wash out, or deluge or otherwise maltreat your unfortunate stomach, or even blame your own supposed greediness for an attack of acute indigestion. The luckless and much enduring stomach is a harp of many strings, each of which vibrates to a touch of some other organ or region of the body. It always has to pay the piper, without even the privilege of calling the tune.

ON MAIN STREET

(Concluded from Page 9

intents and purposes, is a lost soul from that hour henceforward. Suffering intensely all the time, he perseveres in his course. He gets other invitations to speak at other dinners and he accepts them. His feet are upon the downward path and for him there is no turning back. He finds that his jokes go better each time that he tells them; the listeners get to know them and know the points and where to laugh, and welcome them as old friends. For that was ever the way with a good, durable after-dinner joke. Our hero gains in self-confidence. His vital organs no longer rise when he does. He learns to wait for his laughs and to nurse his applause. He acquires the typical after-dinner speaking face and voice and manner.

His doom is sealed then—sealed, stamped and delivered by the postman; and the handwriting is on the wall and the envelope. He has become one of New York's favorite indoor amusements—a professional after-dinner speaker. He can be reasonably sure of a chance to go somewhere every night and eat dinner and then earn it by talking; some nights there will be two or three dinners and two or three talks, provided his digestion, his voice and his stock of marble-top shirts stand the great strain. Once let the newspapers begin to mention any comparatively unknown man in their accounts of dinners, and that man will be deluged with invitations from people he never heard of to come to the dinners of societies he never knew of and respond to toasts on subjects he never dreamed of. It is wearing on the gastric juices and sometimes on the vocal cords, but it is less expensive in the long run than you might think. The confirmed after-dinner speaker only needs two outfits really—a suit of pajamas and a dress suit; he can sleep all day at small cost and eat all night at no cost at all.

Certain men in New York who enjoy—or suffer from—deserved reputations as clever after-dinner speakers literally have to fight off the invitations that descend upon them in paper showers. Augustus Thomas, the playwright, who combines real eloquence with a lively and biting wit, and Rennold Wolf, the dramatic writer, who combines satire with humor, could work every night in the week as toastmasters if they wanted to, because really able toastmasters are not made—they are born; and, unlike another class of the population, they are not born every second either, and they are never twins. Really humorous speakers—men like Job Hedges, the lawyer, who can be serious, and Simeon Ford, the hotel man, who can't, are in constant demand for big dinner functions. They decline a large number of these invitations because they are both busy men and men of affairs, but they accept a good many of them too. It is estimated that in the last fifteen years Mr. Job Hedges has delivered nine million four hundred thousand running yards of after-dinner speeches; and yet on the first of January Mr. Ford was only about a mile and half behind him and coming strong.

A large dinner in New York can hardly be said to be complete unless Mr. Hedges or Mr. Ford is at the guest table. The same may be said of William Travers Jerome; William H. McAdoo, the tunnel builder; Colonel George Harvey; General Stewart L. Woodford; Melville E. Stone, head of the Associated Press; Don C. Seitz, of the New York World; St. Clair McKelway, editor of the Brooklyn Eagle; Judge Morgan O'Brien; Judge Alton B. Parker; Dr. Lyman Abbott; Andrew Carnegie; F. Hopkinson Smith; Rabbi Wise; P. Francis Murphy; and perhaps twenty others almost as well known.

Some of the organizations whose dinners are notable events in the New York calendar, or eating year, depend upon their own members for after-dinner talent. The Dutch Treat Club, made up almost altogether of writers, artists, editors and publishers of newspapers and magazines, rarely goes outside of its own ranks to find its entertainers; but then Dutch Treat dinners are avowedly held for laughing purposes only, without intent or desire of hearkening to wisdom-weighted words of from four to nine syllables. The Friars Club, which is semi-theatrical in its makeup, gives more big dinners than any big club in town—half a dozen during a single winter sometimes—but can always furnish forth a complete assortment of after-dinner speakers, grave and gay, from its own membership rolls. The managers of the Amen Corner Dinner, which is probably the biggest dinner in point of attendance and enthusiasm that takes place during the winter, prepare in advance and carefully rehearse a program of skits and high jinks modeled on the pattern of the dinners of the Washington Gridiron Club, and, like the Gridiron Club, paying particular attention to the politics of the hour. Then there are several clubs of a more or less Bohemian aspect that have dinners every week or two, without any list of speakers at all, the toastmaster being presumed to pick out suitable talent from the table as he goes along. These are the exceptions, however. The committee in charge of the average dinner just go about on a general scouting expedition, seeking for speakers here, there and everywhere; and when they find one of any reputation who is willing to oblige and to perform, they fall upon his neck with a loud, glad cry. That is why the last city directory of New York contained the names of twenty-two thousand after-dinner speakers, with more coming in all the time.

All along, writing this piece, I've been wondering what it was in connection with the New York dinners I had forgotten. It has just come to me—the thing I forgot was the snapshot photograph that is invariably taken of the festive scene just before the eating starts. There couldn't be a dinner without some nervous young photographer climbing up on a ladder in the corner, adjusting a huge camera, asking everybody to look dead ahead, and then touching off a bomb in a bag—the result being that, in the finished photograph, all hands are shown staring and wild-eyed and delirious-looking, like a collection of typhoid-fever patients who've all just seen the same ghost.

Photographers come and take these photographs at every dinner. And once—so it is reported—they sold one to a man!

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WHIPSAWED

(Continued from Page 7

enjoyed a little laugh Mr. Mobley glanced up at the clock. It now marked 9:45, and feeling that all was well he momentarily twirled his mustache, then sauntered over to Adolf's on the corner.

It the morning [illegible] proved lucky though, and if Mr. Mobley's star [illegible] was indeed rising it had yet to rise over [illegible]. "Say, 'Deaf,'" said Mr. Mobley through an orifice among the steaming towels, "seen anything lately of that guy, Osgood?"

It is to be said here, in passing, that Mr. Mobley, having given many I. O. U.'s in his own time, of course felt no delusions concerning them. Still, being at the moment shot full of luck, he told himself that he felt idly disposed to push his luck even to this extreme. That crook, Osgood, might be in funds, and if he were ——

"Mr. Osgood, eh?" A pained expression stole into Adolf's face. No, he had not seen the gentleman. "That so?" idly murmured Mr. Mobley, and was about to ask the barber how much he'd been "stuck" when Adolf spoke again. "Mr. Osgood is not in Wall Street now. He gives it up to go into a business."

In business—not in Wall Street? Gad! this was news, promising news besides! "What!" exclaimed Mr. Mobley breathlessly.

Having removed the towels Adolf attached the vibrator to the lamp bracket and turned on the current. "Yes," he said, as he aimed the throbbing rubber at Mr. Mobley's inferior maxillary region. "Mr. Osgood he is agent for a champagne wine in William Street."

Instantly Mr. Mobley sat bolt upright. "No; cut out the face treatment!" he growled, and struggling to his feet, though Adolf sought vainly to compose him, he demanded hurriedly: "What number did you say in William Street?"

Of course the fact that Mr. Osgood had gone into the wine trade was nothing unusual. It is a line that Wall Street men often take up, especially after a prolonged inactive market. Mr. Mobley himself had, in fact, often thought of trying it. The real cause of his emotion was that if Mr. Osgood had an office of his own he must have also money, else he could not have put up for the rent. About five minutes later, consequently, Mr. Osgood was alarmed by a sudden commotion in the anteroom to his office. Looking out he was astonished to see a well-dressed gentleman engaged in a struggle with his office boy. The office boy, to be frank, was trying to bar the gate which the gentleman was as strongly trying to force. "Here! here!" exclaimed Mr. Osgood, who was a large, fleshy man, "what's the row?" As the room was piled to the windows with cases of Purple Top, Mr. Osgood's new brand, the light was too dim to let him recognize his caller.

The boy explained. "This gink here says I ain't to take in his name first. He says he knows you all right, all right, and he'll take in his own name, you bet!"

Mr. Mobley brushed the boy aside. "I want to see you, Charley," he announced bluntly, and with this Mr. Osgood recognized him. "Oh, it's you, is it?" he observed, and added hospitably: "What's eating you anyhow?"

Before replying Mr. Mobley edged into the private office, where with an air of some determination he helped himself to a chair. Then he spoke. "Looks like you're doing business, eh?" he remarked, to which Mr. Osgood replied that in some ways it indeed had that look. "All right, bo!" Mr. Mobley returned abruptly; "you've got a little piece of money now and I've got your I. O. U. I'd hate to say, too," he added morosely, "how long it's been growing whiskers."

Mr. Osgood treated his visitor to a brief, benevolent smile. "You've got nothing on me," he remarked pleasantly. "Some of yours, Mac, ain't so young they couldn't vote."

Mr. Mobley scowled fitfully. "Cut out the comebacks, Charley," he announced. "I'm paying off all of mine and that's why you've got to cough." After this happy periphrase he demanded stiffly: "Now are you going to come across?"

Mr. Osgood didn't know. At the moment, as he said, money was tight in the wine trade and he'd have to have time to think. Hearing this Mr. Mobley decisively pushed back his chair. "Nussir!" he retorted grimly. "I know how long it takes you to think. You'll pay it today or I'll [illegible]."

"Well, what'll you do?" inquired Mr. Osgood.

Mr. Mobley hadn't thought, but at this instant a strong inspiration burst upon him with the glamour of a gem. "I'll report you at the club—to the governors [illegible]" he ejaculated, and tilting back in his chair he waited expectantly.

For a moment Mr. Osgood gazed, then gasped. He appeared, in fact, to be aghast, though had one looked closely he would have seen presently that Mr. Osgood's scrubby mustache concealed a sly, furtive smile. "Good Lord, Mac! You wouldn't do that?" he expostulated. "Aw, say now!" he protested, "you'll give me a little time, won't you? I'll tell you what," he proposed earnestly, "you wait till this evening—say seven o'clock—and I'll see you at the club. How's that now?" he asked anxiously.

Mr. Mobley wouldn't hear of it. Though he didn't say so, circumstances might prevent him that evening from going to the club. "Aw, come now!" pleaded Mr. Osgood. "I want only till seven to settle." His manner now was really perturbed.

Mr. Mobley pondered a moment. "Well, I won't be hard on you," he answered finally. "The amount's $61.80, and if by seven you send the money—not a check, mind, but the cash—to my apartments, I'll let the matter drop. Now understand!" he warned—"seven o'clock sharp!"

Mr. Osgood promised faithfully, and having written down the address he ushered his visitor to the door. Afterward, however, or when he found himself alone, the gentleman's air of humility suddenly deserted him. Anger took its place. "Holy smoke!" gasped the wine agent; "get me fired at the club?—that tout!" A cackle of ironic laughter burst suddenly from his lips.

* * * * * * * *

The Hocking panic is one that long will be remembered in brokerage circles. Coming, as it did, at a moment when the public was not in on the market the affair was doubly disastrous, for besides scaring off the public still farther it was on the brokers themselves that the stock was largely unloaded. However, there was at least one outsider we know about that had a block of the security—viz., Mr. Hoag, the hat clerk.

At eleven or thereabouts the young man was measuring a customer—one of his regular trade—for a light pearl six and seven-eighths. "Right natty!" he vowed, as he grasped its brim delicately with a thumb and forefinger and adjusted it to the gentleman's head. Then he added: "All our best dressers this season are wearing 'em. They are a great favoryte in Wall Street." Naturally at so substantial a guarantee his patron took the hat, and stepping over to the cash register the young salesman was just making change when he heard his name called. "Party on the 'phone, Horace," said Miss Ziegler, the hatshop's bookkeeper, who had just come in from an errand.

Hoag smiled benignly. Miss Ziegler, though not exactly pretty, still looked almost fetching at times. In his hall bedroom up at Mrs. Mangin's the hat clerk often thought of the young woman, though up to the present he'd felt it best not to say anything directly to the lady herself. In time, however, he reflected, he might save enough to buy an interest in the hatshop, but time seems always long in such a case. It was for this reason, therefore, that Hoag had invested his money, hoping in brief, that the investment might double or even treble it. Presently, as he felt certain, he would be enabled to speak frankly to Miss Ziegler, who he occasionally had been very patient. Now, with another fond look in her direction he put the receiver to his ear. "Hello!—yes?" he called.

The voice that answered, though unknown to him, was suave and conciliatory. "Mr. Hoag? Ah, yes! This is Rooker, Burke & Co., Wall Street."

"My brokers—oh, yes! What is it?" he inquired. Frankly it thrilled him quite a lot to have the other clerks hear him talking to his "bankers." "Begging pardon," said the voice, now more suave, even more conciliatory; "if you don't mind we'd like a little more margin."

"Margin?" Hoag for a moment scarcely understood. "Margin!" he repeated.

"Why, less than two hours ago I gave you a thousand dollars! My check for a thousand!" he added sharply.

The answer was immediate. "Yes, we have your check, Mr. Hoag; but you see it's not ——"

He instantly interrupted. "Say!" he cried, his tone brave, though the sweat was starting on his brow. "You don't mean anything's wrong with the bank, do you?" By now he'd utterly forgotten the other clerks who stood by listening.

There was nothing wrong with the bank. Explicitly this was made clear to him. Afterward, in the same explicit way so plainly, in fact, that a little child would have understood it Mr. Hoag was made to grasp exactly what had happened. All dabblers in the market look for action, and Mr. Hoag had got his. He turned to Miss Ziegler, whose face reflected his own clammy pallor. A brief smile for an instant struggled to assert itself. Then his lips inexorably parted with the words he could n't hold back. "Oh, my God! my God!" whispered Mr. Hoag, and when she, too, had echoed his exclamation Mr. Hoag snatched up his hat and rushed blindly from the shop. Meanwhile over in Fred's place Mr. Mobley had just sat himself down to his well-earned simple breakfast.

Idly unaware of what went on so near at hand he struck a match, touched it to the Egyptian, then leisurely stirred his coffee. Decidedly things were looking up. Either Hoag or Pingree sooner or later must pay him a handsome bonus, on top of which he'd achieved the marvelous by forcing Osgood to come across. All this spelled Easy Street, for with Osgood's money he could take up the Bannerman check, while Mrs. Mangin, no doubt, could easily be stood off till Hoag or Pingree, as the case might be, made good. "Fine!" he murmured. Possibly he might not even have to consider Mrs. Mangin. The clothes up in his room were almost out of style anyway, and the old dame could hang on to them if she liked. Certainly with all the cash he now had in sight a new wardrobe was not only possible but desirable. Why wouldn't it be nice, too, when he had his new clothes, to run down to Atlantic City for a few days to show them off — somewhere anyway? However, as this would require a little more than he'd calculated he must see that Hoag or Pingree—whichever it was—must not be allowed to close out until the account showed a good profit—say, a couple of hundred for himself. Maybe, too, he might even song-and-dance Bannerman into taking a thirty-day note. Or if not that he might be able to get him into another bridge game, then trim him. He'd see about it anyway.

It was at this stage in his pleasant reflections that Mr. Mobley heard his name called. Looking up he saw the barman beckoning him to the telephone. "Call from your office, Mac," said the man.

"The office?" echoed Mr. Mobley. That was queer. Very rarely had there been occasion to call him up before. A little chill of apprehension touched him, a shiver of premonition. "Yes well?" he said into the transmitter. "What you want?"

It was the quotation clerk who answered. "Say, Mac," he announced hurriedly, "there's one of your short sports over here throwing a cat fit. Got cleaned out on Hocking, I guess, so you'd better come over before he scatters any more hysterics." Then before Mr. Mobley could speak the youth added: "He says his name's Hogg or Hodge, only he's crying into his beer so's you can't tell."

Mr. Mobley breathed with relief. Moreover he had cause for jubilation. Hocking must be doing something or Hoag wouldn't be raising a fuss at the office. "Say! what's up?" he laughed interestedly. "Hocking must be shooting off fireworks."

"Holy Cassidy!" cried the clerk excitedly. "Haven't you heard? Why!" he exploded with a brief but illuminating bit of profanity. "After the opening the bear crowd gave that cat and dog a kick under the knee and now, oh me, oh my! Say, Hocking's landsliding like a house afire!"

The metaphor, though slightly mixed, was still graphic enough to fill Mr. Mobley with jubilation. "Phew!" he exultantly whistled. Of course, personally he'd have preferred Hoag to win, since Hoag would have settled up without haggling. Then again, with Hoag a loser it might be uncomfortable to have him at Mrs. Mangin's should he—that is, Mr. Mobley himself—decide for any reason to return there. In the midst of this reflection a second shiver struck him. What if Hoag kicked up rumpus enough to attract Pingree's attention? One could never tell about such dubs as Hoag. Sometimes they beefed pretty loudly when they got cleaned out, and there might be complications should Pingree overhear. "Look here, Spike!" said Mr. Mobley after wetting his lips; "is Pingree in the office?"

"Pingree?" echoed the other. As he waited for the answer Mr. Mobley felt his brow grow damp. "Pingree? Oh, why, no!" answered Spike. Pingree, it appeared, half an hour before had gone uptown. Since then, however, he'd run the private operator half to death calling up every three minutes or so. "Tell me," said Mr. Mobley, again thankful; "he hasn't closed out his Hocking deal, has he?"

No, Mr. Pingree still held on. Then utterly to his astonishment Mr. Mobley heard how Hocking had fallen and that a near-panic was raging upon the floor of the Exchange. "Fallen twenty points!" he roared. It was so and it would fall farther. Why, that meant he was already four hundred to the good; and executing a little buck-and-wing step by the telephone Mr. Mobley was about to hang up the receiver when Spike hurriedly restrained him. "Say!" he protested; "you ain't told me yet what I'm to do with what's his name Hogg, ain't it?—the piker who's kicking up a fuss."

"Oh, him?" Mr. Mobley now was in a hurry to get back to his coffee. "If he starts anything," he laughed, "why, throw him out." He was about to hang up then when again Spike cut in. "Here, hold on, Mac!" he remonstrated. "Can't you wait till I'm finished?" A little grumpy at being detained—it was certain his coffee would be cold and if there was one thing he hated it was that—anyway Mr. Mobley asked crossly what he wanted.

The answer was a retort equally tart. "Now don't you get gay, son," the quotation clerk flung back at him, "'cause if you do you c'n come over here and hoe your own potatoes." Having delivered himself of this happy expression he advised Mr. Mobley that a second gentleman had been inquiring for him. It was, in short, Mr. Bannerman.

"Bannerman . . . what's he want?" echoed Mr. Mobley, though with a gasp he jumped instantly at the right conclusion.

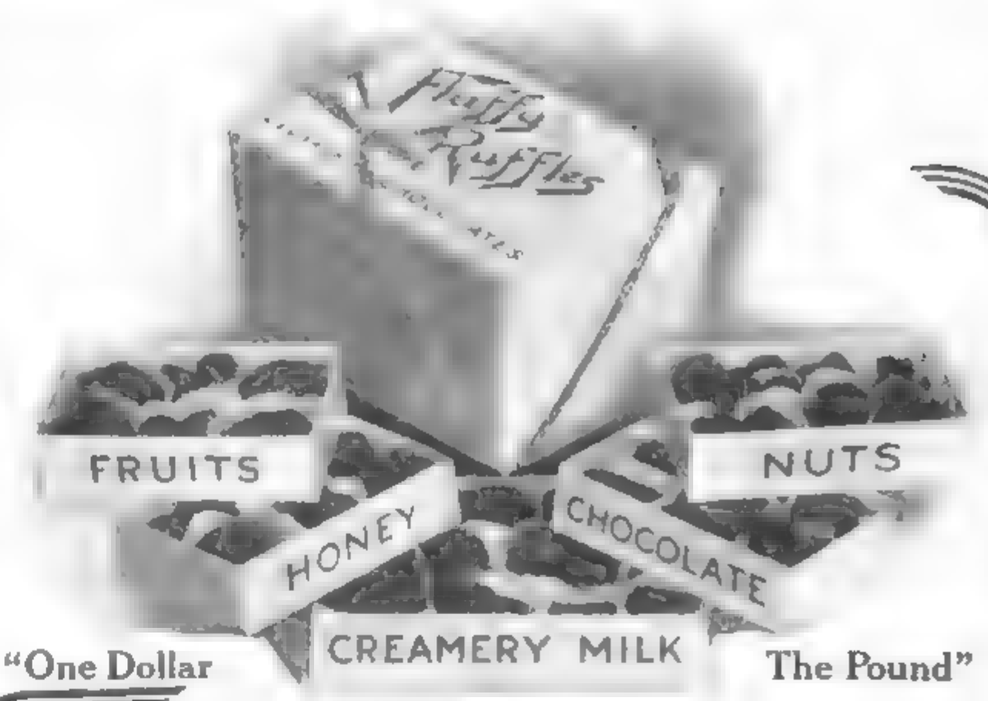
"Well," drawled Spike, "I kind of guess he's got a check of yours and wants to collect. Anyway he showed me one with your name on it and it was marked 'N. G.'"

Jove! This was a complication! The idea that Bannerman might take the check to the bank in person had never occurred to him. Ordinarily he might have tried to bluff off the fellow, but now he dared not. A scene at the office would be too painful—especially painful inasmuch as several of the customers from whom he'd borrowed lunch money might be present. Anyway a scene would be likely to start something, he couldn't say what. On the other hand he had to nab Pingree when he returned. Four hundred is a lot of money and he didn't just trust Mr. Pingree. What if he cashed in his winnings, closed out the account and departed elsewhere? For a moment Mr. Mobley turned quite pale.

"Listen!" he said as he wiped his brow; "you get rid of that fellow Bannerman. I had to stop that check on him because he tried to run in a marked deck on me. Yes, that's what!" he explained hurriedly. "He's only a short-card artist, and but that I didn't want any fuss at the office I'd come over and run him out myself. See? Well, you get rid of him, Spike," directed Mr. Mobley easily. "Say I m off for the day—out of town—something like that. Then you call me over here at Fred's. . . . Get that now?" he inquired.

"Yeh, I'm wise. . . . Anyway," drawled Spike, "I cotton that you don't much want to see him."

Mr. Mobley's coffee was quite cold when he got back to it. After a sip he shoved it away and disgustedly ordered another cup. Gad! it was rotten, he told himself, that with all the money coming to him there should be any hitch about it. Anxiously he sat and waited, but at noon no call had come from Spike, and though Fred's place now began to fill with the usual midday cocktail throng Mr. Mobley sat apart, plunged in moody silence. Not only did he decline several warm invitations from the bar but an out-and-out bid to luncheon as well. Every time the telephone jingled he started consciously, and at one P. M., when



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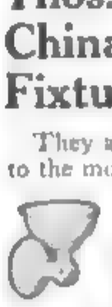

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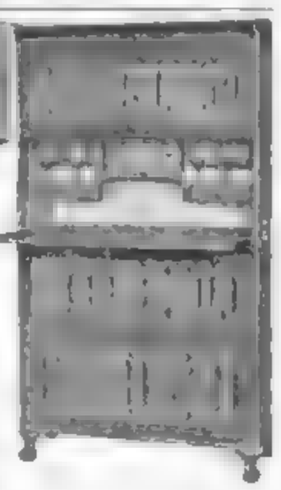

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he could stand it no longer, he sought the near-by privacy of a telephone booth and rang up Rooker, Burke & Co. Meanwhile, as he knew from fragmentary talk overheard at the bar, Hocking kept on tumbling. Rich though it made him—that is, rich comparatively speaking—he felt a deep sense of grievous personal injury in that he could not get his hands instantly on the money.

After some delay he got the quotation clerk. "That fellow Bannerman still there?" he sulkily demanded.

"He sure is," was the answer. Moreover, Mr. Bannerman, having announced he didn't believe Mobley was out of town unless he'd walked, had taken a chair and was prepared to wait indefinitely. "Sure, that's right," said Spike, and he added: "I shouldn't wonder if he sent out for a mattress and pillow and shook down a bed for the night." Hoag, however, had been shown the door, while Pingree still clung to the end of a distant wire. "Between you and me," advised Spike eloquently, "Pink's celebrating. From his remarks I take it he's collected quite a little sosh."

Mr. Mobley felt deplorable. "Wouldn't that beat you? Say!" he grumbled, "if Pink comes in or Bannerman quits you let me know, won't you, Spike? I'll still be over here at Fred's place." Spike promised, but at two P. M., when no message had yet arrived, Mr. Mobley with a grim visage walked to the telephone again. He'd decided now on a plan. If Osgood meant to make good at seven he could do it as well at the moment. With that money Mr. Mobley could go back to the office and square matters with Bannerman.

The plan proved as fruitless as Mr. Mobley's other efforts. Mr. Osgood, he was told, had left for the day. Moreover, the statement was the truth, for after an altercation over the wire Mr. Mobley had proved it to his satisfaction by going to Mr. Osgood's office and forcing his way inside. Returning to Fred's place he again called up Rooker, Burke & Co. This time hope dawned anew.

"I got hold of Pink," said the quotation clerk. "And say!" he added voluminously, "he's lit up like Coney on the Fourth!"

"Soused?" cried Mr. Mobley in the vernacular.

"Yes, up to the eyelids!" the quotation clerk replied. However, it was not so bad as it might be. Mr. Pingree had loudly expressed his gratitude to Mr. Mobley for giving him the tip and insisted on his benefactor joining him at once. Mr. Mobley cried out in relief. "Where did he say he was?" he demanded eagerly, and grinding the telephone to his ear he anxiously waited the answer. It was disappointing or, that is to say, rather more distracting. In brief, Mr. Pingree had now reached the cab stage of his celebration and was indefinitely somewhere between Fourteenth and Fifty-ninth Streets. The clew, however, was close enough for Mr. Mobley. "Listen, Spike," he cried animatedly; "if Pingree calls again tell him to wait exactly where he is. There's a ten-spot in it for you, Spike, if you hold him. Say it's a matter of life or death. No, wait! Tell him I know of another melon that's to be cut. Hand it out thick, Spike! Say it's got Hocking beaten a mile. Understand, don't you?" he cried appealingly.

Spike understood, and hanging up the receiver Mr. Mobley dashed out to the curb. Hailing a passing taxi he gave a frantic direction to the driver. "Fourteenth Street and Broadway!" he ordered, adding excitedly: "When you get there stop at every barroom going north where there's a taxi in front of the door!"

Leaping aboard Mr. Mobley settled back for what he knew indefinably was to be a wild-goose chase that would consume hours and would end—where?

. . . . . .

Seven o'clock had just struck when Miss Ziegler came up from the kitchen below bearing in her hands the dainty tray for the sick room. Thin slices of evenly buttered bread and a choice banana from the Italian's on the corner flanked a steaming bowl of rich oatmeal gruel. It was just such a repast, in fact, as would appeal most to one whose appetite as well as hope seemed forever to have departed.

"Oh, Mrs. Mangin!" cried the young girl, averting her head so that a stray tear should not besprinkle the oatmeal; "I don't know how I can ever repay your kindness in letting me stay to 'tend him!"

"Sssh!" said Mrs. Mangin bruskly. Withdrawing her ear from the keyhole

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of the parlor door she tiptoed back toward Miss Ziegler. "Now wouldn't it grab you!" she whispered mysteriously. "There's three of them in there now and the last one's plastered to his cowlick."

The remark, though somewhat cryptic, apparently was fraught with meaning to Miss Ziegler. "Oh, my heavenly stars!" she murmured tragically. "Then my poor Horace is not the only one the villain got into?"

Visibly annoyed, Mrs. Mangin slowly turned. "How can I make out," she demanded fretfully, "when you're making such a row? Can't you hush?"

A man's voice raised itself. "Yaas—and oh!" it said brokenly, "I says to him, so I did -'Yaas, it's only the Rubes that buy.'" After this came another sob, at which Miss Ziegler instantly dabbed her eyes in sympathy.

A second voice was heard. "Sho!" it said. "I couldn't never have—hic! believed it—hic! Why, the blooming—hic! told me to sell!"

Following this came still a third voice: "Yes, that tout always was out after an open and shut sure thing!" it said, whereat a fourth person spoke: "That's right now! Why, there's hardly a man in the club he hasn't stuck. Look at last night now!"

Miss Ziegler glided swiftly toward Mrs. Mangin's crouching form. "Ain't it offle?" she whispered, and added piteously: "Don't you think I'd oughter run out and get a cop?"

In answer Mrs. Mangin made a frantic grimace at the girl. "Sssh!" she hissed warningly. "Listen!"

The voices in the other room had suddenly hushed themselves, though now and again a strangled "hic!" could be heard. All at once a sharp grating noise broke in, the noise of a latchkey stealthily inserted in its lock. Then a hinge creaked upon itself, and with a swift movement Mrs. Mangin arose and sped toward the hallway, down which she crept on tiptoe. "Well, gents, here he is!" she cried abruptly, and leaping between Mr. Mobley and the street door she stood there triumphantly.

It was quite a little symposium that greeted Mr. Mobley. Like characters in a play the figures grouped themselves about him in a pretty tableau. Attired in a red-and-blue striped blanket from Mrs. Mangin's boudoir Hoag confronted Mr. Mobley like an image of avenging fate.

It was Mrs. Mangin who was first to dispel the stage illusion. "You needn't bother yourself to skip upstairs, Mr. Mobley," she remarked as he sought to reach the stairway. "Your door's locked and the key's right here in my pocket."

Hoag was next. "Oh, Mr. Mobley! Mr. Mobley!" he iterated. "I couldn't of believed it! No, I couldn't of!" he repeated.

He was still murmuring it when Mr. Bannerman spoke out. "Say, you!" he growled roughly. "Are you ready to square this check of yours or shall I go out and whistle for a peeler?"

Mr. Pingree now took his turn. What he had to say he confined briefly to a laconic word or two. "Hello, hic!—I mean Mac!" he said, hastily correcting himself. Mr. Osgood, however, said nothing. He merely smiled enjoyingly.

It may be said, though, that by now Mr. Mobley was in no mood to bandy words with any one. Having hunted Pingree high and low without avail, he might have continued the pursuit but for the taxi driver's rising objections. The meter already marked some twelve dollars or so, and alarmed by Mr. Mobley's growing agitation the man had demanded that Mr. Mobley either pay him at once or show him that ultimately he could pay. Not being in a position to do either, Mr. Mobley had directed him to drive to Mrs. Mangin's. Osgood would be waiting, and with Osgood's money he would be able to settle the cab bill and get rid of the taxi, after which he would again be at leisure to pursue Mr. Pingree.

But here now was Pingree himself. Lured on by the suggestion that Mr. Mobley had still another melon to cut, Mr. Pingree had himself set out to pursue Mr. Mobley. The result was obvious. It was at the same time bordering on the tragic. What if Pingree had learned that Mr. Mobley, so far from being a benefactor, had merely—as the Wall Street term so simply has it—been playing him "both ends against the middle!"

But nothing venture nothing do. Wetting his lips Mr. Mobley flashed a look of scorn at the others. "Come along, Pink!" he said genially; "I've got a taxi outside."

At the words the group abruptly disarranged itself. When it came together again it stood en masse between Mr. Mobley and the door.

"Go with you?" exclaimed Mr. Pingree. "Why, say!" he added; "I've got money on me, and d'you—hic! suppose I'd go riding round with a regular, bunco-steering, Wall Street—hic? Nix!" said Mr. Pingree.

Mr. Mobley laid a hand appealingly on Mr. Pingree's arm.

"Pink, old boy! good old Pink!" he appealed. "You're not going to throw me down, are you? You're not going to renege on me like this?"

Mr. Pingree looked at him in bewildered surprise.

"Ain't I?" he inquired; then added: "No, of course I'm not, of course I'm not, of course I'm not, of course I'm—hic!—not ——" Mr. Pingree having said this much might still be saying it, but that Mr. Mobley interrupted. "You two-spot! you four-flusher!" he remarked, and turned belligerently to the heretofore silent Mr. Osgood. "Well, how about it, Charley?" he demanded. "Are you one of these cheap skates too?"

Mr. Osgood grinned. "Now don't get huffy, Mac," he remonstrated kindly, "because if you do you might start something. . . . No, I'm not reneging any," he added, and to show that he wasn't Mr. Osgood produced an envelope from his pocket.

A throb of relief sprang in Mr. Mobley's breast. The envelope was fat, thick and soft. He knew what it held.

"Money?" exclaimed Mrs. Mangin inquiringly. "I've got a little bill, you know—nine weeks' room rent at five a week."

"Yes, and I've got a check too," put in Mr. Bannerman.

"Money?—oh, Mr. Mobley!" appealed Mr. Hoag.

Mr. Mobley thought swiftly. The cash in the envelope was but a drop in the bucket. If he paid Bannerman he could not pay Mrs. Mangin. If he paid either he could not square the cabman outside. That meant a ride to the nearest police station. Gad! it was growing pretty serious.

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. Mobley gravely, "I guess I'm up against it." Turning to Mr. Bannerman he asked him for the check. "And you, Mrs. Mangin," he observed, "I'll thank you for your bill." Tapping the envelope Mr. Osgood had handed him, he glanced about him slyly. Hoag, Bannerman and Mrs. Mangin together had left the door.

"I ain't got any bill," said Mrs. Mangin. "It's nine weeks at five a week, which ——"

Then she screamed. Making a bolt for the door Mr. Mobley flung it open, slammed it to again, then turned the key in the lock. Behind him, as he rattled down the front steps, he heard a complexity of muffled cries—Mrs. Mangin's shrill pipe of baffled anger, Hoag's high-pitched lamentation, a tipsy shout from Pingree, and from Bannerman an elephantine bellow. Over all this arose another sound. It was the loud and hearty voice of Mr. Osgood, guffawing with an intensity of enjoyment. "Let him go!" cried Mr. Osgood exuberantly, and somehow his voice struck a chill in Mr. Mobley's heart. But now it was no time to temporize, and throwing open the cab door Mr. Mobley leaped aboard.

"Where to?" asked the driver wonderingly.

"Anywhere!" cried Mr. Mobley, then added: "And drive like the devil too!"

In his hand he still clutched Mr. Osgood's fat, bulging envelope. Sixty dollars in cash! It was something, anyway, and after he'd had dinner he'd decide what he must do. Leaning from the cab window he called a direction to the driver. "To the Waldorf!" he said. After food and a good cigar he'd feel much better anyhow. So sitting back among the cushions Mr. Mobley tore open the envelope Mr. Osgood had given him.

The instant he broke the paper a hoarse cry escaped him. Now he knew why Mr. Osgood had guffawed so loudly. In the envelope were half a dozen visiting cards, each folded in half—only these and nothing else. Each was an I. O. U. What is more, to make it worse the I. O. U.'s were Mr. Mobley's own.

"Whipsawed!" groaned Mr. Mobley. "Whipsawed!"

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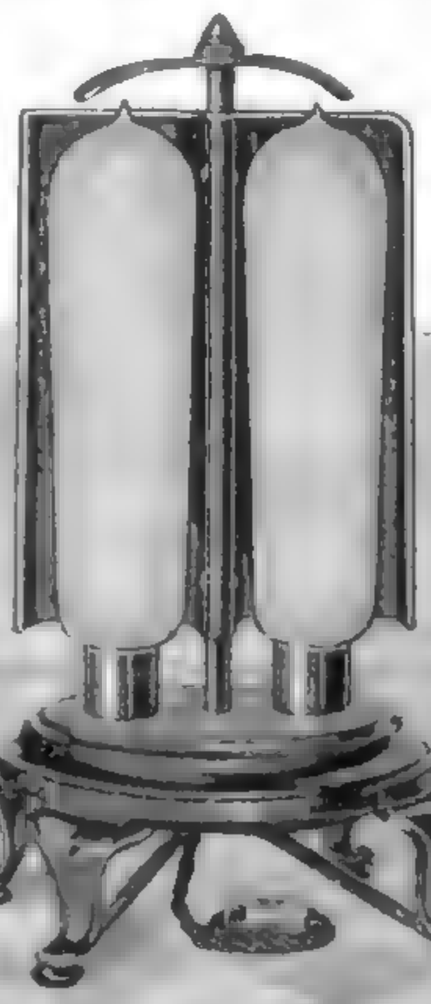

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So great has been the demand from every quarter that we have been forced to secure another factory in addition to our own plant. In November—a "dull" month—when manufacturers generally are easing up—we leased a large part of the factory of the Royal Tourist Car Company, ten minutes run from our own shops. It is now operated as our plant No. 3. And in addition to this, we are now erecting new factory buildings of our own.

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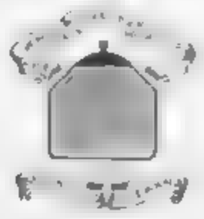

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Our Own Experiences

It must be remembered that for the two years when we were experimenting with this motor, we were in the position of *buyers* —not *sellers*. The old Stearns power plant had for years been admitted among the best in the world. We had little to gain and much to lose by the adoption of something new. All the expert knowledge of our organization was pitted *against* the Knight motor. We gave the engine unfair tests—we tried it as we *could not* try a poppet valve engine. The whole future of our business was at stake on the issue.

The Knight proved itself. Our own experiments but confirmed the results secured by the greatest designers in Europe. The Knight came through every test—every trial—triumphant. Try as we would, the Knight principle forced us to the acknowledgment of its superiority. In our own factory with every man's hand against it—it won its own battle. On the road, with factory drivers under instructions to "drive it to death"—it answered every demand, fulfilled every claim made for it. Then, satisfied that we had the world's best, we abandoned the old type, and announced the new model.

The Verdict

We told the public months ago of the Stearns-Knight, and what it had in store for those fortunate enough to possess it. And now the great American public—the final court—is telling *us* of the Stearns-Knight. Telling us of the wonderful success of this car in the hands of users—telling us of the acid test of service. And these voluntary tributes are from all parts of America. From Coast to Coast, and the Great Lakes to the Gulf. They are from experienced motorists — men whose judgment is final.

We have reproduced these letters in booklet form—letters telling what the Stearns-Knight means to men who drive it. How it has opened a new era to them.

Let Us Send the Facts

We will send this booklet of letters to you if you wish. And, we will send, too, "The Story of the Stearns-Knight Motor"—a booklet telling of the trial of two Knight motors by the Royal Automobile Club of Great Britain. How three years ago, laughed at by designers, and belittled by competitors, the invention of an American went triumphantly through tests that experts deemed impossible, and leaped to the proud position of master of the automobile world! We have told how, after weeks of exhaustive tests, these wonderful engines developed *more* power at the finish than at the beginning, *and showed no sign of wear!*

All this information should be in the hands of every well-posted man. The Knight motor is fast adding new pages to automobile history—mail us the coupon, and we will place the facts in your possession.

12963 EUCLID AVE Cleveland, O.

Stearns
THE ULTIMATE CAR
KNIGHT TYPE MOTOR

Dealers in all other principal towns and cities

(*Equipment continued*) **Silk Mohair Top and Cover, Continental Q. D. Demountable Rims (two extra rims), Muffler Cut-out, Footrest, Robe Rail, Trunk Rack, Bulb Horn, etc.**

THE F. B. STEARNS CO. Dept. O
Cleveland, Ohio.

Gentlemen—

Please send me your booklets telling the Story of the Stearns-Knight

Name

Address

From an old print in Le Temps (de Historique.

Napoleon's Visual Telegraph

The First Long Distance System

Indians sent messages by means of signal fires, but Napoleon established the first permanent system for rapid communication.

In place of the slow and unreliable service of couriers, he built lines of towers extending to the French frontiers and sent messages from tower to tower by means of the visual telegraph.

This device was invented in 1793 by Claude Chappe. It was a semaphore. The letters and words were indicated by the position of the wooden arms; and the messages were received and relayed at the next tower, perhaps a dozen miles away.

Compared to the Bell Telephone system of to-day the visual telegraph system of Napoleon's time seems a crude makeshift. It could not be used at night nor in thick weather. It was expensive in construction and operation, considering that it was maintained solely for military purposes.

Yet it was a great step ahead, because it made possible the transmission of messages to distant points without the use of the human messenger.

It blazed the way for the Universal Telephone service of the Bell system which provides personal intercommunication for 90,000,000 people and is indispensable for the industrial, commercial and social progress of the Nation.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

Compo-Board

Just Nail It On

You can line your walls and ceilings in one-tenth the time it takes to plaster and without the muss and dirt. Compo-Board can be nailed over the old plaster or direct to the studding of new buildings

Compo-Board walls and ceilings have a smooth surface—can be papered, decorated in oil or water color or paneled in effective designs as you wish.

Compo-Board is air tight and warp-proof. Cold, heat, or moisture can't get through [illegible] and bangs of furniture without serious damage.

Send for Sample and Booklet—

See what Compo Board is like, and learn in how many different ways it can be used about the house, as well as for lining of walls and ceilings.

Compo-Board is sold in strips 4 ft. wide and 1 to 18 ft. long, by dealers in nearly every town. Write at once for sample.

Northwestern Compo-Board Co.
4303 Lyndale Avenue N., Minneapolis, Minn.

An Established 6% Investment

We are offering, to net 6%, a small block of a First Mortgage bond issue marketed by us some time ago. **The bonds are issued under our plan of serial payments and the first installment of the principal has already matured and was paid promptly.** The security for these bonds is conservatively valued at more than five times the amount of the issue. The bonds are guaranteed and this guarantee places behind them additional assets of nearly twice the amount of the issue. We recommend these bonds as a conservative investment.

Ask for Circular No. 732 Y

Peabody, Houghteling & Co.

Established 1865 105 S. La Salle Street, Chicago

BULWARKS OF BUSINESS POLICY

(Continued from Page 18)

The first decade of this century brought still more expansion and order. Distribution was put on a national basis. The loud-talking drummer of other days was replaced by the temperate, soft-spoken salesman, backed by the new force of advertising. "Big business" expanded and at the same time a public conscience developed—and new business ideals, bringing us into the present decade, which will undoubtedly be one in which watered values must disappear, speculative methods cease, a better legal basis for business arrived at, and the machinery of production and distribution improved, simplified and based on real public service.

Business changes, but men seldom do. The promoter who was thoroughly at home in the bonanza eighties found it difficult to follow the ideas of the nineties; and if he survived into the present century he thought he had lived to see business turned into a mere Sunday-school. The broker who tipped a waiter a dollar in the nineties, when fortunes were made in Wall Street flotations, now matches nickels for carfare and will probably be overboard by 1915. This applies not only to promoters and brokers but to the president of the company, the sales force, the factory force and the office boy. Only the exceptional man grows from one period into another, by keeping his intellect working.

The best way of keeping a business organization in touch with today is to get men of today into it. That is the general policy of corporations. Their activities are so wide that many new men must be taken in each year, and they canvass the colleges and schools for good material. With smaller concerns, however, young blood may be introduced only when the sons or grandsons come out of college; and then the weight of outworn methods, backed by men who think in terms of an outworn period, may make readjustment difficult.

Applying the Soft Pedal

A young man went into a business founded by his grandfather. Many of his granddad's old clerks were still round the offices and a lot of his notions. New ways of handling routine work were introduced and young fellows brought in. As fast as the grandson built up, however, the old boys tore down. Seeing a newcomer tackling work on its merits and with energy, they took him aside, told how much money they had earned there at his age and how slightly salaries had grown since then. What if he did work hard? It would all come to the same thing in the end. Better take life easy. No headway could be made until most of these old clerks were weeded out.

Precisely the same spirit is often found in management, however.

One of the large corporations, during the past five years, has put a good deal of effort into getting capable young men away from other concerns. Some chap attracts attention in the trade for his knack at running a sales force or developing new territory. A contract is made at a large salary and he is brought to this company's general offices to repeat his success; but he never does, because he never gets a chance. For the management of that corporation includes no men of today. The officers were at their best fifteen years ago, when business was secured by crushing a competitor or a difficult price situation met with a railroad rebate. Nowadays, the true line upon which to build business is in the stopping of waste, the perfection of distribution so that an enormous volume of goods will flow almost automatically, turning slender profits, and so forth. The management is grandmotherly. Each official is surrounded by sycophants. When a young man proposes action these followers put the soft pedal on his scheme. "Let us take time and think this matter over," they advise. "Better let well enough alone—wise counsel ought to prevail." So nothing is ever done.

Some years ago a large English company got into difficulties and was placed in the hands of a receiver. More than a million pounds of capital were involved. The company had a trade name known for two generations. Whether to wind up its affairs, sell it as a going concern, or try to reconstruct it was a serious problem. The creditors most deeply concerned were holders

Children with sound bodies

make strong men and women later. You mothers can make your children well and strong by proper feeding. Whole wheat provides nature's most nourishing, body-building food, and

Ralston Wheat Food

is the most economical and the best. Just the finest whole wheat, ground, with all its nourishment and delicious flavor left in. A solid substantial food. Great for growing children.

Ralston is not factory cooked—but fresh cooked, every morning, in your own kitchen, and brought to your table, tempting and delicious. A cup full, when cooked makes six dishes—a box makes fifty breakfasts.

What is good for your children is good for you. Serve Ralston to the whole family. Buy a box today, for your children's sake you will like it too.

Purina Whole Wheat Flour
makes delicious, nourishing bread, muffins, rolls, etc. Try it, too.

Ever Eat Chicken Roasted in a Paper Bag?

TRADE MARK UNION Cookery Bag

Um-m! Better than your [illegible] tastes better, cooks in less time, no smell of cooking, no pans to wash.

Ask Your Grocer To Supply You

[illegible] ordinary paper bags won't do. Union Cookery Bags are tasteless, moisture proof, germ-proof. [illegible] 25c packages.

The Union Bag & Paper Co. 1914 Whitehall Bldg., New York

MARVEL SOLDER
INSTANTLY MENDS ALL LEAKS

[illegible] machinery. Every [illegible]
Send 10c for trial tube.
MARVEL SOLDER CO.
1937 Broadway, Dept. 9, New York

AGENTS WANTED
QUICK SALES BIG PROFITS

For full information about
PATENTS
Write, Mason, Fenwick & Lawrence
610 F Street, Washington, D. C.
Established Fifty Years. Useful Booklet FREE

50c Magnificent 1912 Hub Coin Book. Cloth-Bound, finely illustrated.—A reliable guide for buying or [illegible] "Rare Coins."—We GUARANTEE to pay prices quoted therein.—Alexander [illegible] kers and Coin Dealers (established 1870) 35 Devonshire St. Boston, Mass.

THE very name Huyler's seems to many people to give this candy an extra degree of goodness—but this is an illusion. Huyler's candies could not be made better if they cost five times as much, and by any other name would taste as good.

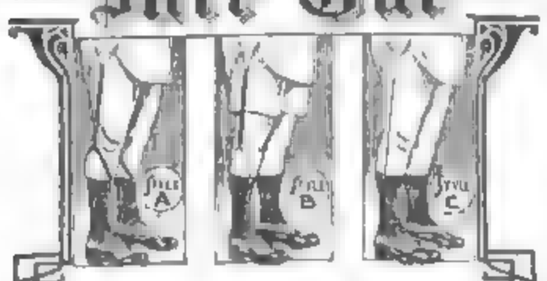
Write for Interesting Huyler Booklet

and let us give you the name of the Huyler agent nearest you. The booklet tells how purity and quality are assured in all Huyler products.

Huyler's 64 Irving Place, New York
Sales Agents Everywhere

Huyler's
Bonbons & Chocolates

TRADE Shir Gar MARK



Holds the Sox up. Holds the Shirt down.
Does not bind the leg.

[illegible] of Shirt bosom. Fine for [illegible] shirts. Only [illegible] endurable with [illegible] B in Silk, 75c, [illegible] 50c [illegible] 25c.

[illegible] At your dealers [illegible] a pair postpaid

Shirt Garter Co., Box 101 Columbus, Tenn.

LAW Study at Home

[illegible] Harvard, Chicago, Ill. Wis., Mich., Ia., Stanford [illegible] others. Very low cost and easy [illegible]

La Salle Extension University, Box 9351, Chicago, Ill.

20 Beautiful Post Cards 10c
Very Choicest Gold Embossed

Lovely assortment of 20 Artistic [illegible] Birds, Roses and Flowers in exquisite [illegible] only 10 cts if you answer this ad. immediately

J. H. Seymour, 404 W. Eighth St., Topeka, Kan.

CALIFORNIA'S Santa Clara Valley, known as the [illegible] paradise," surrounds SUNNYVALE [illegible] San Francisco. [illegible] page illustrated book [illegible] Sunnyvale Chamber of Commerce, 86 Crossman Bldg. Sunnyvale, California.

of a large issue of its bonds. A meeting of bondholders was called and decided to make the receiver general manager for a year, let him continue the business, and see what came of it.

The receiver was not a manufacturer and had no technical knowledge of the business, being simply an expert accountant, with a lot of courage and common sense. When the bondholders met a year later he was able to show profits amounting to nearly ten per cent of the total capitalization, and the bondholders were delighted to authorize him to go on.

What ailed that business was a general slackening due to old age. Years of trading had put thousands of accounts on the books, but they had not been weeded out. Old customers owed the company nearly a million dollars. The stock of goods on hand when the concern went into the receivership inventoried a couple of hundred thousand dollars. Yet latterly the business had come to such emergencies that railroads were seizing goods in transit for freight charges, and even the company's supplies of gas and water were in danger of being cut off for non-payment of bills.

The receiver simply brought in youth. He lured the business out of the last generation and put it into this. First, sufficient capital was borrowed to meet running expenses. The product was improved. Then young salesmen were sent out to get young accounts—live accounts. Collection men were put on to the old book debts. Customers who had some life left in them were brought to time and those who had none decently buried. The business had held rigidly to the methods that had been good in a former period, and had ossified for lack of periodical infusions of young blood and new ideas.

Experience Versus Ignorance

Keeping business at the right age for maximum efficiency is not always a matter of bringing youngsters in and throwing the old boys out, however; for there are instances where youth and energy are rather too abounding and the sobering influence of experience is needed.

An excellent example of this is the automobile industry.

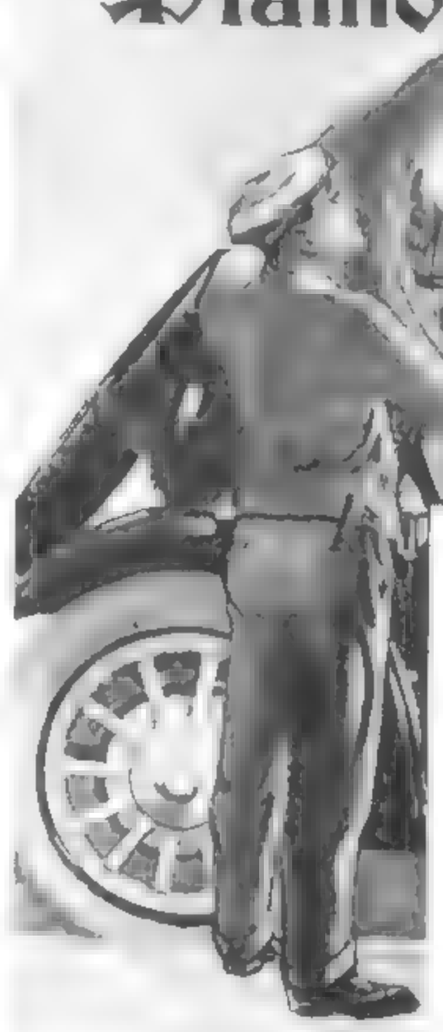
The automobile burst into the world with almost dramatic suddenness. One year it was rumored as a possibility and the next year it was an accomplished fact. It made an appeal to popular interest unlike anything that had ever gone before. The industry emerged from nothing in a period measured by months, and as a manufacturing and commercial proposition seemed to attract all that was youthful and adventurous in business life. Racing, sensational publicity and reckless finance marked the first years. The public looked for excitement in connection with the new wonder and the auto men met expectations, building every sort of racing machine. That attracted the most attention. Besides, it was easier to build racing cars and run them in sensational contests than it was to plod patiently at the development of the stock car for everyday service. Speculation entered into the management of even some of the more conservative concerns, for this exciting new business was peculiar in that the bulk of the sales was made during a very short period each year. At that season the auto manufacturer got his hands on some real money, though the rest of the year he ran his manufacturing, experimental and selling organizations as he could, and wondered what the next spring would bring forth.

This industry was finally given ballast by the disappearance of the more reckless concerns and the coming into it of solid men—fellows with the humdrum financial experience of the banker or the mill treasurer, for the most part, with not much romance about them, but a canny faculty of looking backward and forward at the same time. They saw the real issues, financed them, and put the business on a business basis.

The right age, really, is a matter of balance. Any business organization, whether it is large or small, is chiefly a way of thinking. Demand changes, business standards broaden and the competition keeps pace with the possibilities. The policymaker who keeps the organization in close and constant touch with conditions is the man who brings in new men from year to year and keeps the organization alert for the new viewpoints that come with them.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by James H. Collins. The fifth will appear in an early issue.

Diamond Tires



We could build them cheaper
But We Won't

We would build them better
But We Can't

THE dealer who sells you DIAMOND TIRES is thinking of *your* profit as well as his own—he is "tire-wise"—and believes in trading up—rather than trading down.

¶ He can buy cheaper tires than DIAMOND TIRES, and make a larger one-time profit, but he cannot sell you *better* tires.

¶ The dealer who sells you DIAMOND TIRES can be depended upon when he sells you other things—he believes in service—in integrity. He's reliable.

In addition to dependable dealers everywhere, there are FIFTY-FOUR Diamond Service Stations. Diamond Service means more than merely selling tires—it means taking care of Diamond Tire buyers.

The Diamond Rubber Company
AKRON, OHIO

1912 Will Be Quality Year. The to the Warner Auto-Meter

The Motor Car Manufacturer's slogan for 1912-13 is "How much value can I give for a Dollar and still get out even?"

The Auto Show this year breathes *QUALITY*. You note it everywhere. It indicates the progress of the automobile into the field of good, sound, legitimate business. Success now depends on *Stable Values* and not on the ability to make immediate delivery of a car.

For this reason the Auto Buyer will find it harder than ever to pick the BEST for the money this year.

Many of the choicest cars in the shows—big 1912 successes—are Warner-equipped

The wisest manufacturers in the auto field are those far-sighted ones who forecast complete equipment with the BEST as inevitable. These have equipped with the Warner Auto-Meter for 1912 instead of waiting until 1913, as many have decided to do. Up to date of writing this ad eighteen makers of these *Quality Cars* have announced the Warner as regular equipment for 1912. Before the New York Show is over we expect at least *ten more* will have reached the same far-sighted conclusion.

WARNER AUTO-METER
"The Aristocrat of Speed Indicators"

The Warner on the dash of a car serves as a "guidepost" to the mechanically untrained buyer.

—Not only because of the great intrinsic value of the Warner itself, but because

The Quality Warner at three to four times the cost of other speed indicators visibly indicates the *Quality Policy* of these makers

We do not wish to even insinuate that these cars offer so much extra value simply because these makers have paid from $20,000 to $50,000 *extra money* on their season's output to give you a Warner Auto-Meter. Quite the contrary. It simply indicates that with these makers *Quality is of Paramount Importance in every item*, and that the BEST throughout is considered none too good for their trade.

Don't misjudge the maker who is equipping for 1912 with a low-grade speed indicator—or none at all

The maker of a car selling at $900 or less could not reasonably be expected to equip with a High Quality, therefore a High-Priced Indicator like the Warner. Buyers of such cars do not expect it. They are given full value without it.

The class of makers who are equipping with no speed indicator at all, consider it unwise to cast reflections on their otherwise high-quality cars, even for a single season, by using a Speed Indicator which they cannot recommend with the same sincerity as their car itself.

In the meantime they are frankly urging buyers who can afford the extra price without hardship, to select the Warner Auto-Meter, as in their judgment, BEST, most accurate, dependable and reliable.

No buyer of any automobile, except the very lowest priced, should be content with anything but a Warner Auto-Meter on a 1913 car

The automobile-using public is so thoroughly aware of the meaning of *Supreme Quality* and Lifetime Service without loss of accuracy in a Speed Indicator—and so generally acknowledges the Warner to perfectly meet these requirements—that inferior indicators will receive scant consideration after the present season. In fact, much impatience is being expressed by many buyers even now.

Makers committed to an inferior indicator for 1912 are now tacitly apologizing to their trade

Note carefully at the Shows that the man in the Booth "points with pride" to the Warner on the dash. *Warner*

WARNER INSTRUMENT COMPANY, Main Offices and Factory 1224 Wheeler Avenue

FREE TO AUTOMOBILISTS! A vest-pocket "Automobile Expense Record" tab indexed for conveniently keeping account of tires, gasoline, oil, repairs, etc. Sent FREE for name and model of your car. Address S. E. PATE, Booklet Dept., Warner Instrument Company, Beloit, Wis.

BRANCH HOUSES MAINTAINED AT

Atlanta	Chicago	Denver	Kansas City	Philadelphia	San Francisco
Boston	Cincinnati	Detroit	Los Angeles	Pittsburgh	Seattle
Buffalo	Cleveland	Indianapolis	New York	Portland, Ore.	St. Louis

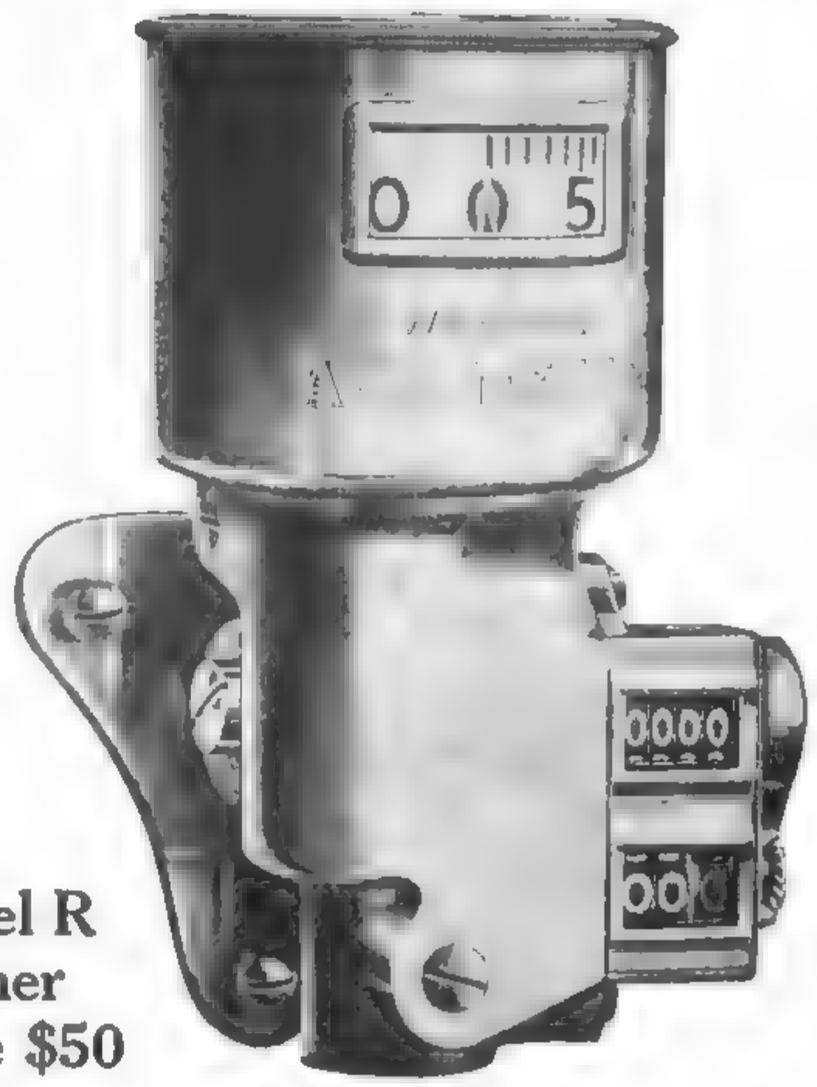
CANADIAN BRANCH: 559 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ontario

Big Landslide Steadily Growing

Equipment is used as a *selling argument*—and it is a worthy one. Then take notice how some makers in advertising and solicitation announce their cars as equipped with "A Speed Indicator." Why? No man ever need apologize for a Warner, no matter how high in quality his car may be, or how much he paid for it.

The man with $1,000 or more to invest in an automobile has a right to expect and demand *Supreme Quality* in every part of his car

The Warner Auto-Meter is justly termed "The Aristocrat of Speed Indicators." It is unvaryingly exact in indicating speed and distance. *Every Warner indicates exactly the same as every other Warner ever made.* For these reasons the Warner has been used for surveying the various Official Road Maps and Guides, which must be authoritative or they are valueless.



Model R Warner Price $50
(Actual Size)

It is next to impossible to tour comfortably by route book without a Warner Auto-Meter

It has been found worse than useless to attempt to Tour with indicators even a *little* fast or slow—and inferior indicators are almost always one or the other. Because, if the indicator is inaccurate, when the route book says: "29.3 miles, church at right," there will be no church, and when it says: "35.8 miles—turn to the left," maybe it's a blind lane or a road through a swamp instead of the road you want. So without a Warner with its unvarying true-to-the-hair accuracy and reliability you are *tied to home* and must travel the old, uninteresting *known roads* over and over again. Or on the other hand, must suffer untold annoyances by being directed over impassable roads by those who seem to like to fool an automobile owner.

You need a Warner on the car you have or are about to buy

If the car you select is not regularly equipped with the Warner—*buy* one for it. It will double your pleasure in the car

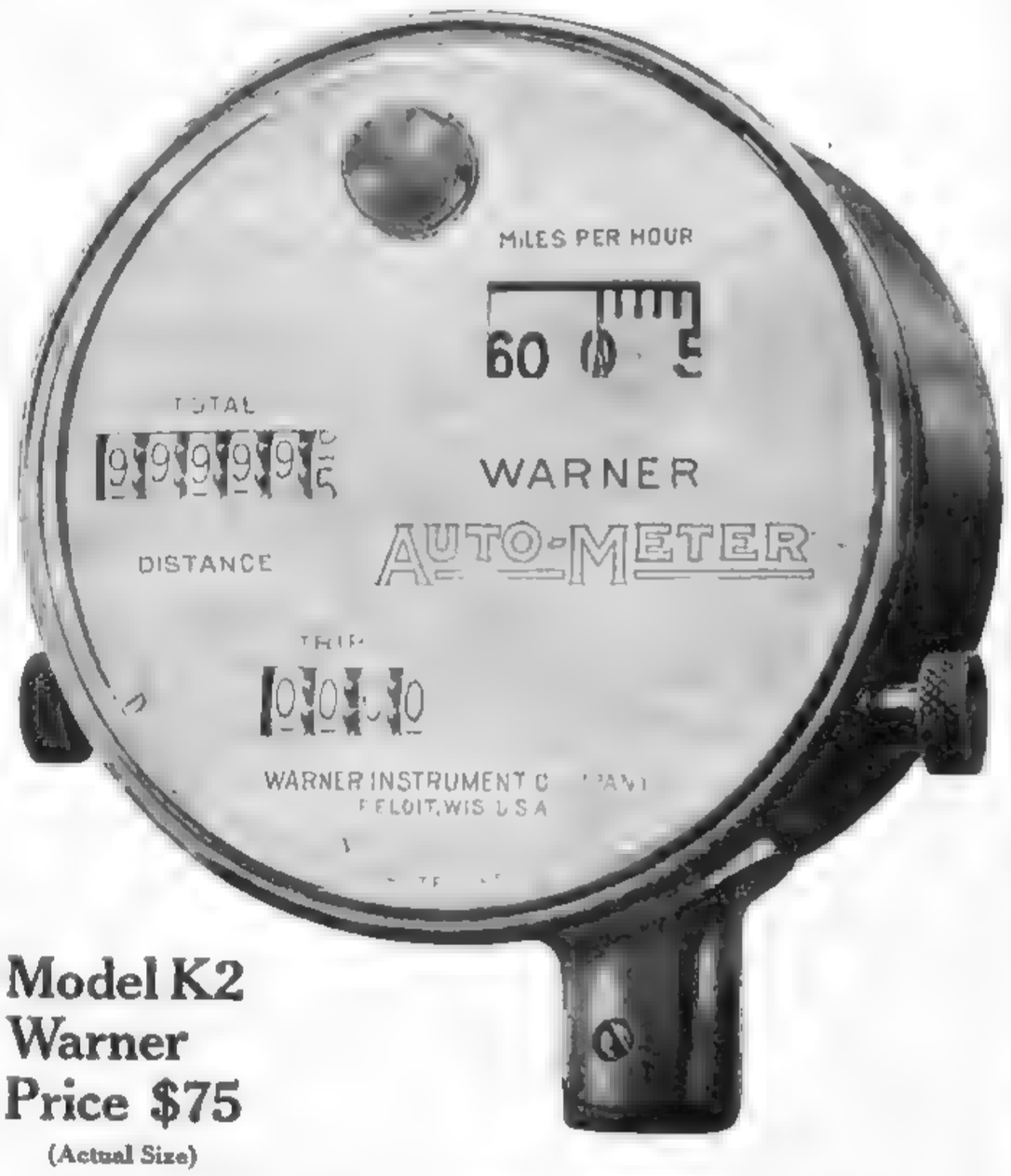
If the car you decide on has an inferior Speed Indicator on it—throw it away and *buy* a dependable Warner. It isn't worth the wear and tear on nerves and patience to bother with an inferior Speed Indicator.

If your dealer offers to throw in an unreliable indicator to get your order, don't take it. Pay the difference and get the BEST—the Warner—and *KNOW* instead of having to guess.

You'll get more pleasure out of the Warner than almost any of the conveniences and comforts on your car. Your dealer will gladly get you the exact style and model you like best.

BELOIT, WISCONSIN

The Warner can be secured through reputable Automobile Dealers in any city or town in the United States. Warner branches are maintained in all the principal cities for the convenience of these dealers and their customers. Inquiry to Beloit or at our branches is invited for Warner literature.



Model K2 Warner Price $75
(Actual Size)

Other Models Up to $145
With and Without High-Grade Chelsea Clocks

These Tires End Punctures and Blowouts on Electric Cars

You and your friends can now go ***any place*** in your pleasure electric car without the slightest fear of tire trouble.

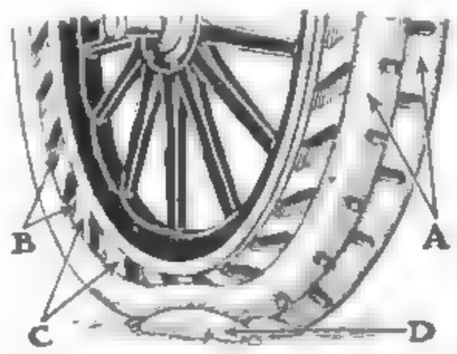
For a wonderful automobile tire has been invented.

—wonderful, because it will not skid, puncture, blow-out or rim-cut.

more wonderful, because it makes your electric just as comfortable and easy-riding as if equipped with properly inflated pneumatic tires.

Thousands of women now, having tried Motz Cushion Tires, would almost as lief give up motoring altogether as to have to go back to pneumatic tires or solid tires.

And leading makers of pleasure electrics acknowledge the added comfort and convenience of Motz Cushion Tires.



Pneumatic resiliency is accomplished by means of *double, notched treads, undercut sides, slantwise bridges* and *secret processed rubber*.

A—in the picture shows double, notched treads.
B—shows undercut sides.
C—shows slantwise bridges.
D—shows how perfectly the tire absorbs shocks when car passes over an obstacle (from actual photographs.)

They cheerfully pay more for Motz Cushion Tires than for pneumatics or solid tires, in order to please their customers.

Nor should one overlook tire ***economy***. On Motz Cushion Tires, up-keep expense is nil. And these tires outwear ***five*** sets of pneumatics. Motz Cushion Tires are guaranteed for 10,000 miles two years; pneumatics average a fraction as many miles service.

When you buy your next electric, inform the manufacturer that you want Motz Cushion Tires and you'll get them. When you pay two to five thousand dollars for a pleasure car, you are certainly entitled to as much pleasure and comfort as money can buy.

It will be very easy to equip the electric you now own with Motz Cushion Tires. Motz Cushion Tires fit any standard clincher, universal quick-detachable or demountable rim.

We publish a handsome little book on tires for the benefit of electric pleasure car owners. It contains many letters from owners of electrics who are using Motz Cushion Tires. May we send this to you? Please ask for booklet 96. Please mention make and model of your car.

We also manufacture demountable solid and cushion tires for commercial cars.

The Motz Tire and Rubber Co.
Factories and Executive Offices, AKRON, O.

BRANCHES
1537 Broadway, New York; 2023 Michigan Avenue, Chicago; 999 Woodward Avenue, Detroit; 409 East 15th Street, Kansas City.

Motz Cushion Tires

(176)

An Old Woman and a New One In the Old World

(Continued from Page 17)

stuff than women, using his hands like a chattering monkey when he talks."

Young people are apt to be extreme, but really there was something in Peggy's point of view. I attribute it in part, however, to the French language, which must have been invented by infants before they could talk plainly. But you will observe this, that when even the most stolid English woman begins to speak in the French tongue, that moment she undergoes a kind of insane change. She shrugs her shoulders, she rears back and plants her forefeet, so to speak, upon the empty air, and carries on in a way that is simply scandalous, all because she is conveying to you a little old-dried-fruit idea in French words! I called Peggy's attention to this phenomenon. I explained to her that the French are not to be blamed—at least not these living French people—for their language, and for the necessity of enforcing it with both hands when they use it. I reminded her that in former times this was the speech of courts and kings all over the world—that it has been ever praised for its grace and beauty.

"It is the language of emotions and nothing else!" she retorted. "Give me from this time on the plain American tongue. It may not be so elegant, but it is durable and strong; and you can say in it what you want to say without pawing! And they are so insufferable," returning to the French. "Today I saw in a shop this outrageous sign: 'English spoken here and American understood'!"

The Tears of a Suffragette

One evening I was thinking in a desultory fashion over the tide of the day when my revery was suddenly broken by a succession of faint, pathetic sounds from Peggy's chamber. Could I believe my ears? Was Peggy, the brave Peggy, the eaglet-clawed advanced woman, weeping? I arose, crept to the door, bent down and listened. Distinctly my niece was weeping, and in no half-hearted fashion. She was putting her whole female nature into a tune of rhythmic sobs. I opened the door and entered softly. She was lying face downward upon the bed, undulating convulsively like a little white craft upon a windy sea. I have never seen a man weep, but in case one ever did, I have wondered how he would go about it, standing or sitting. A woman is never really in earnest with her tears until she casts herself face downward.

"Peggy," I exclaimed, "what is the matter?"

She made no response. I did not expect that she would. A woman in this state becomes noisily dumb. You must wait for her to make up her mind whether she will distress you most by remaining silent or by confiding in you. I sat on the edge of the bed and waited.

"Are you homesick, my dear?" I ventured, after a suitably complimentary period had elapsed.

She would not admit homesickness.

"Does your tooth ache?" The only other time I had ever seen her so abandoned to tears was years ago when she had a bad tooth.

She waggled her head negatively in the red coverlid and snickered, to my astonishment. Then, to make up for the snicker she went off in a more dramatic gale of sobs. Presently, when I was about to despair, she murmured in a weak, smothered voice caught up with sobs:

"I—I'm afraid I've made a dre-a-dful mista-ke!"

"Is that all?" I answered cheerfully. "So do we all, to make life sufficiently interesting, my child, to be worth living. If we did not make any mistakes it would lie so straight, so dully, undeviatingly straight before us that we should lose interest in it. We could not bear to finish it. But we have an instinct for erring, for rendering it puzzling and brave by turning the wrong corners when we are young. Then we must use all our wits and courage to find our way back to the right course, or to go on and make the wrong one right."

"But you did not make a mistake about Uncle Tom—you married him," she wailed.

Ah, at last I had got to the root of the matter! If ever a woman weeps, actually

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weeps over a "mistake," it always has something to do with a lover. If she is rarely intelligent she may admit coolly, and as if you had injured her for life, that she is mistaken in her opinions or upon some point of facts; but if she is taken down alone in her bedroom at night with a mistake, having no one there to convict her of it but her own heart, you may know that she is regretting some man. Peggy's remorse had to do with her sweetheart at home, that excellent young man, Philip Ring, whose romantic obituary I have already recorded in these pages.

I sat silently stroking her head now, not answering. I had not thought that far back in the years for many a day, but now that she mentioned it I recalled another young man, not her Uncle Tom, so different. I will not say he was so good or that he would have made half so good a husband to me as Thomas did. But I say he was beautifully different. I hope it is not wronging Thomas' memory to say this much. My mind passed through the darkness of the night, back forty years, into the sunshine of happy days. I saw him standing before me—not Thomas, but the other, the lover I refused, standing before me—so tall (Thomas was barely medium height), so young (Thomas was past thirty before I ever saw him). He had a countenance in which angels and old war gods contended, it was so fierce, so lifted, so tenderly grave as he bade me farewell. (Thomas was a sedate man who would never have proposed to a woman until he was sure of her acceptance.) I never saw him again, never heard if he lived or died in the far West where he went, leaving me without another word or chance to repent. Then Thomas came and I married him. We lived together peacefully, surrounded with every comfort. I never had a care that he could keep from me. But after all, peace, just peace and comfort and nothing else, may become dull things. Now with my hand upon young Peggy's head I wondered how it would have been if I had taken the man I refused. What woman that has two to choose from knows if she made a mistake?

Peggy moved restlessly, despairingly.

"Tell me about it, dear," I said patiently.

She whirled over, displaying a sober, reddened, bedewed little face.

"It doesn't make any difference now," she began sadly, "but I never appreciated our men at home. I never understood how much more they respect us, how much more they give us when they care for us than these dreadful creatures do over here. If I'd understood I'd have answered Philip differently last spring. Ever since we have been in France I've felt the need of—an—an American man to respect me. I've missed Philip more than anything!" she wound up with a sob.

The Return of the Native

A woman never tells all of her truth. She will tell all of yours or anybody else's, but not all of her own. As a matter of fact, Peggy had battened and fattened her little feminism for years upon the love of men she had refused. It was as much a part of her fortune as her real estate. As long as she knew she had it she could refuse it. But the shock of seeing how Frenchmen do not value women had startled her into a knowledge of what she might lose. It is all very well to be a suffragette when you are young and have no need of strings to your bow; but it is a different matter later on to be nothing but a suffragette with no bow and no strings. Peggy did not admit this to herself, but it was one source of her grief. She had been deprived for some months of her income from lovers, and she was feeling impoverished in more ways than one. But I was careful not to let her know what she would scarcely admit even to herself.

"You might write to Philip and tell him that you have come to your senses," I suggested, smiling.

"I could send him something—a little token—just to show that I have not forgotten him. That would be perfectly proper, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, yes, and perfectly, sneakingly feminine also—saving yourself, leaving him still in suspense as to how much and what you mean."

"I could make it nearly clear, I think," she murmured absently, like an author preoccupied with an engaging composition.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Corra Harris. The sixth will appear in an early issue.

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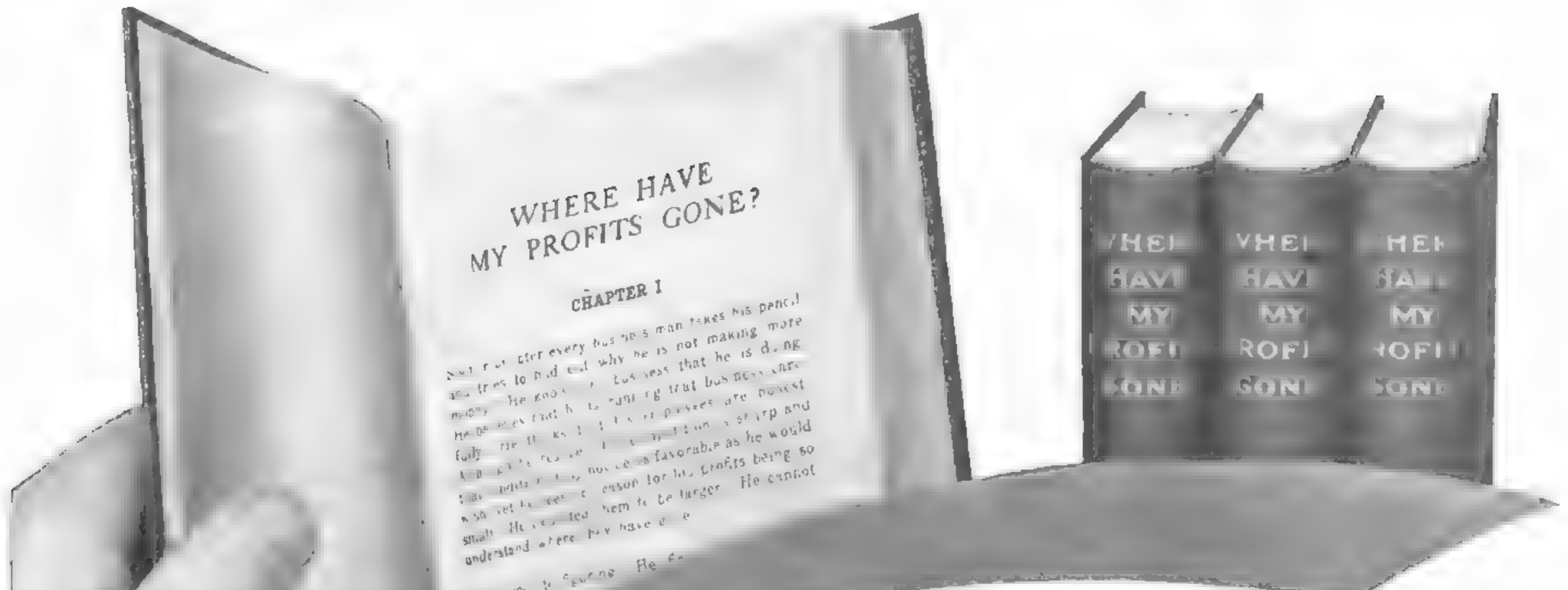

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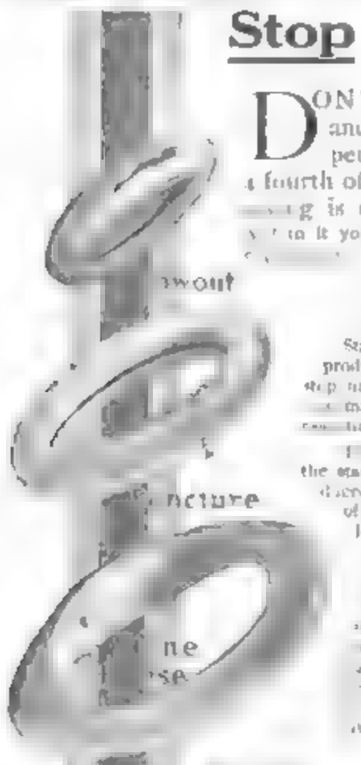

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THE LIGHTED WAY

Continued from Page 21

"Double it," Mr. Weatherley ordered promptly. "Three pounds a week I will make it. For three pounds a week I may rely upon your constant and zealous service?"

"You may rely absolutely on that," Arnold replied, not quite sure whether he was on his head or his feet.

"Very well, then, go and tell some of the porters to bring in your desk. Have it brought in this very moment. Understand, if you please, that it is my wish not to be left alone under any circumstances—that is quite clear, isn't it?—not under any circumstances! I have heard some most disquieting stories about blackmailers and that sort of person."

"I don't think you need fear anything of the sort here," Arnold assured him.

"I trust not," Mr. Weatherley asserted, "but I prefer to be on the right side. As regards firearms," he continued, "I have never carried them, nor am I accustomed to handling them. 'At the same time——"

"I wouldn't bother about firearms if I were you, sir," Arnold interrupted. "I can promise you that while I am in this office no one will touch you or harm you in any way. I would rather rely upon my fists any day."

Mr. Weatherley nodded.

"I am glad to hear you say so. A strong young man like you need have no fear, of course. You understand, Chetwode, not a word in the outer office."

"Certainly not, sir," Arnold promised. "You can rely entirely upon my discretion. You will, perhaps, tell Mr. Jarvis that I am to do my work in here. Fortunately I know a little shorthand, so if you like I can take the letters down. It will make my presence seem more reasonable."

Mr. Weatherley leaned back in his chair and lit a cigar. He was recovering slowly.

"A very good idea, Chetwode," he said. "I will certainly inform Mr. Jarvis. Poor Rosario!" he went on thoughtfully. "And to think that he might have been warned. If only I had told you to wait outside the restaurant!"

"Do you know who it was who telephoned to you, sir?" Arnold asked.

"No idea—no idea at all," Mr. Weatherley declared. "Some one rang up and told me that Mr. Rosario was engaged to lunch in the grillroom with my wife. I don't know who it was—didn't recognize the voice from Adam's—but the person went on to say that it would be a very great service indeed to Mr. Rosario if some one could stop him from lunching there today. Can't think why they telephoned to me."

"If Mr. Rosario were lunching with your wife," Arnold pointed out, "it would be perfectly easy for her to get him to go somewhere else if she knew of the message, whereas he might have refused an ordinary warning."

"You haven't heard the motive even hinted at, I suppose?" Mr. Weatherley asked.

"Not at present," Arnold replied. "That may all come out at the inquest."

"To be sure," Mr. Weatherley admitted. "At the inquest—yes, yes! Poor Rosario!"

He watched the smoke from his cigar curl up to the ceiling. Then he turned to some papers on his table.

"Get your desk in, Chetwode," he ordered, "and then take down some letters. The American mail goes early this afternoon."

IX

ARNOLD swung round the corner of the terrace that evening with footsteps still eager, notwithstanding his long walk. The splendid egoism of youth had already triumphed; the tragedy of the day had become a dim thing. He himself was moving forward and onward. He glanced up at the familiar window, feeling a slight impulse of disappointment when he received no welcoming wave of the hand. It was the first time for weeks that Ruth had not been there. He climbed the five flights of stone stairs, still buoyant and light-hearted. He glanced into his own room and found it empty. He crossed at once the passageway and knocked at her door. She was lying back in her chair with her back toward the window.

"Why, Ruth," he exclaimed, "how dare you desert your post!"

He felt at once that there was something strange in her reception of him. She stopped him as he came across the room, holding out both her hands. Her wan face was strained and something of the beautiful softness of her features had passed for the moment. She was so anxious, so terrified lest she should misread what was written in his face.

"Arnold!" she murmured. "Oh, Arnold!"

He was a little startled. It was as though tragedy had been let loose in the room.

"Why do you look at me like that, dear?" he cried. "Is there anything terrible to tell me? What have I done?"

She was leaning out from her chair. It was true, indeed, that at that moment some sort of fear had drained all the beauty from her face, though her eyes shone still like fierce stars.

"Don't come any nearer for a moment," she implored as he came toward her. "Stay there where I can see your face. Now tell me—tell me everything."

He laughed, not altogether easily, yet with some note half of resentment, half of protest.

"Dear Ruth," he pleaded, "what have I done to deserve this? Nothing has happened to me that I will not tell you about. And I have news—great news! Wait till you hear it."

"Go on," she said simply. "Tell me everything. Begin at last night."

He drew a little breath. It was, after all, a hard task, this that was before him. In his mind last night lay far enough back now, a tangled web of disconnected episodes linked together by a strangely sweet emotional thread of sentiment. And the girl was watching his face with every sense strained to catch his words and the meaning of them. Vaguely he felt his danger even from the first.

"Well, I got there in plenty of time," he began. "It was a beautiful house, beautifully furnished and arranged. The people were queer—not at all the sort I expected. Most of them seemed half foreign. They were all very hard to place in a respectable household."

"They were not really, then, Mr. Weatherley's friends?" she asked quietly.

"As a matter of fact they were not," he admitted. "That may have had something to do with it. Mrs. Weatherley is a foreigner. She comes from a little island somewhere in the Mediterranean and is half Portuguese. Most of the people were there apparently by her invitation. After dinner—such a dinner, Ruth—we played bridge. More people came then. I think there were eight tables altogether. After I left most of them stayed on to play baccarat."

Her eyes still held his. Her expression was unchanged.

"Tell me about Mrs. Weatherley," she murmured.

"She is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen in my life," Arnold said. "She is pale and she has strange brown eyes—not really brown, but lighter. I couldn't tell you the color, for I've never seen anything else like it. And she has real red-brown hair, and she is slim, and she walks like one of these women one reads about. They say that she is a countess in her own right, but she never uses the title."

"And was she kind?" Ruth asked.

"She was very kind indeed," Arnold replied. "She talked to me quite a good deal and I played bridge at her table. It seems the most amazing thing in the world," he went on, "that she should ever have married a man like Samuel Weatherley."

"Now tell me the rest," she persisted. "Something else has happened—I am sure of it."

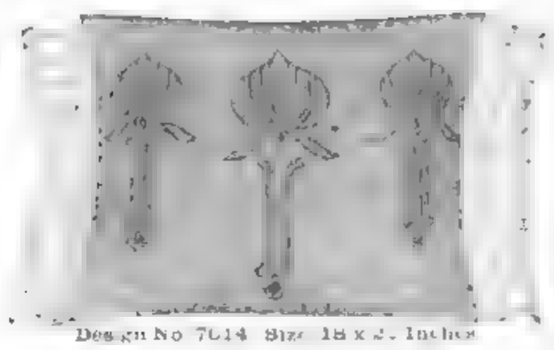
He dropped his voice a little. The terror was coming into the room.

"There was a man there named Rosario," he said. "He was a Portuguese Jew and a very wealthy financier. One reads about him always in the papers. I have heard of him many times. He negotiates loans for foreign governments and has a bank of his own. I left him there last night, playing baccarat. This morning Mr. Weatherley called me into his office and sent me up to the Milan restaurant with a strange message. I was to find Mr. Rosario and to see that he did not lunch there—to send him away somewhere else, in fact. I didn't understand it, but of course I went."

"And what happened?" she demanded.

He held his breath for a moment.

"I was to take a table just inside the restaurant," he explained, "and to tell him



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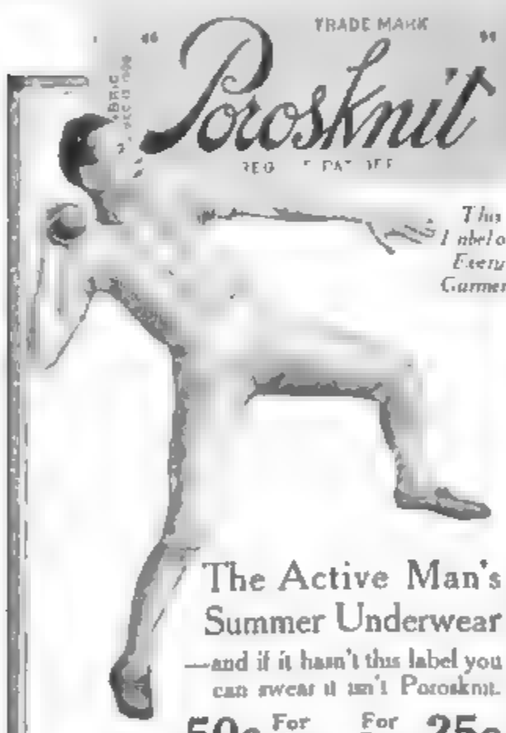


This Label on Every Garment

The Active Man's Summer Underwear

—and if it hasn't this label you can swear it isn't Porosknit.

50c For Men For Boys **25c**

Union Suits, $1.00 for Men; 50c for Boys

CHALMERS KNITTING CO., 1, Amsterdam, N.Y.

How to Keep the Baby Well

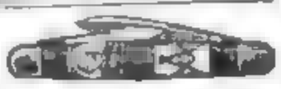
The Thermolac Feeding Outfit makes a healthy baby. It makes bottle-feeding natural and healthful and is the nearest approach to breast feeding. It is endorsed by physicians

Thermolac
Feeding Outfit

comprises, mainly, an insulated [illegible] the nursing bottle at a temperature [illegible] same as mother's [illegible]

THERMOLAC MFG. CO.
873 Beacon St. Boston, Mass.

AGENTS



[illegible] etc. To [illegible] Quick [illegible] territory. Free samples to successful Agents.

Novelty Cutlery Co., 209 Bar Street, Canton, Ohio

MOVING WEST?

Don't sell your House [illegible] Ship them at Reduced Rates in Through Cars, avoiding [illegible] ern States. Write today for colored [illegible]

TRANS-CONTINENTAL FREIGHT COMPANY
505 Bedford Bldg., Chicago
29 Broadway, New York.

directly he entered. I did exactly as I was told, but it was too late. Rosario was stabbed as he was on the point of entering the restaurant, within a few yards of where I was sitting."

She shivered a little, although her general expression was still unchanged.

"You mean that he was murdered?"

"He was killed upon the spot," Arnold declared.

"By whom?"

He shook his head.

"No one knows. The man got away. I bought an evening paper as I came along and I see they haven't arrested any one yet."

"Was there a quarrel?" she asked.

"Nothing of the sort," he replied. "The other man seemed simply to have run out from somewhere and stabbed him with one thrust. I saw it all, but I was powerless to interfere."

"You saw the man who did it?" she asked.

"Only his arm," Arnold answered. "He kept his body twisted around somehow. It was a blackguardly thing to do."

"It was horrible!" she murmured.

There was an interruption. The piece of tattered curtain that concealed the portion of the room given over to Isaac and that led beyond to his sleeping chamber was flung on one side. Isaac himself stood there, his black eyes alight with anger.

"Liar!" he exclaimed. "Liars, both of you!"

They looked at him without speech, his interruption was so sudden, so unexpected. The girl had forgotten his presence in the room; Arnold had never been conscious of it.

"I tell you that Rosario was a robber of mankind," Isaac cried. "He was one of those who feed upon the bones of the poor."

"You go too far, Isaac," Arnold protested. "I never heard any particular harm of the man except that he was immensely wealthy."

Isaac stretched out his thin hand. His bony forefinger pointed menacingly toward Arnold.

"You lie!" Isaac shrieked. "Rosario earned his wealth by the monkey tricks of a dishonest brain. Never an honest day's work did he perform in his life, never a day did he stand in the market-place where the weaker were falling day by day."

"The man is dead," Arnold muttered.

"Yes, dead!" Isaac cried fiercely.

He caught up his cloth cap and without another word left the room. Arnold looked after him curiously, more than a little impressed by the man's passionate earnestness. Ruth, on the other hand, was unmoved.

"Isaac is Isaac," she murmured. "He sees life like that. He would wear the flesh off his bones preaching against wealth. It is as though there were some fire inside that consumed him all the time. When he comes back he will be calmer."

But Arnold remained uneasy. Isaac's words and his attitude of pent-up fury had made a singular impression upon him.

"If Isaac goes about the world like that trouble will come of it," he said thoughtfully. "Have you ever heard him speak of Rosario before?"

"Never," she answered. "I have heard him talk like that, though, often. To me it sounds like the waves beating upon the shores. They may rage as furiously or ripple as softly as the tides can bring them—it makes no difference. I want you to go on, please. I want you to finish telling me—your news."

Arnold looked away from the closed door. He looked back again into the girl's face. There was still that appearance of strained attention about her mouth and eyes.

"You are right," he admitted. "These things, after all, are terrible enough; but they are like the edge of a storm from which one has found shelter. Isaac ought to realize it."

"Tell me what it is that has happened to you?" she begged.

He shook himself free from that cloud of memories. He gave himself up, instead, to the joy of telling her his good news.

"Listen, then," he said. "Mr. Weatherley, in consideration not altogether, I am afraid, of my clerklike abilities, but of my shoulders and muscle, has appointed me his private secretary, with a seat in his office and a salary of three pounds a week. Think of it, Ruth! Three pounds a week!"

A smile lightened her face for a moment as she squeezed his fingers.

"But why?" she asked. "What do you mean about your shoulders and your muscle?"

All "Our Folks" Feel The Same Way About It

Here is what a few of about four million readers have to say regarding their favorite paper.

You are publishing a wonderful paper. Mr. Sears, of Sears, Roebuck & Co., who is a neighbor of mine, often drops in at my studio in the evening and takes great pleasure in looking over the agricultural papers here and always has a good word to say for the Farm Journal
Eugene J. Hall, Oak Park, Ill.

The one thing I admire most about your paper is the principle of clean advertisements, and especially the barring of medical advertisements, of which our daily papers are full, and disgusting on account of it. Since I began studying your paper, and working in my garden, I have not needed any medicine.
James Fix,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

In it we get everything of an educational interest and permanent value, and its advertisements are so well presented that they are no doubt an economical medium of reaching our rural population as well. I have personally profited by answering the "ads" on more than one occasion and have always been well satisfied with their guarantee of "Bona fides." So here's to the Farm Journal of Philadelphia and its lofty ideals and good taste on our behalf.
Wm. H. Robinson,
Chatham, Ont.

I have also found out that all of the advertisers which I find in your paper are as you represent them to be, as I have done business with several of them. I think the pieces you have in your paper about Peter Tumbledown are just the thing, for when I read them over it makes me look around to see if any of my things were going like Peter Tumbledown's.
John Kelly, Wentzville, Mo.

I want to tell you why I have taken the Journal for so long. First reason is because it has not a cheap or trashy advertisement. Second, because it has only the best reading matter, and third, because it is so inspiring and always helpful to its large family of readers. The Journal is the finest farm paper that is published. You can always count on me as a lifelong reader. I like the paper very much, and what is more, I will always remain one of your folks.
Wilson B. Kelly,
Santa Clara, Cal.

The hundreds of other letters of the same tenor which are in our files show the high esteem in which Farm Journal is held by its readers.

Think what a powerful selling medium this Little Paper is—reaching, as it does, over three quarters of a million farm families—people of universal needs and tastes who work and own rich lands where "golden Plenty laughs all o'er the ground."

Little wonder that Farm Journal has never found it necessary to employ advertising solicitors—that many times advertisements come in so thick that some have to be omitted—that the most successful advertisers of the country are almost constantly represented in its columns!

If you knew all about Farm Journal and the rich field it taps, we believe you would be obliged to go into it, preconceived ideas to the contrary notwithstanding.

We have a Book that tells you all about Farm Journal—and much more. It gives the most interesting and helpful data about the wealth of the farmer—about agricultural conditions in general. Goes into detail about the things that are wanted by the farmer and his family—and contains a mine of other valuable information. We call this Book "Tests and Testimony." It's yours for a written request on your business letterhead.

WILMER ATKINSON COMPANY, Publishers

FARM JOURNAL

"Unlike Any Other Paper"

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The March number is by far the most sought after of the year. Those advertisers who used this issue last year are crowding in again. Join them. Forms close February 5th.

TRIUMPH OF THE UNDERFEED

Cheapest Heat in China as well as in America

Write for FREE Underfeed Catalog

CLEAN, EVEN heat at LEAST cost is insured *everywhere* by the Underfeed System. With all heating systems of the world in competition, the Underfeed was selected by President Seymour to heat four buildings of the Presbyterian Mission College at Teng Chou Fu, North China. Knowing the matchless economy of Underfeed maintenance, *after a trial of two years* in a Mission School in Korea, Dr. Seymour delegated L. H. Severance, of Cleveland, O., to place the big order for North China. Here, cost of high grade coal is almost prohibitive, while poor grades, which *burn just as perfectly* in the Underfeed and *yield as much heat* as high grade coal, are *cheaply* obtained. Because of its ability to perfectly consume cheapest grades of coal, the Underfeed *soon pays for itself. No matter where you live*, you can cut your coal bills one-half to two-thirds by installing

The Peck-Williamson Underfeed HEATING SYSTEMS WARM AIR STEAM-HOT WATER FURNACES-BOILERS

Adapted for *all* buildings—large or small, residences, stores, apartments, churches, schools or halls—the Underfeed will add to the renting or selling value of any building.

H. T. Hammond, Mingo Junction, O., writes:—"The wind hits my house all around. My slack bill to heat six rooms, two good sized halls and bath last winter was $14.60. Had no black smoke or dirt. Anyone can save fuel, time, labor and money by buying the Underfeed."

In the Underfeed, coal is fed from below. All fire is on top. Smoke and gases, wasted in other [illegible] in the Underfeed, *pass through the fire*, are consumed [illegible] heat. Cheapest slack, pea and buckwheat sizes of hard and soft coal, which would *smother* fire in other heaters, all in the Underfeed as much clean, even [illegible] as highest priced coal. The few [illegible] removed by shaking the grate bars [illegible] coal or any furnace and [illegible]

Boiler Underfeed Device

Furnace Underfeed Device

Write TODAY—using Coupon—giving name of local dealer with whom you prefer to deal.

THE PECK-WILLIAMSON CO., 329 W. Fifth St., Cincinnati, Ohio

Furnace Dealers, Plumbers and Hardware Dealers—Write TODAY for our 1912 Sales Proposition.

Send Coupon Today and Learn how to

SAVE 1/2 to 2/3 of your Coal Bill.

Fill in, cut out and mail TODAY.

THE PECK-WILLIAMSON CO., 329 W. Fifth St., Cincinnati, Ohio

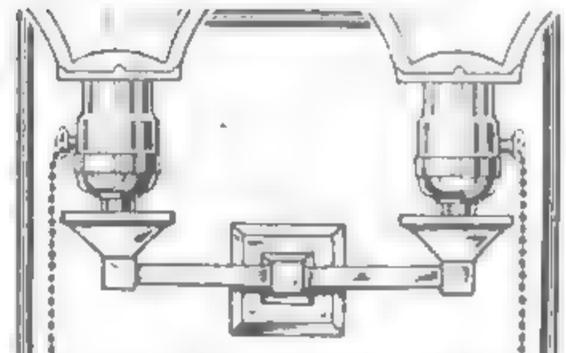
I would like to know more about how to cut down the cost of my Coal Bills from 50% to 66⅔%. Send me [illegible]

UNDERFEED Furnace Booklet [illegible] Boiler Booklet [illegible] (Indicate by X Booklet you desire)

Name _____ Street _____

P.O. _____ State _____

_____ Name dealer with whom you prefer to deal



You Need The Bryant Pull Socket On Your Home Electric Fixtures. Get The Booklet That Tells About Them.

All first class fixture manufacturers nowadays equip their fixtures with the

BRYANT New Wrinkle Pull Socket

A mechanically perfect electric lamp socket. Does not get wobbly or out of order. You can have your old fixture equipped with it at small cost. Send for the Pull Socket Booklet to

BRYANT ELECTRIC CO.
1425 State Street, Bridgeport, Conn.

Paint Without Oil

Remarkable Discovery That Cuts Down the Cost of Paint Seventy-Five Per Cent.

A Free Trial Package is Mailed to Everyone Who Writes.

A. L. R[illegible], a prominent manufacturer of Adams, N. Y. [illegible] process of making a new kind of paint without the use of oil. He calls it Powdrpaint. It comes in the form of a dry powder and all that is required [illegible] water to make a paint weather-proof, fire-proof [illegible] durable as oil paint. It adheres to [illegible] stone or brick [illegible] last paint [illegible] and [illegible]

Write Mr. A. L. R[illegible], Manager, [illegible] St., Adams, N. Y., and he will [illegible] package and also color card and full information showing [illegible] how [illegible] save a good many dollars. Write to-day.

Direct Selling

From Farm to Consumer Without Waste

The Editors of *The Country Gentleman* will be glad to consider articles dealing with the personal experiences of those who have sold food products direct to the consumer or the experiences of consumers who have purchased farm products direct from the grower.

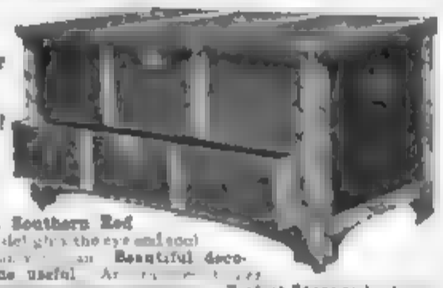
The advantages and disadvantages of marketing without the middleman should be stated in terms of actual experience.

Address The Editors
THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN
Philadelphia, Penna.

It's Moth-Proof

This Red Cedar Chest on 15 Days' Free Trial!

Freight Prepaid!



A Piedmont Southern Red Cedar Chest [illegible] Beautiful decorative, unique, useful [illegible] Perfect Storage for [illegible] Moth Mouse Dust and Damp Proof [illegible] handsome catalog [illegible]

PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST CO. Dept. 48 Statesville N. C.

From the Peanut Fields of Virginia To the Orange Groves of Florida

Thru the 6 Sou. States traversed by the S. A. L. Ry. You can be [illegible] independent raising fruits and vegetables. Land cheap, easy terms. Ideal climate, plenty of water. Two to three crops a year net $50 to $100 per acre in Manatee County, on the West Coast of Florida. Booklet free. J. A. PRIDE, Gen. Ind. Agt. Seaboard Air Line Railway, Suite 512, Norfolk, Va.

The Easiest Way

IF YOU, the Grocer, readjust your scales
To give full sixteen ounces to the pound;
And you, the Lawyer, scorn the fairy tales
You tell to win the case you know unsound;
If you, the Doctor, frown on quackeries
And strive your best to practice as you frown—
Then we shall need few far-sought remedies
To better the conditions here in town.

If you, the Statesman, quit your noisy rant
And be one-half the man you claim to be;
If you, the Preacher, cast away this cant
And empty creed, and heed Christ's "Follow me!"
If you, the Loafer, will go back to work
And be a bee and not a useless drone;
And you, the Laborer, will strive, not shirk—
I think we'll solve our troubles all alone.

If you, the Orator, will give us deeds
To thicken up the gruel of your speech;
And you, the Gardener, will pull the weeds
And cleanse your field so far as you can reach;
If you, the Milkman, give us honest milk
And leave the added water in the well;
And you, the Agitator, and your ilk,
Will toil, not talk—we'll have few woes to tell.

If you, the Voter, will be just as clean
As you think every Government should be;
And you, the Officeholder, make the scene
Of your activities a joy to see;
If you, the Citizen, by every act
Will prove your loyalty to civic good—
Our ills will be in dreams much more than fact,
And Country will be nearly what it should.

If you, the Man, will strive to reach the plane
You claim you want the Nation rested on;
And you, the Dreamer, wake up now and gain
A place in the procession ere it's gone;
If you—just you, remember—cast the beam
From out your eye—I pledge it, signed and sealed,
This life of ours would be one blessed dream,
And all the ills we suffer would be healed!

—*J. W. Foley.*

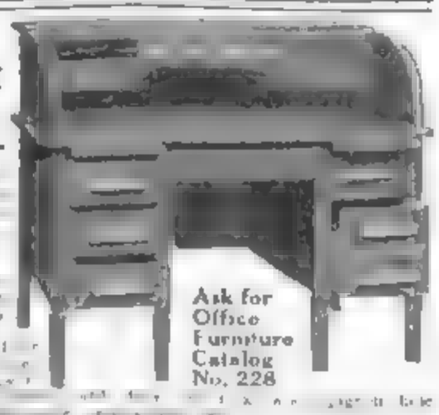
If You're a Live Boy

We want to hear from you. Thousands of boys all over the country are making lots of money selling *The Saturday Evening Post* after school hours and on Saturdays. You can do the same thing. Hereafter, besides the profits, we're going to give to our boys thousands of the sort of premiums that a boy wants. If you want to try it send us a line.

Sales Division
The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

This Desk $21

At Factory



Ask for Office Furniture Catalog No. 228

E. H. STAFFORD MFG. CO., McCLURG BLDG., CHICAGO, ILL.

1912 "XTCO" MOTORCYCLES REBUILT USED AUTOMOBILES ON EASY PAYMENTS

Shipped to any address [illegible]

Big Bargain Catalog No. 30 Sent Free

WE "XTCO" MOTOR BOOKS

$225 AutoTradingCo., Inc. Pittsburg, Pa. $175 to $1,000

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE

Private or Business STATIONERY [illegible] sheets with envelopes to match, latest style linen finish, with printed matter desired—all for $1. Up-to-date printing of all kinds at lowest prices.

ROSENTHAL BROS., 314 S. Canal Street, Chicago

Why It Is Vital for You to Study the Axle Construction of Your Car

We will be content if we can get you to assimilate three thoughts out of this announcement:

The first thought is that the front and rear axle, even if every other requisite is provided—can still make or mar the efficiency of your car.

The second thought is that axle-service and axle-safety (durability, silence, efficiency) are definitely determined by the correctness of the design; and by the experience and equipment engaged in its execution.

The third—and, to us, the most vital thought—is that axle-specialization in this country had its inception, as it has since had its highest expression, in the plant of the American Ball Bearing Company at Cleveland.

"American Axle features are patented features."

Durability, efficiency, silence—how are these three necessary qualifications inducted into any axle?

We have space in detail to consider durability alone—the others in an indirect way.

A great majority of all motor car accidents are due to axle deficiencies.

In other words, the axles were not durable.

Did the lack of durability come from poor material?

It may have, in some cases.

But the accident might have happened even if the material were good.

The *first* safeguard against axle accidents is the scientific correctness of the design.

It's an engineering problem to begin with—and a manufacturing problem in the second place.

That's what we meant when we spoke above of experience and equipment.

That's why we emphasized the fact that the American Ball Bearing Company were the first, as they have since become the foremost, axle specialists in America.

Design, experience, equipment—the resultant effect of these three qualifications carried to perfection is durability, efficiency, silence.

Is design everything? No, it's only first in importance.

Granted the ability to conceive and create the design; you are still at a loss, unless you are a past-master in the use of metals.

Once more—experience and equipment become absolutely indispensable elements.

And in each and all of these requirements—if you will pardon us the repetition—the American Ball-Bearing Company excels, because it was the first, and is now the foremost in its field.

"But," you say, "couldn't the design of the *American* Axle be successfully copied?"

Copied, yes. Successfully, no.

Design in a manufactured product is like character in a man. It is inherent, progressive, developmental.

Thus, suppose the *American* Axle to have been copied as to design—even in its characterizing features which are patented.

The copyist does not know; and cannot learn, the precise American formula for the use of metals.

He is lost. He has copied to no purpose. As like as not, he has not achieved durability at all—or achieved it with too much axle weight; and, therefore, too much tire wear.

Durability without excess weight; transmission of power with a minimum of loss by the proper co-relation of the constituent parts; the proper setting of gears; the provision for adjustment independent of the axle shafts; the location of the anti-friction bearings in relation to the steering spindles to facilitate ease of steering—these are only a few of the fruits of engineering inventiveness, experience and knowledge embodied in the *American* Axles.

That is why it is vital for you to study the axle construction of your car.

The American Axle is Furnished to the Manufacturer Equipped with Annular or Cup and Cone Ball Bearings or with Straight or Taper Roller Bearings, as may be specified.

THE AMERICAN BALL-BEARING CO., CLEVELAND, OHIO

How a Great Business Was Built Up

ON a bright September morning in the year 1839—or, to be more specific, on the twenty-first day of that month there came into Frederick City, Maryland, a fellow who was an entire stranger—nobody had ever seen him before. He was a poor lad, and, as a matter of fact, did not have a suit of clothes to his back. However, he was quite welcome, and they did not throw him out, because he weighed only nine pounds. In due course of time—or, again to be precise, in 1846—he heard the call from the West—"Go West, young man"—and following it, he went to St. Louis. In those days it was a great trip—there were no railroads over the mountains—that part of the journey was made in a stage coach, to Parkersburg, Va., and from there by stern wheel steamboat to Louisville, and after waiting in that city a week or more a boat was advertised as going to the City of St. Louis. He proceeded in that boat, and landed in St. Louis on the 26th day of February, 1846. As time passed on he grew to be quite a good-sized lad—had a few years of grammar school and then a touch of high (school) life, but pressing financial necessity, and the shortness of the almighty dollar in his family compelled him to go to work.

Having been a great lover of pocket knives, and having bored most every man whom he met, to show him his pocket knife, that he might look it over and examine it carefully, he thought he would like to follow a business in which that useful article was a prominent factor. He therefore went to the largest (wholesale) Hardware Store in St. Louis—Child, Pratt & Co.—inquired for one of the proprietors, and was shown to Mr. Pratt, and he told him his errand. Mr. Pratt said, "What can you do, my boy?" This boy replied, "As much as any other boy of my age. Where shall I hang my coat?" That was the commencement of a career which afterwards culminated in the building up of the largest and best Hardware business in the world.

The first duty that this young chap performed was taking all the goods out of the shelves—dusting them off—dusting off the shelves, and putting the goods back again. It might be remarked in passing, that when he had finished this job, which took several weeks, he received the comment of "Well done" from his employer. Shortly after that he was promoted, and was allowed to run errands and work in stock a little. Again later he enjoyed the great privilege of carrying the store key, and opening the store. This gave him a great advantage—it taught him the habit of *early rising*, which he has ever regarded as one of the most valuable assets in a business career. It also enabled him, by being the first one in the store, oftentimes to meet and converse with country merchants who had come to the city to buy their goods, and not being accustomed to the noise of the metropolis, would get up early and wander around to pass the time before breakfast. In this way this young man was permitted to commence selling goods long before his employer thought him qualified for that work, and he became a salesman—almost unconsciously to them—and just by reason of these circumstances. In those days all the business was done by water transportation—there were no railroads—so that in the Winter when the rivers were frozen over, there was absolutely no business. Such things as traveling salesmen were totally unknown at that time. When the ice passed out and navigation was resumed, business came with a rush, and it was not an unusual thing for the employés of such stores to work sixteen hours a day for three months at a time, excepting on Saturdays, and then they always made it a point to quit at twelve o'clock at night. Passing through an education like this, which is akin to going to the university of adversity, is perhaps the best experience that any man can possibly have. Before many years had elapsed this boy imbibed the idea of having the best hardware store in the world, and became very ambitious to accomplish this purpose. Not the largest—*always the best*—and to that end he has worked ever since, and although for the past fifteen years he has been out of the active management of the business, he still remains connected with it—in a sense—ready to put his foot on the brake whenever he thought necessity required. He is the first man who gave to the world a full line of strictly first-class hardware goods—the best that brain and brawn can produce—all under one name or trade mark. That idea—speaking in a general way—has been copied very widely, and has been the means of contributing greatly to the success of other houses. Adopting the Trade Mark of KEEN KUTTER more than forty-five years ago, it has forged steadily ahead in the minds and confidence of the public, until to-day it is recognized as the synonym for the very best, and the goods are called for by name and brand every day and every hour in different parts of the United States—the demand extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Gulf of Mexico to and including Canada. That Trade Mark is now considered by many of the most intelligent men the most valuable one in the world. To illustrate—it is put upon more than one million pocket knives per annum—pocket knives that are made in our own factory—made by workmen who learned their business or profession in the factory of Wostenholm (I-X-L), Sheffield, England.

In the year 1873 this business man thought it wise to incorporate, in order that his associates, who were helping him to build up this great business, might share with him its prosperity and financial results, and finding that the laws of the State of Missouri provided for the incorporation of a mercantile concern practically in the same way that it did manufacturing concerns, the institution was incorporated—so that on January 1st, 1874, it became a corporation—the first mercantile corporation in the United States—with a cash capital of Two Hundred Thousand Dollars—all of which had been earned under this same administration.

From this beginning the business has grown so that since January 1st, 1874, the capital has been increased out of the earnings a number of times, until to-day it is Four and a Half Millions of Dollars. Besides that, during all these thirty-seven years there has been paid out in cash dividends about Six Millions of Dollars. From this statement you will see that this corporation has earned during these thirty-seven years over Ten Millions of Dollars, and that it has been a profit-sharing institution. During all this period it has remained entirely and absolutely independent—never having an agreement or understanding with any other house as to prices—division of territory, method of business or anything else.

In the year 1880, it gave to the Hardware world the first large and complete illustrated catalog—in which prices were put—that was ever printed—a catalog that became immediately the model for all future ones. It is interesting to note here that this catalog increased the business the next year, 1881, more than One Million Dollars, which was an enormous increase—in percentage—over the business of the previous year.

Some estimate of the value of the KEEN KUTTER Trade Mark can be shown by the following incident, which occurred in the month of September, 1911:

A salesman from our Minneapolis house, visiting Paynesville, Minn., was told by our good friends and customers—the Paynesville Hardware Company—that they were just establishing a Domestic Science School for girls, and this house wanted to capture the order for Scissors—calling upon our salesman to assist them to get it. Together they visited the Superintendent of Schools, and he said he was going to make it a competitive matter; he thought the quality of this class of goods was all the same anyway. Our salesman inquired who was going to pay for the Scissors—whether the school or the girls—and the reply was that each girl would pay for her own. Our able representative then suggested that as they were going to pay for them themselves, they should be permitted to have a voice in the selection, and that each girl be given a slip of paper to take home to her parents, and let them designate their choice by entering upon this piece of paper the name or make of Scissors they preferred. They all brought back their slips the next morning, and there were sixty-four pupils—therefore, sixty-four slips—and when the matter was summed up it read as follows: KEEN KUTTER, 54; Q, 9; C, 1; others of all makes, 10. Therefore, the Paynesville Hardware Co. got the order. It is hardly necessary to comment on this—it tells its own story.

Among the most important things made by this house is the KEEN KUTTER Safety Razor—a razor that is undoubtedly the best safety razor in the world. K-1, which sells at $3.50, is far and away better than any other razor ever put out, and has now been on the market about five years, but the K-10—which is called the KEEN KUTTER Junior—is a very close second, and retails at One Dollar—and is undoubtedly the best selling razor ever offered to the American public—which fact is testified to by hundreds of letters that we have received in the past sixty days, from merchants who handle them, saying they are wonderful in their results—pleasing to everyone who buys them—and the best sellers they have ever had in their stores. One man, who lives in a small place in the State of Missouri, voluntarily stated to us that he had sold 43 of them in thirty days. No live Hardware Dealer in the United States can afford to be without KEEN KUTTER Safety Razors, if he wants to keep up with the procession, and have the best seller of that kind that was ever offered to man. SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY.

P. S.—All Retail Hardware Merchants are cordially invited to come to St. Louis and pay us a visit. Let us take you to the factory and show you how KEEN KUTTER Tools are made and let you see, in the process of their manufacture, why they are the Best Tools in the World.—SIMMONS HARDWARE CO.

THE VILLAIN OF THE PIECE

(Continued from Page 13

I was appalled by what I saw, but I was obliged to admit that the little minx was playing her part well. Her uncle watched, grimly amused, and understanding, I could see, more than he would allow. Her style of dress impressed me most. All her pretty, useful frocks of linen and serge had been put away. Now she wore chiffon and airy muslin of the most useless and unserviceable kind, with skirts tied so narrowly round her pretty ankles that she had the greatest difficulty in getting upstairs and had almost to be lifted in and out of the motor; shoes with such absurdly high Louis heels that I trembled for her ankles; and fluffy, perishable parasols like great pink-and-blue flowers to shield her complexion. To me, one of Hyacinth's great charms had been the clear, peachy brown of her sunburnt skin in the summertime—but Harry, it seemed, liked lilies and roses best.

The little wretch reveled in her part. If she bicycled we had to walk all the hills and wheel her machine—an attention she had scorned before; if we danced—no kitchen lancers for her; if we picnicked, rugs and cushions had to be carried and arranged for her—Hyacinth, who had always loved to lie on the grass at the edge of the cliffs!

It may have been an amusing game to her uncle, but it was a heart-breaking one to me, for I could see that Harry was getting keener and keener. And the zest and enjoyment which the girl showed when she accepted his slavish attentions showed plainly what her own feelings were. As for Harry's scruples, they seemed to be dead. What a fool I had been! What a poor, shortsighted attempt at a Machiavelli! I had, indeed, been hoist with my own petard. I refuse to admit that I had let Hyacinth play her mad game because I had foreseen its success and wished her to be happy. I refuse to admit that I saw at once it was the right game to play. I hadn't seen it. I'm not an astute person. Harry had said that he wanted a capable, useful wife! Of course I thought he meant it. I didn't foresee such disastrous folly as this.

The days went by. I wrote the first volume of my gloomy epic of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra, and reveled in the tragedy of it. I couldn't eat, and slept very little. Even Hyacinth saw that I was thinner and perhaps guessed why I was so wretched. God knows I had never tried to conceal my feelings from her. Sometimes I caught her looking at me so compassionately that my heart was pierced. Her voice grew very gentle. She let me wait on her when Harry was not there—but he was generally there.

At last the end came. I went into her garden a month before Harry was to sail—and stepped suddenly into the middle of a most embarrassing scene. Harry, in fact, was in the rose arbor on his knees. Hyacinth was sitting in her old place by the little unglazed window, with a nodding yellow rose swaying against her pretty ear, almost entangled in her pretty hair. I tried to go back unseen.

"Come back, Rupert!" said Hyacinth. "Mr. Constantine is just explaining why he can't propose to me. He is explaining how lacerated his heart is—to go away and leave me mourning like Ariadne on the seashore. He is telling me why it is best for him and best for me that we should never see each other's face again."

Here she laughed. Harry's face was pitiful—amazed—wretched! I glanced from one to the other in silence. It was difficult to think of a suitable remark.

"Weren't you?" she asked coldly.

Harry's scarlet face grew purple. "You are too bad!" he said. "I think, Rupert, you might have the decency to go."

"No—don't go, Rupert."

"You are cruel to me!" went on poor Harry. "I told you that I loved you and that it went to my heart to leave you. I told you about my hard, rough life. I told you that my wife would have to be able to share it. I told you how difficult it was to get servants and how often we are left entirely to our own resources. I told you ——" His voice broke and he stopped.

"Yes—you told me quite a lot of things," said Hyacinth softly. I gazed at her in amazement. Her eyes were shining with anger. Was it anger? What did she mean? Why didn't she put an end to this absurd farce? I felt ashamed of my pity for poor Harry. A really consistent villain is incapable of pity. Yet I did pity him.

"I told you everything," he said quietly. "I thought it was right to tell you everything before I asked you to marry me. I did say that it would be better for you if you never saw me again; but it won't be better for me, because I love you so much. If you will risk it and put up with the rough ways we have out there I will try to make it easy for you. You were meant to be waited on, with your pretty, useless ways. I am afraid you will grow to hate me in that lonely life."

She was silent—suddenly softened. He must have been putting his case very clumsily before, I thought. She meant to marry him. Why didn't she say so and let me go, that she might put the poor wretch out of his misery? Oh, these women!

She sat there, silent for some moments; then:

"Aren't you very rash? Think of the way I should burn up your mutton chops! Think of the heavy flapjacks—what are flapjacks, Rupert?—and the unswept hearth and the hungry chickens and the buttonless clothes! Poor Harry—aren't you very rash? How should I get my Paquin frocks and my Maison Rose hats out in Manitoba?"

I couldn't stand it any longer. Harry was really suffering—the girl was playing a most infernal game! There are times when a man is obliged to range himself on the side of his own sex. I gave up playing the villain and spoke to her sternly for the first time in my life.

"Hyacinth," I said, "I've had enough of this! It's not a pretty game. If you don't tell the truth I shall."

She laughed.

"I was waiting for that!" said she surprisedly. "I saw you melting before my very eyes."

I was really angry then.

"It's all nonsense, Harry," I said gently. "Hyacinth is amusing herself in peculiar ways at present. I'm afraid I am partly to blame for it. She wanted to please you and she's been playing a game."

"I know," said he forlornly. "She told me. She pretended to be able to do things ——"

"No," said I gravely; "that wasn't the game. That was the real thing. She can do things."

Hyacinth laughed softly.

"What?" Poor Harry looked confused.

"She can do things," said I again. "She can do anything! She can do too much. The pretense came in when she showed you that she couldn't."

"But ——" he began.

"Do go on," said Hyacinth calmly. "I like to hear you confessing for me, Rupert." I glanced at her indignantly. She was as pink as a rose. Her eyes were shining wickedly.

"She can cook and make her own frocks. She can wash and iron them, for I've seen her at it. She can bring up poultry and shoot as straight as any backwoodsman. She can ride anything on earth and she's not afraid of anything in the world. She'd glory in a wolf hunt and she'd meet a grizzly bear at the door with a smile. She ——"

"She does seem a nice girl!" said Hyacinth softly.

"She isn't a nice girl!" I said sternly. "She's an infernal little liar!—that's what she is!"

"Rupert!" She started.

"I shall not apologize!" I said. "She's merely amusing herself by trying to make you uncomfortable. She's been as successful in that as she is in most things; but at the bottom of all this she loves you and means to marry you. And now, if you will excuse me, I shall leave her to tell you so."

Harry—his eyes glowing, his face utterly changed—was beside her now, but the extraordinary girl waved him off and imperiously motioned to me to stay where I was.

"Don't go, Rupert!" she said once more. "I'm a detestable little pig! I've been a detestable little pig to you both—and I'm sorry. No, Harry; don't take my hand—it's not yours."

We both stared at her then.

"When you first came home," she said calmly, "I saw how all the other girls threw themselves at you and I couldn't help competing. I don't like to be beaten at any game. When you took no more notice of me than of the others it made me angry. I saw what you wanted and pretended to be

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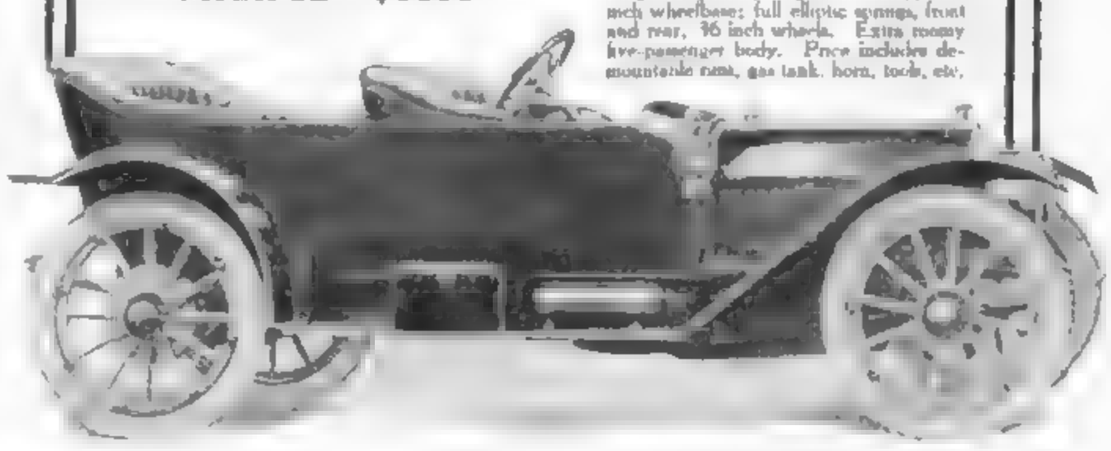

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a helpless, ornamental, Laura Matilda kind of creature."

"But," Harry eagerly began, "you can do things—you ——"

"I can," said she composedly; "but I don't want to."

If a thunderbolt had fallen it could not have shattered us more! She laughed at our consternation, minx that she was.

"You're a very nice boy, Harry," she said softly; "but I wouldn't go out to Manitoba and make your pumpkin pies and sew your buttons on if you were Prince Charming himself! I like you very much, but I don't love you; and one wants a lot of love—oh, oceans of love—to wash down such a life as yours!"

Poor Harry!

"I like to feel competent," said she. "I like learning to do things. I even like to feel that I can do them. I like conquering difficulties. But there it stops. When I've mastered a thing I've no more use for it. I'd rather die than go on doing the same thing hour after hour, day after day, year after year. Oh, Harry—I can find you half a dozen nice girls who'll love to make your flapjacks for you every morning for a thousand years! I'm a butterfly. I never realized it until I'd pretended it; but now I know. I like to be petted and waited on. 'Be helpless,' I told myself, 'and you'll be helped.' It was quite true, and I like it. I like being helped. I like wearing unserviceable frocks. I look much prettier in them. Don't I, Rupert?"

"I'm ashamed of you," said I; but I had met her eyes and my heart was beating furiously. There was something behind all this—something which Harry would never find.

"I'm ashamed of myself," said she slowly. "And I owe it to you, Harry, that I've seen myself in my true light. It wasn't until I began to play this game—this very ——" She hesitated.

"Reprehensible," I suggested.

"——reprehensible game that I found out the reality of things. I found out what things were real to me—what I wanted. I want a home here in England, with a garden and pretty dresses and expensive hats and lots of friends. I want to read new books and to hear good music and see good plays. I want the life I've been brought up to. I don't want to do chores. The song of the skylarks isn't enough for me. Wolf-hunting won't make up for dances and dinner parties and pretty speeches about my bright eyes ——"

"I could make the pretty speeches about your bright eyes," poor Harry said; but he rose to go for all that. He knew now. All the pretense was over. There was no doubting the sincerity of her tone. She caught his hand—pressed it for an instant against her soft cheek.

"Goodby, Harry. Ah, do forgive me!—I'm only an interlude. You've got a month still to find your Bluebird. You know you were half in love with a dozen of us before I began to pretend—Molly, Kitty, Hortense. Forgive me, Harry. They're all real! I'm the only sham one of us all."

Harry was gone however. We sat there in silence for a long time. At last I crossed over to her side. She smiled appealingly at me.

"I am ashamed!" she said. "I am ashamed!" But I couldn't scold her now.

"What else did you want?" I said. "I can provide most of your real things. I can provide the garden and the pretty dresses and the life you want to lead. What other real things do you want, Hyacinth?"

She couldn't speak—but she did not resist when I took her in my arms.

"Oh," she said at last, "those weren't the real things, Rupert. I didn't know until I began to play at love with Harry—I didn't know what real things were. I think I know now!"

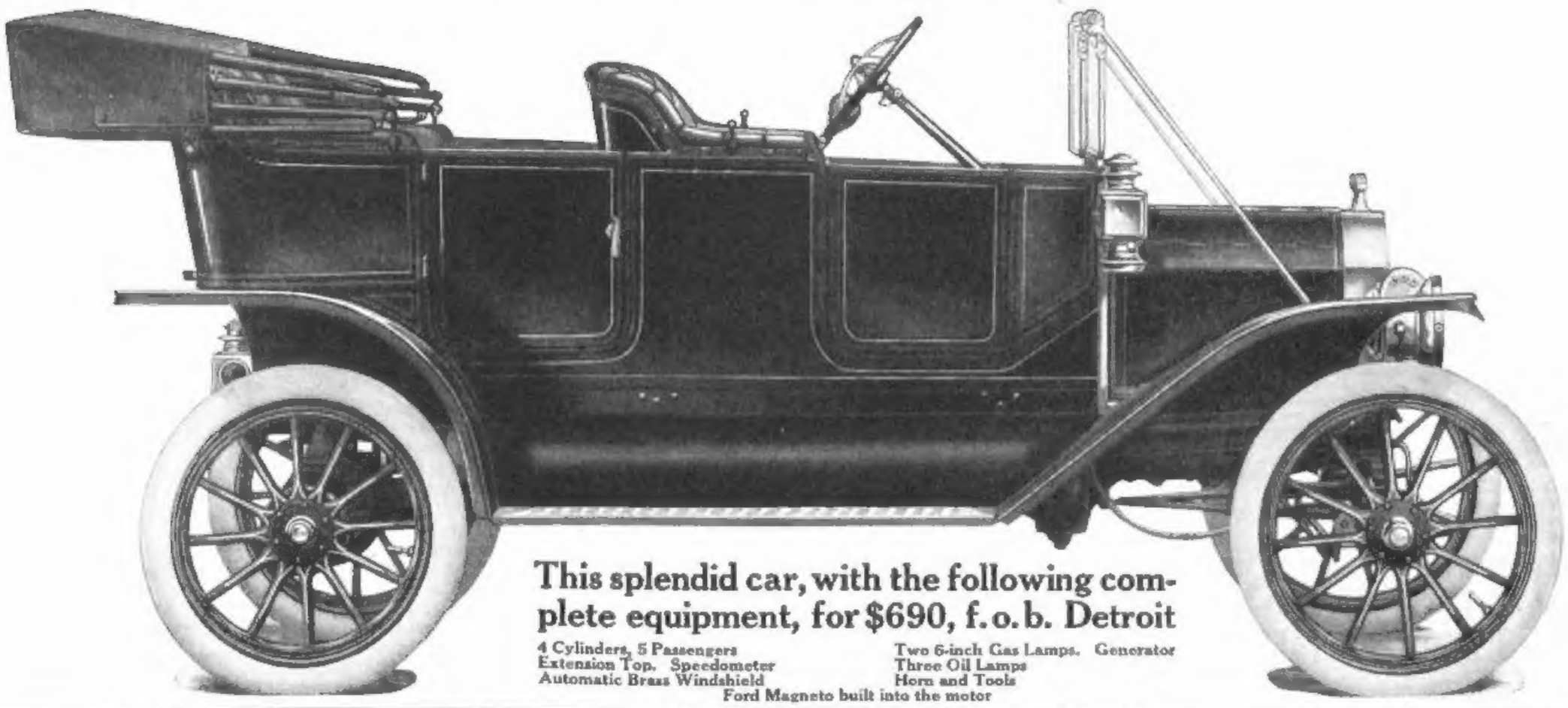
"Well?" I asked.

"You were always real!" she said. "It has always been you; but I didn't understand. And you didn't speak!—you were so sure I didn't like you—weren't you? If you hadn't been so modest—if you hadn't been so considerate—if you'd once scolded me and then—perhaps—kissed me—against my will ——" She stopped and her voice broke. I laughed.

"I've been a villain," I said. "I let you run your head into a sack. I did it with the worst motives. It wasn't my fault that your mistake wasn't fatal. I gloried in my part. I was the villain of the piece."

Then she laughed too.

"When I go to the play," said she, "I always like the villain best!"



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THE POWER OF THE PLACE

(Concluded from Page 4)

white or black, as the case may be, in the following numbers: Alabama, 24; Arkansas, 18; Florida, 12; Georgia, 28; Louisiana, 20; Mississippi, 20; North Carolina, 24; South Carolina, 18; Tennessee, 24; Texas, 40; Virginia, 24. Of course there are Republicans in some of these states. Georgia and Tennessee and North Carolina, for example, and Kentucky with 26 delegates, Maryland with 16, Missouri with 36 and Oklahoma with 20, have plenty of active Republicans and for that reason are not included in the classification above. However, notwithstanding whatever Republicanism there may be in some of the states, the delegates from the states in the list above are usually counted as the delegates secured by patronage, and usually are so secured. Anyhow, if a Republican president wanted them for the purposes of renomination, he might secure them that way. It has been done.

The delegates from these states provide a neat little nucleus of 252 votes out of a required 537. With these tucked away, it is much easier to secure the remaining 285 than otherwise. Indeed, it is fair enough to say that a good, active, ambitious president can add to these 252 the 26 from Kentucky, the 16 from Maryland and 36 from Missouri and the 20 from Oklahoma, thus increasing his string to 350. That has been done also, and may be done again.

How Delegates are Secured

Then, by making a deal with Pennsylvania with 76 delegates and a deal with New York with its 90, and adding on a few of the smaller states where the bosses always come when called, it is all over but the shouting. Even assuming New York and Pennsylvania would not deal and some aspiring contender could garner some delegates here and there, the states that have presidential primaries will not furnish enough delegates—in 1912, for example—to spoil the general and desired result, and there are still enough organizations intact in the North and ready to keep step with the White House to furnish sufficient delegates to pad the 252 out to the required 537.

In practically every Republican National Convention since 1892 there has been a howl about this Southern representation business. There have been persons present with schemes to base the Southern representation on the Republican vote cast. Quay and Platt used this to force Hanna to nominate Roosevelt for vice-president at Philadelphia in 1900, and it has cropped up ever since. In the last Republican convention Jimmie Burke talked his fair young head almost off, showing the iniquities of the practice; but no matter what the future may hold, the next convention will see the same old bunch of Southern delegates there in the numbers set forth above.

They were eager to come to Hanna when he made his campaign for McKinley in 1895. There had been positively no nourishment in being a Republican in the South during the presidency of Grover Cleveland. Hanna took them up on the mountain and showed them what was in store for good, amenable McKinley delegates, and provided a little expense money. McKinley made every Hanna promise good. Next time they were all for McKinley. It was easy for Roosevelt in 1904, for he had been president three years after McKinley was shot. Likewise, when president, Mr. Roosevelt determined to nominate Mr. Taft, and Frank Hitchcock went scurrying South, and the result was a solid Southern delegation for Taft at the Chicago convention in 1908.

Hanna got them with the promise of patronage. Roosevelt got them for himself and for Taft by patronage. Out of the 9846 appointments that the president of the United States has, first off, there are just as many postmasters, internal revenue collectors, United States attorneys, collectors of customs, United States marshals, and so forth, in the South as elsewhere, in proportion to population. Likewise, places in the service outside of the South can be found if necessity requires. Inasmuch as the only Republicans in the South are in most instances practical politicians, the practicality of it is apparent. There was a virtuous statement or movement fostered by Cecil Lyon, of Texas, at the recent meeting of the Republican National Committee, to keep Federal officeholders in the South off the delegations to the national convention. That was virtuous, for a fact. Also it was a bluff. For if the Federal officeholders are not on the delegations the Federal officeholders will pick the delegates, and they will know exactly what these delegates will do and for whom they will vote. A supervising genius or two from Washington could attend to that, you understand. Not saying one will, but that one could.

It must not be thought that Southern delegates are more susceptible to patronage than Northern delegates. To be sure, a president who has been three years in office and desires a renomination has given out a lot of the jobs; but if he has had it in mind to get a renomination he has probably given out the jobs with that end in view. It is sad to say that the power of a great office would be used in this way, and I do not say it. I do not have to say it. Mr. Norton said it in his justly famous letter to his correspondent in Iowa, put out from Beverly, Massachusetts, some time ago.

The fact is, a president is in the most powerful position to put the screws on the men in the various states who control the organizations and who fix up the delegations. Even if the men in these various states are opposed to any president who seeks a renomination, it must not be forgotten that the president who wants a renomination does not cease to be president as soon as the nominating convention is held, but that he is president until the succeeding fourth of March, at noon—or for almost ten months. What an active and revengeful president can do to state leaders who turned him down for delegates, in a period of ten months, is sufficient to cause those state leaders to consider carefully his demands for the delegations from their states. For he makes demands only on men of his own party, and the men on whom he makes his demands want to continue in that party, or have to, and do not desire to have a president working against them as a president can work against them if he is so minded. Ten months is a long time, and a man who is president and aspires to be renominated loses none of his functions as president merely because he is not renominated. He remains as president until March fourth in the following year—March fourth at noon—and the terms of a good many appointed officials expire in that period, appointed officials who are needed by state leaders in their business. Also there is a session of Congress after the convention and before this president goes out. Thus it will be seen there is a certain leverage that can be employed to secure Northern delegates by a president who thinks his services entitle him to another term of four years in the White House.

Popgun Conventions

Far be it from me to say that any such method of reprisal would be used by a president vexed because he was refused a renomination. I merely point out that it is possible for a peevish president to do a lot of annoying things to his party fellows in a period of ten months, if he feels like doing them. Also I am here to observe that no persons on earth know this better, no persons have a keener appreciation of this condition, than the said state leaders and the men who represent these states in the Congress. Which is another reason why it is reasonably easy for a president determined on being renominated to count on delegates from sections of the country other than the South.

Public sentiment is a most interesting commodity, usually artificial and manufactured according to set formulæ. A president can make it by the ton if he so desires. Suppose he wants to be renominated and there is opposition. He can send a scout into any territory he chooses, round up the chaps with the offices, and they, in turn, can round up the chaps they control. The result will be a nice, enthusiastic convention where a set of resolutions indorsing the administration of the president and recommending him for renomination can be adopted with a whoop and sent out for public consumption to help make public sentiment. Conventions of this kind are known as popgun conventions, and there are a plenty of them in a campaign. Also bodies of editors of party papers and other similar gatherings can be induced to adopt resolutions laudatory of the G. O. P., of the titular leader of the G. O. P., and demanding in burning words that he shall be the gallant standard-bearer in the coming battle.

With this sort of thing goes the regular press-agenting that is in these days conducted skillfully and persistently, the flooding of the newspapers with articles showing why the president is entitled to a renomination, and all that. It is easier for a president who is campaigning for a renomination to get press-agent matter into the newspapers than for a candidate who is not president at the time, for anything that comes from the White House is news.

A Stroke of Genius

Once an enterprising private secretary of a president hit on a happy idea for getting puffs for his chief. He sent out a letter on White House paper to various and numerous prominent citizens, all Republicans, and asked for an expression of their opinion as to the accomplishments of the particular president he was serving, said particular president being a candidate for renomination. He stated in his letter that he desired to use some of the replies for publication in reputable newspapers and other mediums of publicity. Then came the stroke of genius. "I inclose," he said substantially, "a letter I wrote to Mr. Blank Blank Blank a short time ago, giving my ideas of the accomplishments of the president. It may interest you."

The inclosure was a long, mimeographed letter stating in detail the achievements of this particular president, as viewed by this secretary. Clever, wasn't it? You see, the secretary asked for letters about his chief, and sent along with the request a form letter that the man who was asked for the expression of opinion could use as a basis of his reply—a sort of a guide to easy president indorsing, so to speak.

However, the publicity end of it is well enough understood. Any president who is at all on to his job can maintain, at no expense to himself, a corps of fair-haired correspondent boys who will send out to their papers whatever he wishes, and be glad to get it; for, as I have said, anything from the White House is news. And this gives him a great bulge on aspirants who have no such advantage as a White House date-line in their press matter.

Added to these various lines of endeavor is what the president can promise. He has that ten months, whether he is renominated or not, and whether or not he is reelected. And he has four years more if he is reëlected. Again it is my painful duty to say that all the politics of this country is predicated on the foundation: What is there in it for us? There may be a heap in it if a president wants the job again very badly, not only for the politicians but for those who need varied legislative and executive aid in various enterprises of their own, or need to be let alone, which is a pressing need at all times in certain lines of endeavor. Politics is controlled largely, and politicians are controlled entirely, by outside influences. Gentlemen who represent powerful outside influences sometimes hold conferences at the White House when a campaign for renomination is on.

The office of president of the United States is the most powerful office, *per se*, in the world. The president of the United States is the most powerful individual in the world. If he wants to be renominated, all he must do is to play the game. He has the power to get the results—by results I mean a renomination. A reelection is an entirely different matter.

Hostages to Fortune

UNCLE DALLAS WILLIAMS, while on his way to get on an excursion train to Richmond, Virginia, met one of his white friends, Mr. W, and asked for the loan of five dollars, which he got. A few days later he went into Mr. W's store and returned the five dollars. Mr. W asked him why he borrowed the money if he did not need it. Dallas replied:

"Well, I'll tell you, boss. I hadn't never been to Richmond before, and I thought I might git in some trouble, and I knowed if I did you'd take an interest in me so long as I owed you that money."

Tire Cost—Where It Goes

23% is Due to Rim-Cutting—
25% is Due to Overloading

We sent out men to look at thousands of ruined clincher tires.

And 23 per cent of all those tires were rim-cut.

Sometimes this ruin is the driver's fault. He runs the tire partly deflated.

It is usually due to a puncture.

A clincher tire which goes flat may be wrecked in a moment—ruined beyond repair.

On the other side, note this:

No-Rim-Cut tires are more widely used than any other make of tire.

Men know they can't rim-cut, so they get more abuse—more under-inflation—than any other tire that's made.

But, despite all this neglect, we have never had an instance of rim-cutting in all the hundreds of thousands used.

Most tires are overloaded.

Not through any fault of the motor car maker. He equips for expected load.

But you add heavy extras.

And some of your passengers sometimes overweigh the expected 150 pounds.

The result is a blow-out.

That's why we make No-Rim-Cut tires 10 per cent over the rated size. The manner of fitting permits that.

That means 10 per cent more air—

Ten per cent more carrying capacity.

And that, with the average car, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

Yet these tires which can't rim-cut—these oversize tires—now cost no more than other standard tires. That's why they outsell others.

Average Saving, $20 Per Tire

These two features together—No-Rim-Cut and oversize—under average conditions double the life of a tire. This judgment is based on 13 years of experience, with 800,000 Goodyear tires.

If that is so, this single invention is saving an average of $20 per tire. On our output this year that will mean $10,000,000.

Those figures, of course, are only approximate. One can't be exact on the cost of tire upkeep.

Proper care and inflation, roads, speed, loads, etc., all affect tire mileage.

But the figures are fair.

Certain it is that No-Rim-Cut tires save all the ruin of rim-cutting.

Certain it is that their 10 per cent oversize adds an average of 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

No Extra Cost

These patented tires, when first brought out, cost one-fifth more than other standard tires.

Now they cost an equal price. Our multiplied output has cut the cost of production.

Note what that means.

No-Rim-Cut tires, 10 per cent oversize, cost just the same as old-type clincher tires. The saving is entirely clear.

You get all their advantages by simply insisting on Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

By Far the Leading Tire

Now note the judgment of users.

The demand for these tires has doubled over and over. It now exceeds the demand for any other type of tire.

Last year's sales on No-Rim-Cut tires exceeded the previous 12 years put together.

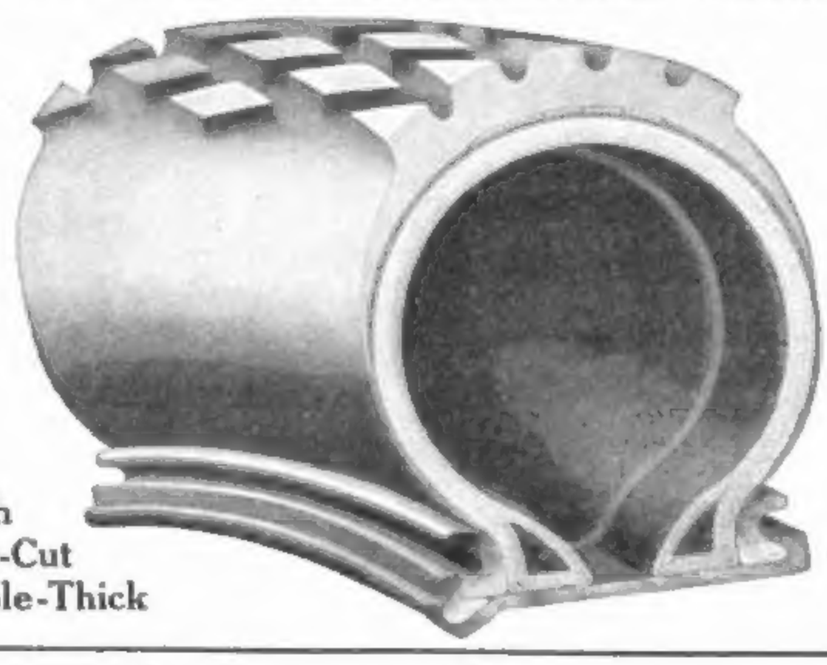
This year, 108 leading motor car makers have contracted for Goodyear tires.

That's the result of experience.

These tires have been tested by not less than 100,000 users. And that is the result of the testing.

Isn't that evidence enough?

THE NEW GOODYEAR NON-SKID TREAD



Tough
Deep-Cut
Double-Thick

GOODYEAR

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

Non-Skid Treads, if Wanted

Now these tires, if you want it, come equipped with an ideal Non-Skid tread.

Not any short-lived protection. Not a mere corrugation in a regular tread.

This is an extra tread, vulcanized onto the regular, so it gives you a double-thick tread.

This extra tread is of very tough rubber. And its thickness permits these deep-cut, enduring blocks.

The road surface is grasped by countless edges and angles—grasped with a bulldog grip.

Each block widens out at the base, so the strain is distributed the same as on smooth-tread tires.

One moment's comparison reveals a dozen advantages over any other non-skid invention. We have worked for three years to perfect it.

The Final Tire

The tire of the future, beyond any question, will be this No-Rim-Cut type.

The old-type clincher—the hooked-base tire—is being displaced on thousands of cars each month.

After 13 years of tire making we consider this tire the best that we ever can make.

It is so close to perfection that our liberal warranty now costs us but a trifle per tire.

Rubber never can be made more impervious to wear. Fabric can never be made more enduring.

This type and this tire, in our estimation, represent finality in tires.

Our new Tire Book is ready. It is filled with facts, based on 13 years of tire making, which every tire user should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, SENECA STREET, AKRON, OHIO

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New—The Holder Top Shaving Stick

The illustration shows the convenience and suggests the economy of the new Holder Top—the Shaving Stick de Luxe

Williams' PATENTED Holder Top Shaving Stick

The "Holder Top" Shaving Stick is firmly fastened in a neat metal cap that also serves as top of box. When in use the fingers grasp the metal holder and do not touch the soap. When not in use the stick stands firmly on the holder top or can instantly be slipped back into its handsome nickeled container. Williams' Holder Top Shaving Stick not only combines all the other good qualities that have made Williams' Soaps famous, but makes a strong appeal on account of its convenient, economical and sanitary form.

The Familiar Hinged Cover Box

The new Holder Top Stick and Container

Williams' Shaving Stick Hinged Cover, Nickeled Box
Williams' Holder Top Shaving Stick
Williams' Quick & Easy Shaving Powder

SPECIAL OFFER A miniature sample package of either Williams' Shaving Stick (regular, not the Holder Top), Shaving Powder, Jersey Cream Toilet Soap, Dentalactic Tooth Powder or Talc Powder mailed for 4 cents in stamps. All five articles in neat combination package for 18 cents in stamps.

Address The J. B. Williams Company, Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.